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A SAILOR'S LIFE





Photographed by
Her Highness the Rání of Sarawak

A Hadji.

A SAILOR'S LIFE

UNDER

FOUR SOVEREIGNS

BY

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

THE HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL

G.C.B., D.C.L.

VOL. II



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CHAPTER XXXII

Dido

THIS being the morning fixed for the departure of our small expedition against the Sekarrans, the *Phlegethon* weighed at eight and proceeded down the river to await the collection of force. 1844. Sarawak, Aug. 5.

Among those who accompanied us was the Pangeran Budrudeen, the intelligent brother of the Rajah already noticed. This was an unusual event in the Royal Family, and the departure from the Rajah's wharf was imposing. The barge of state was decked with banners and canopies. All the chiefs attended, with the Arab priest Mudlana at their head, and the barge pushed off amid the firing of cannon and a general shout to invoke the blessing of Mahomet.

Having seen the last boat off, Brooke and I took our departure in the gig, when another salute was fired from the wharf. Three hours brought us to the steamer. Here we heard that a small boat from the pirate country had, under pretence of trading, been spying into our force, but decamped on our appearance. We now got fairly away, the smaller boats keeping near the shoals in-shore, while the steamer was obliged to make an offing some miles from the coast. From the masthead we distinctly

1844. made out the small boat that had left the mouth of the river before, pulling and sailing in the direction of Batang Lupar, up which the Sekarran country lies; and it being desirable that they should not get information of our approach, at dusk, being well in advance, our auxiliary force following, we despatched Brooke's sampan and one of *Dido's* cutters in chase.

Aug. 6. With the flood-tide arrived the well-appointed little fleet, and with it the cutter and sampan with two out of the three men belonging to the boat of which they had been in chase, the third having been speared by Seboo on showing a strong inclination to run amuck in his own boat. From these men we learned that Seriff Sahib was fully prepared for defence—his harem had been removed—and that he would fight to the last.

We anchored in the afternoon at the mouth of the Linga, and sent a messenger to caution the chief, Seriff Jaffer, against giving any countenance to either Seriff. The Batang Lupar, thus far, is a magnificent river, from three to four miles wide, and in most parts from 5 to 7 fathoms deep.

Aug. 7. Weighed at daylight. Shortly after eleven, with a tide sweeping us up, we came in sight of the fortifications of Patusen. There were five forts. Getting suddenly into 6 feet of water, we anchored. We were well within musket range, but not so formidable a berth as we might have taken up had we been aware of the increasing depth of water nearer the shore; but we approached so rapidly there was no time to ascertain.

The *Dido* and *Phlegethon's* boats were not long in forming alongside. They consisted of the following:—

Pinnace: Lieutenant C. F. Wade; R. Beith, assistant-surgeon; 13 seamen; 5 marines. 1844.

Jolly Bachelor: Lieutenant E. W. Turnour; Mr. C. Johnson, midshipman; 21 seamen; 7 marines.

First cutter: Mr. E. H. H. D'Aeth, mate; 8 seamen; 8 marines.

Second cutter: Mr. Robert Jenkins, acting-mate; 8 seamen; 2 marines.

Second gig: Mr. R. C. Allen, Master; 6 seamen.

Phlegethon's first cutter: Mr. S. Caverley, first officer; 15 men.

Second cutter: Mr. Simpson, second officer; Mr. A. Barton, midshipman; 15 seamen.

Third cutter: Mr. H. Comber, acting-mate of *Dido*; 12 seamen.

Fourth cutter: Mr. G. S. Darby, fourth officer; 12 seamen.

In all, 13 officers; 108 seamen; 16 marines.

We had no steam, and to direct a fleet of boats how to attack a succession of half a dozen forts was beyond me. They were off, and they were there! From the *Phlegethon* we had no difficulty in setting fire to the thatched roofs of the forts. Reinforcements came across the extensive shelter of Patusen Harbour. These we might easily have sunk with *Phlegethon's* guns, but there was excitement for them on landing! They never once checked in their advance, but the moment they touched the shore the crews rushed up, entering the forts at the embrasures, while the pirates fled at the rear. In this sharp and short affair we had but one man killed, poor John Ellis, a fine young man, and captain of the maintop in the *Dido*. He was cut in two by a round-shot while in the act of ramming home a cartridge in the bow-gun of the *Jolly Bachelor*, of which Lieutenant

1844. Borneo, August. Edward Turnour was in command. This, and two others badly wounded, were the only casualties on our side.

Our native allies were not long in following our men on shore. The killed and wounded on the part of the pirates must have been considerable. Our native followers got many heads. There were no less than sixty-four brass guns of different sizes, besides many iron, found in and about the forts. The town was extensive, and after being well looted made a glorious blaze. Our Sarawak followers, both Malays and Dyaks, behaved with gallantry, and with our lads dashed in under the fire of the forts. In fact, like their country, anything might be made of them under a good Government.

After our men had dined, and had a short rest during the heat of the day, we landed our force in two divisions to attack a town situated about two miles up, on the left bank of a small river called the Grahan, the entrance to which had been guarded by the forts, and immediately after their capture the tide had fallen too low for our boats to get up. Facing the stream, too, was a long stockade, so that we determined on attacking the place in the rear, which, had the pirates waited to receive them, would have caused an interesting skirmish. Brooke was away independently in the gig. They, however, decamped, leaving everything behind them.

In this town we found Seriff Sahib's residence, and among other things his curious and extensive wardrobe. It was ridiculous to see our Dyaks dressed out in all the finery and plunder of this noted pirate, whose very name a few days ago would have made them tremble.

Aug. 6, 7. We likewise found a magazine in the rear of

Sahib's house, containing about 2 tons of gunpowder, which I ordered to be thrown into the river. 1844.

It was evident we attacked Patusen at the right moment: the preparations for its defence were nearly completed, and a delay of a week would have resulted in considerable loss of life. It was the key to this extensive river, the resort of the worst of pirates, and each chief had contributed his share of guns and ammunition towards its defence.

We returned to our boats and evening meal rather fatigued, but much pleased with our work, after ascending near seventy miles from the mouth of the river. The habitations of 5000 pirates had been burnt to the ground, five strong forts destroyed, together with several hundred boats, upwards of sixty brass guns captured, and about a fourth of that number of iron ones spiked and thrown into the river, besides vast quantities of other arms and ammunition, and the powerful Sahib, the great pirate patron for the last twenty years, ruined past recovery, and driven to hide his diminished head in the jungle.

The 8th and 9th were spent in burning and destroying the remains of the staggering town and a variety of smaller boats. Aug. 8, 9.

As soon as the tide had risen sufficiently to take us over the shoals, we weighed in the steamer for the country of the Sekarran Dyaks, having sent the boats on before with the first of the flood. Aug. 10.

About fifteen miles above Patusen is the branch of the river called the Undop. Up this river I sent Lieutenant Turnour, with Mr. Comber, in the *Jolly Bachelor* and a division of our native boats, while we proceeded to where the river again branches off to the right and left, as on the tongue of land so formed

1844. *Dido.* we understood we should find a strong fort; besides, it was the highest point to which we could attempt to take the steamer. We found the place deserted and houses empty.

We now divided the force into three divisions —the one already mentioned, under Lieutenant Turnour, up the Undop; another, under Mr. D'Aeth, up the Lupar; while Lieutenant Wade, accompanied by Brooke, ascended the Sekarran. I had not calculated on the disturbed and excited state in which I found the country: two wounded men having been sent back from the Undop branch, brought accounts of pirates, chiefly Malays, collected in great numbers both before and in the rear of our small force.

An attempt had been made to cut off the bearer of this information, Nakodah Bahar, who had had a narrow escape, and had no idea of being the bearer of an answer unless attended by a European force. I had some difficulty in mustering another crew from the steamer, and left my friend Captain Scott with only the idlers, rather critically situated. I deemed it advisable to re-collect our whole force, and before proceeding to the punishment of the Sekarrans to destroy the power and influence of Seriff Muller, whose town was situated about twenty miles up, said to contain a population of 1500 Malays, without reckoning the Dyak tribes.

Having despatched boats with directions to Lieutenant Wade and Mr. D'Aeth to join us in the Undop, a tributary of the Batang Lupar, proceeded to the scene of action; leaving the *Phlegethon* to maintain as strict a blockade of the Sekarran and Lupar branches as, with her reduced force, she was capable of.

On my joining Lieutenant Turnour, I found him just returned from a very spirited attack which he had made, assisted by Mr. Comber, on a stockade situated on the summit of a steep hill, Mr. Allen, the Master, being still absent on a similar service on the opposite side of the river. 1844. August.

The gallant old chief Patingi Ali was likewise absent in pursuit of the enemy that had been driven from the stockades, with whom he had had a hand-to-hand fight, the whole of which, being on the rising ground, was witnessed by our boats' crews, who could not resist hailing his return from his gallant achievement with three hearty cheers.

We had now to unite in cutting our way through a barrier across the river similar to that described in the attack on the Sarebas, which having passed we brought up for the night close to a still more serious obstacle in a number of huge trees felled, the branches of which, meeting midway in the river, formed apparently an insurmountable obstacle. But "patience and perseverance" overcame all obstacles. By night only three of the trees remained to be cleared away. On the right bank, about 50 yards in advance of the barrier, stood a farm building, which we considered it prudent to occupy for the night.

Having collected fifty volunteers (Brooke and Wade had then not rejoined), I took Brooke's schoolfellow Steward, Williamson, and with me Comber, a corporal and four marines, my gig's crew, and, of course, my trusty John Eager, the sound of whose bugle meant mischief. The remainder composed of a medley of picked Malays and Dyaks.

The house being 100 yards in advance of our party, and 80 from the river, it was difficult of

1844. August. approach, especially at night. The ground swampy, with logs of trees, over which I stumbled, and was up to my arms in mud and water. Nevertheless, there was no noise. It was a roomy building. In one corner I found an enclosure, forming a square of about 8 feet; of this I took possession, and while in the place —it was pitch dark—I quietly divested me of my wet trousers.

"Tiga" (three) was the watchword, in case of a stranger finding his way in. I was contemplating whether my duck trousers were sufficiently dry for me to get into, when every one was disturbed by a most diabolical war-yell. In a moment every man was on his legs—swords, spears, and krisses dimly glittered over our heads. It is impossible to describe the excitement and confusion of the succeeding ten minutes; one and all believed we had been surrounded by the enemy and cut off from our main party.

I had already thrust the muzzle of my pistol close to the heads of several natives, whom in the confusion I had mistaken for Sekarrans; and as each in his turn called out "Tiga!" I withdrew my weapon to apply it to somebody else, until at last we found we were *all* "Tigas." I had prevented Eager more than once from sounding the alarm, which from the first he had not ceased to press for permission to do.

The Dyak yell had, however, succeeded in throwing the whole force afloat into a similar confusion, who, not hearing the signal, concluded they, and not we, were the party attacked. The real cause we afterwards ascertained to have arisen from the alarm of a Dyak, who dreamt, or imagined, he felt a spear thrust upwards through the bamboo flooring of our

building, and immediately gave his diabolical yell. 1844.
The confusion was ten times as much as it would have been had the enemy really been there. So ended the adventures of the night in the wild jungle of Borneo.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Dido: Second Expedition

1844. Aug. 11. At daylight we were joined by Wade and Brooke, their division making a very acceptable increase to our force, and by eight o'clock the last barrier was cut through between us and Seriff Muller's devoted town.

With the exception of his own house, from which some eight or nine Malays were endeavouring to remove his effects, the whole place was deserted. They made no fight, and an hour afterwards the town had been plundered and burnt.

The only lives lost were a few unfortunates, who happened to come within range of our musketry in their exertions to save some of their master's property.

A handsome large boat belonging to Seriff Muller was the only thing saved, and this I presented to Budrudeen.

After a short delay in catching our usual supply of goats and poultry, with which the place abounded, we proceeded up the river in chase of the chief and his people, our progress much impeded by the immense trees felled across the river.

We ascertained that the pirates had retreated to a Dyak village, situated on the summit of a hill, some

twenty-five miles higher up the Undop, five or six miles only of which we had succeeded in ascending, as a most dreary and rainy night closed in, during which we were joined by D'Aeth and his division from the Lupar River. 1844.

The following morning, at daybreak, we again commenced our toilsome work. We should have succeeded better with lighter boats, and I should have despaired of the heavier boats getting up had they not been assisted by an opportune and sudden rise of the tide, to the extent of 12 or 14 feet, though with this we had to contend against a considerably increased strength of current.

It was on this day that my ever active and zealous First Lieutenant, Charles Wade, jealous of the advanced position of our light boats, obtained a place in my gig.

That evening the *Phlegethon's* first and second cutters, the *Dido's* two cutters, and their gigs, were fortunate enough to pass a barrier composed of trees recently felled, from which we concluded ourselves to be so near the enemy that, by pushing forward as long as we could see, we might prevent further impediments from being thrown in our way. This we did, but at 9 P.M., arriving at a broad expanse of the river, and being utterly unable to trace our course, we anchored our advance force for the night.

The first landing-place we had no trouble in discovering, from the number of deserted boats collected near it. Leaving these to be looted, we proceeded in search of the second, which we understood was situated more immediately under the village, and which, having advanced without our guides, we had much difficulty in finding. The circuit of the base of the hill was above five miles. Aug. 14.

1844. During this warfare, Patingi Ali, who, with his usual zeal, had here come up, bringing a considerable native force of both Malays and Dyaks, was particularly on the alert; while we in the gig attacked Seriff Muller himself.

Patingi nearly succeeded in capturing that chief in person. He had escaped from his prahu into a fast-pulling sampan, in which he was chased by old Ali, and afterwards only saved his life by throwing himself into the water and swimming to the jungle; indeed, it was with no small pride that the gallant old chief appropriated the boat to his own use.

In the prahu were captured two large brass guns, two smaller ones, a variety of arms, ammunition, and personal property, amongst which were also two pairs of handsome Wedgewood jars.

While my crew were employed cooking, I crept into the jungle and suddenly fancied I heard the suppressed hum of many voices not far distant. I returned to our cooking party and bade Wade take up his double-barrel and come with me. I had not penetrated many yards before I came in sight of a mass of boats concealed in a snug little inlet, the entrance to which had escaped our notice. These boats were filled with piratical Dyaks and Malays, and sentinels posted at various points on the shore.

My first impulse was to conceal ourselves until the arrival of our force, but my rash though gallant friend deemed otherwise, and, without noticing the caution of my upheld hand, dashed in advance, discharging his gun, calling upon our men to follow.

It is impossible to conceive the consternation and confusion this our sudden sally occasioned among the pirates. The confused noise and scrambling from

their boats I can only liken to that of a suddenly-roused flock of wild-ducks. 1844.

Our attack from the point whence it came was evidently unexpected; and it is my opinion that they calculated on our attacking the hill, if we did so at all, from the nearest landing-place, without pulling round the other five miles, as the whole attention of their scouts appeared to be directed towards that quarter.

A short distance above them was a small encampment, probably erected for the convenience of their chiefs, as in it we found writing materials, two or three desks of English manufacture, on the brass plate of one of which, I afterwards noticed, was engraved the name of "Willson."

To return to the pirates: with our force, such as it was—nine in number—we pursued our terrified enemy, headed by Wade.

They foolishly themselves had not the courage to rally in their judiciously selected and naturally protected encampment, but continued their retreat (firing on us from the jungle) towards the Dyak village on the summit of the hill. We collected our force, reloaded our firearms; and Wade, seeing from this spot the arrival at the landing-place of the other boats, again rushed on in pursuit.

Before arriving at the foot of the steep ascent on the summit of which the Dyak village stood, we had to cross a small open space of about 60 yards, exposed to the fire from the village as well as the surrounding jungle. It was before crossing this plain that I again cautioned Wade to await the arrival of his men, of whom he was far in advance.

We suddenly came on to the snuggest and best-sheltered boat harbour I ever saw. The land was

1844. high towards the river, with a narrow and well-concealed entrance opening to the river, so high that an impromptu bridge in the shape of a large tree had been thrown across. It was along this that Wade was proceeding in advance, calling "Come on, my boys!" And I am afraid I did not disguise my gratification at seeing him disappear into the branches of a large tree growing beneath.

By this time the cutter and other boats had landed at our point and were coming up. I had scarcely got across the tree-bridge, when I saw my friend scrambling up the opposite side, himself unhurt, his gun not discharged.

Our men were now landing fast, and it was for very shame I could not allow Wade to proceed alone. Only a few minutes afterwards, while still trying to check him, a bullet from the hill took his thumb and twisted him in my direction; while a second shot struck him in the ribs and lodged in the spine—and he fell.

By this time a strong party were up, whom I directed to pass on, while I ascertained that poor Wade's heart had ceased to beat.

We laid the body in a canoe, with the Union Jack for a pall, and descended the river. In the evening, the force assembled, committed the body to the deep. I read that impressive service from a Prayer-Book brought up by poor Wade himself—as he put it, "in case of accident."

Before we again got under way, several Malay families, no longer in dread of their piratical chief, Seriff Muller, gave themselves up to us as prisoners —the first instance of any of them having done so. We found sundry suspicious documents, exposing deep intrigues and conspiracies, and brought up for the

night off the still burning ruins of Seriff Muller's town. 1844.

On Tuesday we again reached the steamer. We still had something to settle with the Sekarrans, and, having rested for two days, started on the 17th on our last expedition. Aug. 15.

The weather was unusually fine, and we squatted down to our curry and rice with better appetites. Aug. 17.

Our approach was made known by fires; but we once dropped, without their being aware of our approach, upon a boatful of Dyaks, dressed for war, with feather cloaks, brass ornaments, and scarlet caps. The discharge of our muskets and the capsizing of the war-boat was the work of an instant, and those who were uninjured escaped into the jungle. Aug. 18.

We experienced some difficulty in finding a suitable place for our bivouac. While examining the most eligible-looking spot on the bank of the river, the crew of one of the *Phlegethon's* boats, having crept up the opposite bank, came suddenly on a party of Dyaks, who saluted them with a war-yell and a shower of spears. The *Phlegethon's* men took to the water, much to our amusement as well as the Dyaks.

The place we selected for the night was a large house, about 40 yards from the edge of the river. Here we united our different messes and passed a jovial evening. The night, however, set in with a fearful thunderstorm. The rain continued to fall in torrents, but cleared up at daylight, when we proceeded.

As yet the banks of the river had been a continued garden, with sugar-cane and bananas; the scenery now became wilder.

We were in hopes that this morning we should Aug. 19.

1844. have reached their capital, Karangan, supposed to be about ten miles further on. Not expecting to meet with any opposition for some miles, we gave permission to Patingi Ali to advance cautiously with his light division, with orders to fall back on the first appearance of any natives. As the stream was running down strong, we held on to the bank, waiting for the arrival of the second cutter, in which were Brooke and Jenkins.

Our pinnace and second gig having passed up, we remained about a quarter of an hour, when the report of a few musket-shots told us that the pirates had been fallen in with. We immediately pushed on, and as we advanced the increased firing from our boats, and the war-yells of some thousand Dyaks, let us know that we had met.

It is difficult to describe the scene as I found it. About twenty boats were jammed together, forming one confused mass—some bottom up; the bows and sterns of others only visible, mixed up, pell-mell, with huge rafts—and amongst which were nearly all our advanced division.

Headless trunks, as well as heads without bodies, were lying about; parties hand to hand spearing and krissing each other, others striving to swim for their lives; and entangled in the common mêlée were our advanced boats, while on both banks thousands of Dyaks were rushing down to join in the slaughter, hurling spears and stones on the boats below.

For a moment I was at a loss what steps to take for rescuing our people from the position in which they were, as the whole mass, through which there was no passage, were floating down the stream, and the addition of fresh boats only increased the confusion.

Fortunately, at this critical moment one of the rafts, catching the stump of a tree, broke this floating bridge, making a passage, through which my gig (propelled by paddles instead of oars)—the bugler, John Eager, in the bow—was enabled to pass. 1844.

It occurred to Brooke and myself simultaneously, that by advancing in the gig we should draw the attention of the pirates towards us, so as to give time for the other boats to clear themselves. This had the desired effect. The whole force on shore turned, as if to secure what they rashly conceived to be their prize.

We now advanced mid-channel, spears and stones assailing us from both banks. Brooke's gun would not go off, so, giving him the yoke-lines, I, with the coxswain to load, had time to select the leaders from amongst the savage mass, on which I kept up a rapid fire.

Allen, in the second gig, quickly coming up, opened upon them from a Congreve rocket-tube such a destructive fire as caused them to retire behind the temporary barriers where they had concealed themselves previous to the attack on Patingi Ali, and from whence they continued, for some twenty minutes, to hurl their spears and other missiles, among which were short lengths of bamboo loaded with stone at one end. The *sumpitan* was likewise freely employed, and although several of our men were struck, no fatal results ensued. Mr. Beith, our assistant surgeon, dexterously excised the wounds, and what poison remained was sucked out by comrades of the wounded men.

From this position, however, the Sekarrans retreated as our force increased, and could not again muster courage to rally. Their loss *must* have been

1844. considerable. Ours might have been light had poor old Patingi Ali attended to orders.

He was over confident. Instead of falling back, as particularly directed by me, on the first appearance of any of the enemy he made a dash, followed by his little division of boats, through the narrow pass. The enemy at once launched large rafts of bamboo and cut off his retreat. Six war-prahus bore down, three on either side, on Patingi's devoted followers. One only of a crew of seventeen escaped to tell the tale.

When last seen by our advanced boats, Mr. Steward and Patingi Ali were in the act (their own boats sinking) of boarding the enemy. They were doubtless overpowered and killed, with twenty-nine others. Our wounded in all amounted to fifty-six.

A few miles further up was the capital of Karangan, which we carried without further opposition.

Having achieved the object of our expedition, we dropped leisurely down the river; slept in our boats, with a strong guard on shore.

Aug. 20. On the 20th we reached the steamer, where we remained all the next day attending to the wounded.

Aug. 22. On the 22nd we reached Patusen, finding everything in the wretched state we had left it. At 8 P.M. we heard the report of a gun, which was repeated nearer at nine, and before a signal rocket could be fired, we were hailed by the boats of the *Samarang*, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, and the next moment he was alongside the *Phlegethon* with the welcome news of having brought our May mail.

It appears that, on arrival of *Samarang* off Morotoba, Sir Edward heard of the loss we had sustained, and, with his usual zeal and activity, came to our

assistance, having brought his boats no less than 120 miles in about thirty hours. 1844.

There were two accidents just at this moment which might have been more serious. D'Aeth, hearing of the mail, hurried on board the *Samarang* in a small sampan, and was capsized. His skill in swimming saved him; his one paddler caught hold of a boat near. No sooner than these had been cared for, when Brooke, whose ears, always on the alert for native cries, heard voices in trouble, and, jumping into his Singapore sampan, pushed off with Siboo to the assistance of our Dyak followers, who had been capsized by the bore. He rescued three out of a crew of eleven, and these were half drowned when he reached them.

We moved down as far as the mouth of the Linga, and on the night of the 24th were once again in Sarawak. Here the rejoicings of the previous year were repeated. Aug. 23.

But having received information that Seriff Sahib had taken refuge in the Linga River, and, assisted by Seriff Jaffer, was again collecting followers, we were off again on the 28th, with the addition of the *Samarang's* boats. And, determining to crush this persevering pirate, in the middle of the night came to an anchor inside the Linga River. Aug. 28.

When our expedition had been watched safely outside the Batang Lupar on its return to Sarawak, all those unfortunate families that had concealed themselves in the jungle after the destruction of Patusen and Undop, emerged from their hiding-places, and by means of rafts, canoes, packerangans, or anything that would float, were in the act of crossing towards Bunting, a flourishing place. Their dismay can well be imagined when at daylight on

1844. the morning of the 29th they found themselves carried by the tide close alongside the terror-spreading steamer, in the midst of our augmented fleet. Escape to them was hopeless; nor did the women seem to mind. It was a choice between starvation in the jungle or coming under submission to the white man.

I need not say that, instead of being molested, they were supplied with such provisions and assistance as our means would permit, and allowed to pass quietly on. We sent several of our native followers into the Batang Lupar to inform the fugitives that our business was with the chiefs and instigators of piracy, and not with the ryots of the country.

Aug. 29. With the ebb-tide a number of boats came down from the town containing the principal chiefs, with assurances of their pacific intentions; welcoming us with presents of poultry, goats, fruit, etc., which we accepted, but paying for them, either in barter or hard dollars, the fair market price. We learned that Seriff Sahib had arrived at Pontranini, some fifty miles beyond their *kampong*.

We immediately proceeded in chase of him, at the same time despatching two boats to look out for Macota, who was expected at the mouth of the river. We knew what the fate of this once powerful chief would be if he fell into the hands of our friendlies. He was captured alive in a deep muddy jungle into which he had thrown himself when our men arrived. Leaving Macota a prisoner on board the *Phlegethon*, with the flood-tide we pushed forward in pursuit of Seriff Sahib.

Aug. 30. For two days we dragged our boats twenty miles up a small jungly creek; but Seriff Sahib fled across the mountains in the direction of the Pontiana River.

So close were we on his rear that he threw away his sword, and left behind him a child, whom he had hitherto carried, in the jungle. Thus this notorious chief was driven, single and unattended, out of the reach of doing any further mischief. 1844.

The boats returned, and took up a formidable position off Bunting, where Seriff Jaffer was summoned to a conference, which he attended, but under compulsion from his people, who feared their *kampong* being destroyed.

On this occasion I had the satisfaction of witnessing a splendid piece of oratory delivered by Brooke in Malay. The purport of it was, as I understood, to point out the horrors of piracy on the one hand, which the British Government determined to suppress, and on the other the blessings arising from peace and trade, which it was equally our wish to cultivate; and he concluded by fully explaining that the measures adopted by us against piracy were for the protection of the peaceful communities along the coast. The people listened with great attention; a pin could have been heard, had it dropped, during Brooke's fine speech.

The force again reached Sarawak, and thus terminated a successful expedition against the worst class of pirates on the coast of Borneo. Sept. 4.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Dido

1844. Steamer's crew cutting wood; I writing distressing
Sept. 5. letters to the friends of Wade, as well as to the father of Dr. Simpson. Hospitably entertained by Belcher.

Landed sundry parties after deer and hog. Oysters fine, the best things here.

Sept. 9. At an early hour started on a pleasure excursion. Late at night anchored in the Lundu River, having tiffed by the way at one of the small islands on splendid oysters.

Sept. 10. Anchored off the town; visited, and was hospitably entertained by, the Dyaks. In the evening had a feast and a war-dance; was in other ways much amused. Slept in the Dyak "scullery" house.

Sept. 11. Collected all the dogs and beaters and proceeded to the mouth of the river. All sport confined to the Dyaks, we never getting a shot; very good fun, though—a hog was caught by dogs and speared by natives.

Sept. 12. Landed again early; more hogs taken by the natives. Working on towards Santobong; capital luncheon on the finest oysters. Dined on board the *Samarang*.

Sept. 13. Brooke and self returned to *Dido* in gig, twenty-

five miles' pull. Found heavy sick-list, one marine just expired of dysentery. 1844.

Took up quarters with Brooke at The Grove. Deputations and tenders of allegiance from all the surrounding chiefs satisfactory.

Preparing for moving down. Boats to finish; spars to get on board; captured guns to embark. Visited the Rajah and the Datu, "Father of Hopeful," his women sprinkling us with yellow rice and gold-dust—one graceful and pretty and well dressed. Sept. 14.

Too much to do on board. Did not go off to muster. Sept. 15.

At daylight saw from my window *Dido* salute Rajah and commence dropping down the river. Sept. 16.

Went down after breakfast, accompanied by Brooke, and found my *Dido* at anchor off the junction. Moved further down on rising of tide. Sept. 18.

Williamson, Turnour, Partridge, Charlie Johnson, and Douglas came down from Sarawak to dinner. Sept. 20.

Cruikshank and Williamson to dinner. Finished my claret. Sept. 21.

Reached the mouth of the river. Present of warlike weapons from Budrudeen. Took leave of dear Rajah Brooke, and worked the ship over the bar of the Maratabu. Sept. 22.

Arrived in Singapore. Ordered home. More anxious for passage than my one cabin can hold. Selected a rough diamond, but great character, one Michael Quin, lately Captain of *Minden*, hospital ship, also Lieutenant Inglefield. I had but one cabin, but could swing more than two cots. Singapore, Oct. 1,

Pleasure of thoughts of home damped by news of the death of my sister, Lady Leicester.

News of *Pelican* having sprung a leak; hope not. *Phlegethon* off for Brooke and Borneo. Dined with Oct. 3.

1844. Oxley. His nutmeg plantation worth seeing—cinnamon and cloves.

Oct. 5. Lots of rain. Napier spliced this morning. Tiffin at Balestiers' to meet the happy pair. Good fellow Napier, and a pair well matched.

Oct. 9. Up very early. On board *Diana* steamer with Governor and Mrs. Butterworth. Lady party; *Dido's* band. Returned by Rhio Straits. Dance on board. Pleasant day.

Oct. 10. Called on the Blundells. Like her and her sister much. Dined with Stevenson.

Oct. 11. A snug little dinner of ten good fellows prior to a dance given by Tom Church in honour of the *Dido's* Captain. Band got drunk.

Oct. 14. My *Dido* visited by Governor and Mrs. Butterworth, Mrs. Blundell, and sister—the three nicest women in Singapore. A grand parting dinner given to me by the inhabitants of Singapore. Nervous, very, making my speech.

Oct. 15. Old Balestier, American Consul, on board; salutes, etc., Governor, giving a grand dinner to "meet Captain Keppel"; ladies there; more nervous in returning thanks.

Oct. 16. Weighed from Singapore. Fort saluting me. Invalids improving.

Oct. 19. Passed mouth of the Moowar, of bygone memories. Came to off Malacca at sunset.

Oct. 20. Called on Governor; both nice people. Visited Salmona and stopped to dinner; drove in with Morrison afterwards.

Oct. 22. Young Barney Rodyk embarked; sadly pressed for room; made sail. *Wolverine* in co.

Oct. 23. Well ahead of *Wolverine*. Came to off Parcelar Hill; boarded by a boat from a ship full of pilgrims from Mecca, having struck on a bank with

loss of rudder and hard up for water. Sent *Wolverine* to her assistance. 1844.

No use fretting about the wind. Hardly consider myself as homeward bound until round Acheen Head. Oct. 26.

Decided, against Master, on southern passage, and anchored off Penang at sunset. Went to Captain's house, the most comfortable quarters in India. Issued invitations: "Captain Keppel and officers request the pleasure of everybody's company to-morrow evening." Dined with Sir William and Lady Norris. Mrs. Hall at home. Oct. 28.

Visited various hospitals with Cantor—one of lunatics of all sorts. Got "Chopsticks" from school. Dined with old Lewis. Capital ball and supper given by "Didos." Kept up till daylight did appear. Oct. 30.

Weighed before turning in; very seedy, though. Fort saluted me with 13 guns. Really off for home. Oct. 31.

Lots of talk about the ball; everybody pleased. Nov. 1.

One of the invalids from *Driver* died—a young man; the effects of Hong Kong climate. Committed his remains to the deep. Sensible to the last that he was going, but did not seem to trouble himself as to the road; a good man, too, in his way. Nov. 5.

Anniversary of the birthday of Princess Royal. Run of 251 miles in last twenty-four hours. Nov. 22.

My cabin-meeting of the fine arts. Inglefield doing me pictures of my *Dido*. Ran into Simon's Bay with a leading wind, saluting the flag of my kind friend Sir Jos. Percy, of Mediterranean memory, whose flag was now flying on board *Winchester*—Captain Charles Eden. Found George Woodhouse here in the *Thunderbolt*, 6, a steam vessel. In fact, I felt myself already at home—scarcely a stone on shore that did not convey some pleasant Simon's Bay, Dec. 4.

1844. reminiscence of happy days. In every house a home. While refitting I had scarcely time to call on half my kind friends. Among those I undertook to entertain at my table, in addition to my two passengers, was Edward Drummond, a nephew of the Admiral, and about to enter the Church. [Years afterwards I was his guest at Cadland, Southampton, and he the head of the great Drummond Bank at Charing Cross.] My other guest, a quiet, retiring Swede, who had served his term in our service, by name Adleborg, a clever artist as well as a good fellow.

Dec. 16. Luncheon with Lady Sarah Maitland—like the Lennoxes, nice family. At Wynberg; a very agreeable dinner and evening. Kerr Hamilton there.

Dec. 18. Ship ready. Stopped to luncheon with Admiral at one. Went over *Winchester:* nice order and beautifully clean. My *Dido* under way, Charles Eden putting me on board. Outside, a freshening breeze from the south-east, but we had to weather the Cape. Topgallant sails over double-reefed topsails; a strong set against us. It was not until close to the Anvil and Bellows that we felt the full strength of the current. The Master and self had taken our position on the forecastle, each holding on to the up-and-down part of the fore-topsail sheets, spray breaking over us. We now became aware of what we had undertaken. On looking under the foot of the fore-sail, the Cape and South Africa appeared to be rushing at us: it was too late either to bear up or attempt to tack. Held on, I am afraid, with eyes closed. The Master was the first to call out, "Wave weathered"; the offset from the rocky Cape alone saved us: we appeared to be rushing up the west side of the African coast. On the

weather-quarter the Cape appeared close to, but towering far above our mast-heads. By degrees, but slowly, we drew off the west coast. I do not believe that any other ship could, under the circumstances, have been saved. 1844.

Adleborg a first-rate artist, clever at allegorical sketches of *Dido*, which I value; very clever and witty they are. Dec. 20.

2 A.M.—Anchored at St. Helena. Visited old Solomon and his shop; also Colonel and Mrs. Trelawney. Weighed at 1.30 P.M. According to notice, made sail 3 P.M. Found *Larne* and *Rapid*. Dec. 27.

Sails splitting and ropes giving way; foolish economy, ships not being better supplied. 1845. Jan. 13.

Breeze freshening up; thermometer falling; bitter cold, hazy weather. Hauled in; made the land to the eastward of Bill of Portland; bore up for the Needles: arrived at Spithead. Reported myself to my old friend Hyde Parker, Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, Commander-in-Chief Sir Charles Rowley being on leave. It was blowing fresh from the S.E., but having an experienced pilot, gave the Master leave to stay on shore the night, and sent my gig on board. Jan. 27.

Admiral Parker said I had better call in the afternoon, as he had telegraphed to the Admiralty. I then visited my old friend Casher, the wine merchant, and inquired if he knew anything of the whereabouts of my wife, as he had always forwarded parcels between us. He informed me that she had come home from Boulogne: only two days ago he had sent parcels to my place at Droxford, where she had joined her father, who, with his family, had taken possession.

The days were short, and it was dark before I got

1845. Jan. 27. back to the Admiral; he informed me that *Dido* was ordered to Sheerness. I ventured to state that I had ordered my gig on board. He said: "I have anticipated that; you will find the *Fanny* tender fast to a buoy at the harbour, with orders to take you off."

Now this *was* a go; I had been more than four years absent: my wife within thirteen miles.

I went to Casher's and inquired if he had a man acquainted with Gosport, or any one who could find a Mr. Allen, Master of the *Dido*, and bring him to me. I waited a good while, in cocked hat, sword, and epaulettes, before the poor Master appeared in pea-jacket and oilskin, etc. I soon explained the state of affairs.

He was just about my size. It ended by my saying that he must change clothes with me. The *Fanny* was waiting at the buoy. He would personate me, find orders on board, and obey them. Allen muttered something about losing my commission. We went off in a wherry. On his getting on board he received his orders, opened and read them. I touched my hat, and said "Goodbye, Sir," and told the waterman to land me at Gosport. Reached Droxford in time for dinner! Brother-in-law soon rigged me in proper costume.

Following morning took wife and self off in a yellow post-chaise, but my danger of being found out was not over. The Captain Superintendent, W. H. Shireff, was an old friend of mine; fond of driving a team of horses, and we used to think he managed it in a seamanlike way.

Sheerness, Jan. 28. When we arrived at the dockyard gates it was luckily quite dark. Drove to the Superintendent's house and took him at once into my confidence.

No news of *Dido!* Shireff gave us a steamer to Sheerness. Took a fly to the pilot, where we had lodged while fitting out. 1845. Jan. 29.

It was the third night before *Dido* arrived, when, in the early morning, the good pilot Taylor took me off and I returned the Master his hat and pea-jacket. Soon after 8 A.M. reported arrival of *Dido* to Vice-Admiral Sir John Chambers, K.C.B. Jan. 31.

My *Dido* inspected for last time by Admiral Sir John White. Very cold and rainy weather. Men showed themselves well to the last. My brother Tom came down. Feb. 3.

Getting on with the dismantling. Went on board with Tom and wife. Bitter cold weather. Tom stopping with us—affectionate, good fellow. Feb. 4.

Preparations for paying progressing. Dirty and bitter cold weather continuing. Custom House people troublesome. Smuggling progressing. Paying off days much alike! Feb. 6.

My reign in *Dido* finished this morning. Paid off, men receiving about £4000. Glad as I am to get back, I do not leave my ship without feelings of regret. Feb. 12.

CHAPTER XXXV

England

1845. *Dido* paid off. Arrived with wife in London to
Feb. 12. enjoy half-pay! My father living in Berkeley Square, we knew where to find a dinner.

Feb. 18. Summoned to Admiralty. Gracious reception by Lord Haddington.

Feb. 22. News from Brooke. Labuan ceded to the British Government. Brooke had entrusted me with his private diary, and a *carte-blanche* to use my discretion about publishing—a more responsible charge than I was then aware of. I had a friend, Jerdan, editor of the *Court Journal*. After consultations it was decided to publish, under the title of "Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. *Dido*."

Feb. 23. At my brother-in-law, Stephenson's, in Arlington Street, always had a bed.

Woolwich, Feb. 23. To Woolwich to see Commodore Sir Francis Collier, in charge of the dockyard, his broad pennant flying on the *William and Mary* yacht. Visited also George Goldsmith, now married, living there.

Mar. 3. Went to Portsmouth on a visit to my late Chief, Admiral Hyde Parker and his charming family. Remained a week.

Mar. 12. Attended levee with Granville Loch. Presented

by Sir William Parker on return from China. Her Majesty said something nice to me, which, in my nervousness, I was sorry not to have heard. 1845.

My Mids, D'Aeth and Jenkins, passed first and second out of the lot at Portsmouth. My father gave me the copy of a correspondence between Lord Haddington and himself about my being the only Captain not recommended for the C.B. Lord Haddington wrote: "Captain Keppel's ship had not been under fire in action." Father stated that *Dido* was not the only ship. Lord Haddington replied: "It is evident you allude to the *Endymion*, Captain Grey, whose name had been mentioned to General Sir Hugh Gough by Brigadier-General Schoedde." Father could not help thinking it was a hard case, which Lord Haddington admitted, and promised that my name should be down for the first vacancy. I mention this here, as the subject was alluded to years afterwards. Sir Grey Skipwith, recollecting my weakness, offered me a mount with the Warwickshire Hounds, and before leaving town I dined with that distinguished soldier, Sir William Keir Grant. Mar. 13.

Quickly found my way to Newbold Hall. Sir Grey and his large family charming as ever. Mar. 26.

Started from stables, the usual dozen red coats. Meet at Shuckborough, found at Cranborough. Got away with the first flight. Not recollecting the country, found myself with about a score charging the river Leam. Reached opposite bank, which was rotten. Fell back and found the bottom. I believe only two got out safe. My new pink came out black. Mar. 27.

Back to London to dine with Sir Thomas Trowbridge. Mar. 28.

To Greenwich by rail, to dine in hospital with that Mar. 30.

1845. grand old Admiral, Sir Robert Stopford, his happy lady and family looking so well.

April 11. Templer and I enjoyed an excellent dinner Jerdan gave us at the Garrick Club.

April 24. Mr. Edward Ellice kindly lent us his house, 18 Arlington Street. Admiral and Mrs. Sam Rowley dined with us on their way through London, she informing me I was left in his will, heir and executor.

May 2. We attended the Queen's Drawing-Room.

May 18. Lunched with the Hawleys, who had established themselves in Halkin Street. He had a charming yacht, the *Mischief*, with a woman for figurehead, which his wife disapproved of. An image of a monkey was executed to replace the lady; but there was so much trouble and legal expense in changing a figurehead, that the monkey was transferred to a box seat over my coach-house door. As I had no carriage the groom was not jealous.

May 19. Archie MacDonald dined with us prior to the Queen's Ball. On that occasion, although an old Fusilier Guardsman, he hid himself behind a screen till the ceremony was over.

Droxford, May 22. Glad to take possession of our snug little place at Droxford. A four-horse coach running between Gosport and London passed our door twice daily: a great convenience. William Garnier's place, Rooksbury Park, was within two miles of us.

July 3. In London met Sir Henry Pottinger: had a walk and a talk about China times.

Droxford, July 9. Arthur Cunynghame, our China friend, came to stay with us. Also Fred Horton.

July 15. Met George Delmé at the station. With niece to see departure of the fleet from Spithead. Too late to get out, so took a cruise in the Freemart Fair.

July 28. At Cams. In Delmé's drag to Goodwood Races.

Delmé Radcliffe, Onslow, the two Foleys, etc. My father being of the Goodwood party, wife and I were invited into the Duke's end of the grand stand. Unaccustomed to racing society, my wife was a trifle nervous. However, observing my father in deep conversation with a light weight in a blue coat with brass buttons, yellow leathers and mahogany tops, she inquired of Lady Albemarle if that was His Lordship's jockey. To which this amiable lady replied in a loud voice: "No, my dear. That is the Duke of Bedford." 1845.

In Delmé's drag. Ten outside! July 29.

The great Cup Day. Twenty-one horses started. July 30.

Concluded a splendid week's racing. Aug. 1.

We left London for Quidenham. Glad to be where I had passed my youth. The dear old father, no longer able to shoot, had taken to breeding blood-stock. The park near the river was cut into paddocks, where I saw some promising youngsters for the Derby. I was not sorry when Lady Albemarle inquired of my wife how long we were going to stay. We had some dear old friends in the neighbourhood: Partridges, Surtees, Eyres, and others. Went to Hockham on the 22nd. Sept. 6.

A day in London on business. By rail to Chesterford, and chaise to my friend Alexander Cotton: the same who, as a lieutenant, was capsized with me at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour in October 1830, he having now succeeded to the Hildersham property. Cotton's house very comfortable; his claret uncommon good. Sept. 29.

Rode after breakfast to Newmarket. In my father's stables saw "Emperor," "Smuggler Bill," "Little Dorrit," "Sir Rupert." Oct. 1.

Cotton and self to Newmarket. Oct. 2.

1845. Left Cotton to visit the Partridges at Hockham.

Oct. 3. Met at Harling Road by my old shipmate George Partridge.

Oct. 4. Out shooting. I killed eleven partridges and one pheasant.

Oct. 6. Champion Partridge came over. With the exception of a couple of days with George Birche's Harriers had a capital week's shooting.

Oct. 12. Walked over to Larling Parsonage, where I found my old friend Colonel Eyre, 98th, with his brother Edward the clergyman.

Oct. 16. George Wodehouse, Charles Partridge, and I rode over to Quidenham to see the brood-mares and young stock. Left Hockham for London. I was now in possession of a couple of hunters. Intending to enjoy myself, sent them on to Newbold, having business in London.

Oct. 26. From London by rail, in company with Joseph Hawley, George Payne, Shelley, Greville, and other turf men to Chesterford. They to Newmarket. I to friend Cotton.

Hildersham, Oct. 27. To Newmarket. Racing particularly good. Cambridgeshire stakes won by "Alum." Twenty-eight started, beating "Baron," the winner of St. Leger, and Cæsarwitch, etc.

Oct. 30. This morning's racing good. Backed my father's colt "Radulphus" in the Glasgow, and lost my money.

Newbold, Nov. 7. Went with Harry Skipwith to Warwickshire Hunt; meet at Stonleigh Park, a beautiful place. Next day to see the Athelstane; meet at the Cross. Some pretty fencing from cover to cover and plenty of foxes.

Nov. 10. Sent horses to Leighton Buzzard. A hearty welcome by Delmé Radcliffe at Hitchin Priory. The Eliot Yorkes staying there.

Having sent horses on with Delmé Radcliffe, to Brand's hounds, Delmé having been Master of Hounds was proud to mount "Heki," and delighted with him, as I was with my "Tom." The run good for this country. We went and returned in a yellow post-chaise. 1845. Nov. 12.

Mounted by Radcliffe. Went with the Harriers on his "Touch-and-Go"; supposed to be the best pack of the sort in England. Good for pastime, but it does not do after fox-hunting. Hitchin Priory, Nov. 15.

With Brand's hounds: rode "Heki," nothing particular by way of a run. Pleased with my horse though. Nov. 17.

Harriers met at the Priory. Pretty and fast thing. Radcliffe hunting them. Nov. 20.

With Brand's hounds. Rode "Tom." Found at Boxwood. Good run of 52 minutes. Was to the front the whole time. Radcliffe got the brush for my wife in commemoration of "Tom's" performances. Killed at Yardley. Nov. 21.

A right good run on "Heki" with the Harriers. Nov. 22.

In afternoon rode "Tom" with the Harriers and had an excellent run of 50 minutes, the hare running better than many foxes. Nov. 25.

Sent "Heki" on to meet the Cambridgeshire at Shear Hutch. Sharp run over heavy country. I got the brush. Nov. 26.

No meet. Rode to see the Charles Radcliffes at Halwell. Nov. 27.

With Radcliffe to meet the Puckeridge at Bedlington: a sharp thing. Got a cropper, but was in time to get the brush. Nov. 28.

By rail to Burnt Mill, where I met Henry Seymour and Brice Pearse, who took us to Gilston Park, a nice old place he had hired for farming purposes. Gilston Park, Dec. 1.

1845. Dec. 2. Seymour, and myself to meet the Puckeridge Hounds at Pelham. Rode "Heki": a good gallop, leaving off fourteen miles from home.

Dec. 3. With Brice Pearse to a city stable. Ostler brought out an Irish chestnut mare just under fifteen hands. On my inquiring if she could jump, a six-barred gate was placed across the paved passage road leading to the stables, which she jumped without trouble or hesitation. I paid £23 for her, and named her "Ticket" because she cleared the gates. She could not walk, but persevered in a jog trot to the end of the longest day. End of season, sold her for £70 to the Pytchley Hunt for a whip's horse.

Dec. 5. An idle day; mostly passed in the stable. Rode Pearse's pony to Harlow with Henry Seymour.

Dec. 6. Henry Seymour and I posted twenty-two miles to meet of Puckeridge Hounds. Had sent "Heki" on; a good run well worth the distance.

Dec. 8. By early train to London and on from Euston Square to Catton Hall. Fred Horton met us at the station.

Catton Hall, Dec. 9. Catton, a nice old place. Pretty grounds—good stabling. Drove with Fred Horton in a dogcart. Granville Loch arrived.

Dec. 10. Four guns. Bromley, Horton, Loch, and self to shoot. Pretty shooting: 42 head returned. I bagged 2 rabbits, 5 pheasants, and 11 hares. Fred Horton shot, as he thought, a hare creeping in a hedge, which proved to be a fox. Gave one of the beaters half a sovereign to bury it!

Dec. 11. Stormy morning. Rode "Ticket" to meet of Meynall Ingram's hounds at Gorsley Ley. Found immediately; was fortunate in getting well away. Pretty run for some twelve miles in an enclosed country. Long ride home.

The Donnington Hounds met near Derby; rode over to Osmaston to dine and sleep.	1845. Catton Hall,
Sat with Lady Wilmot. My China boy "Chopsticks" much grown and very spoiled.	Dec. 12.
After breakfast rode back to Catton by Twyford Ferry: best road for riding.	Dec. 13.
Ingram Meynall's hounds meeting at Drakelow. Mr. and Lady Sophia De Veux. Rode "Ticket": bad scenting day, and huntsmen no great things. Ergo no run; though a find at Drakelow.	Dec. 14.
Rode "Heki" with the Atherstone. Meet at Warton; much pleasanter having a companion to ride to covert with. Two good runs; though a rainy afternoon.	Dec. 15.
General A'Court to dinner with a handsome daughter.	Dec. 17.
Took leave of Lady and Miss Horton. I rode "Heki"; groom on "Ticket" to Osmaston. Fred Horton took care of wife by rail. Lord John Russell unable to form a ministry.	Catton, Dec. 18.
Christmas Day. My first in England for some time.	Newbold, Dec. 20.
The Donnington Hounds met at Cork Park. A beautiful place belonging to Sir John Crewe. "Ticket" fell at a fence and gave me a cropper.	Dec. 25.
Wife to Newbold Vicarage. I on to London, *en route* for Hockham.	Dec. 27.
	Dec. 31.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Shore Time—Study Steam

1846.

Jan. 1. At Hockham shooting.

Jan. 7. By rail to Rugby and on to Newbold.

Jan. 10. Mounted Grey Skipwith. Hunt with the Atherstone at Coombe Abbey. A goodish run. "Heki" a trifle lame.

Jan. 12. Departure of Skipwiths in various directions, preparatory to the Warwickshire Hunt Ball.

Jan. 17. Grey, Sidmouth, and I to meet the Pytchley at Crick. Certainly the finest run I had witnessed; George Payne giving me the brush.

Jan. 22. Went shares in a pair of posters with Grey Skipwith to meet the Warwickshire at Shuckborough. "Ticket" sent on from Newbold. Found, and fell at a brook.

Jan. 27. At Admiralty. Saw Lord Haddington. By steam to Woolwich. Only time to look at *Terrible* of large dimensions. Dined with Frank Collier.

Jan. 28. Breakfast with Tufnell and Fred Horton. Attended dinner given by Naval Club to Lord Haddington on leaving Admiralty.

Jan. 29. Up early for Rugby, where I had "Ticket" and hunting things sent. With the Warwickshire Hounds. Meet at Dunchurch. Capital run. Returned to Newbold.

Rode "Heki" with Grey Skipwith to Leamington. Took his mare and £30 in exchange for "Ticket." 1846. Jan. 31.

"Heki" falling lame, left him at Leamington and returned by rail to Rugby. Leamington, Feb. 2.

Took leave of Newbold. Established ourselves in lodgings at Leamington, for wife to be near Doctor Jephson. Horses at Stanley's. "Heki" still lame. Feb. 3.

Grey Skipwith came to dine and sleep. Letter from Mrs. Rowley announcing death of grand old Admiral Sir Josias, and enclosing a copy of his will, in which, should he survive his wife, after legacies, he had left everything to me—a kindness I had no right to expect. Feb. 4. Feb. 7.

Leamington full of lame hunters. By train to London. Feb. 10.

Horton appointed to command of *Cygnet*, 6 gun brig, on coast of Africa. Attended levee of First Lord. London, Feb. 11.

Great naval dinner at Thatched House Club. Prince George of Cambridge there. Feb. 12.

Eleven train to Leamington. Wife better. Feb. 13.

Rode with Grey Skipwith to see the Steeplechase at Southam. An amusing scene, but Leamington is not the most amusing place for a man who cannot keep horses. Leamington, Feb. 18.

Sold "Heki" for £15. Once refused 100 guineas!! Feb. 21.

Dined with First Lord of the Admiralty. Feb. 28.

By steamboat to see Frank Collier at Woolwich. He, Nic Lockyer, and I went over the *Terrible*, an enormous vessel, 1847 tons, 800 horse-power. Mar. 1.

News from the Enlightened States. More warlike than ever. Lost no time in tendering services to Lord Ellenborough. London, Mar. 4.

Met Sir Charles Fitzroy, with boys, Augustus Mar. 5.

1846. and George, grown into men: little Mary into a tall handsome mother of three children.

Mar. 10. At Leamington. Dined at Lady Farnham's: grub good, but seven ladies!! Saunders and self only gentlemen.

Mar. 11. To Coventry races. Racing good as far as horses being well matched. Rough attendance.

Leamington, Mar. 18. Sported phaeton and pair of horses for the three days' racing. Delmé Radcliffe, Gore, and two Skipwiths to dine with us.

Mar. 19. Steeplechase Day. Leamington full of 'legs and all sorts of rogues. Party of six to dine. "Grand, for us!" First-rate steeplechase.

Mar. 21. Acted as chaperon to Amelia Williams; she riding Wood's horse. Warwickshire meet at Stonleigh, afterwards steeplechase at Southam.

Mar. 22. Bury came to us from London to go to the second ball: he dancing mad.

Leamington, Mar. 23. A good steeplechase at Warwick—country heavy—"Pioneer" winning—a splendid horse.

Mar. 24. Mounted J. Wood to see the meet at Ladbrook.

Mar. 25. Dining with Stephenson, Fox Maule, Lord Ebrington, Maria, and brother Edward.

London, Mar. 27. Dined with the Duchess of Inverness; large party.

Mar. 28. Talk with Lord Francis Egerton about Brooke and Borneo. *Constance* frigate offered to Walker, who appears undecided. Dined with the Hawleys—family party. That beast "Chow" dying.

Mar. 29. Went to Woolwich to look for lodgings for my studying steam. By Frank Collier's advice closed with a Captain Dwyer—not much; however, the best.

London, Mar. 30. Took leave of Fred Horton at the club, lucky that he has not more than a year to run in *Cygnet*

on the coast. Dined with Ralph Brandling; Adelphi afterwards. 1846.

By express to Portsmouth. Dined with the Hyde Parkers in Dockyard; Admiral in great form. Mar. 31.

Dined with the Gores, who have been very kind to us. Fare-thee-well Leamington. With horses and money I should find you more agreeable. Leamington, April 19.

Took departure for London. Letter from Brooke, and news from Borneo not pleasing to Wise. Government slow in acting for him. To Droxford by 3 P.M. train. April 23.

Took our departure from our snug little Droxford. In London by 2 P.M. Got Mrs. Rowley her pension at Admiralty. To Woolwich by steamer. Took up quarters in Captain Dwyer's house. Wife not taken with our new abode. May 1.

To church in a sail-loft in the Dockyard. Went to Greenwich in the afternoon: looked at houses. May 3.

To Greenwich. Decided on No. 17 Croom's Hill at £150 per annum; nice situation, looking into the Park. May 5.

Letter from Commander Dwyer refusing to let me off under three months' rent! Unlucky dog that I am, £36 thrown away. So much for having to deal with a gentleman. May 6.

To see the Horse Artillery exercise. Edward Coke and Sir E. Poore to call; they going to West Indies in June for amusement. May 8.

To London. Saw my father; well in health; going to Newmarket. May 9.

Receiving a letter from Sir William Symonds, asking if he might nominate me to command his *Spartan*, started for Somerset House, and found from Edge that I was wanted, as in case of *Constance*, as a second string to his bow. May 12.

1846. May 15. Attended the meeting of the Committee for the Foundation of a Church Mission-House and School in Borneo. Some large subscriptions received.

May 21. Again over to Greenwich; hard bargain with Mrs. Kemp. Georgie Crosbie and early dinner.

May 23. Took my first lesson in steam at Woolwich.

Hearing that a foreigner was inquiring after me, avoided him; it turned out afterwards to be an old Spanish friend, General Mazzerado of Barcelona, who stopped to dinner.

By Templer heard of a most diabolical massacre committed in Borneo Proper.

May 25. Commencing steam study in earnest.

A Princess born. (Princess Helena.)

May 26. Breakfast at half-past eight. Start at nine to be in Dockyard by ten. Pleasant enough while the weather is fine. Dined at Greenwich Hospital with Sir Robert Stopford to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday. Pleasant party.

May 27. Derby Day, and I not there. Won by Mr. Gully's "Phyrrus."

May 28. The sad news of the massacre of Rajah Muda Hassim and family, and his gallant brother, Budrudeen.

June 2. Greenwich Fair. Joined George King and his party in a small Whitebait dinner at the "Crown and Sceptre." Paraded the Fair afterwards.

June 11. Dined with Sir James Gordon, Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Though he lost a leg in Hostes' *Lissa* frigate action, Gordon frequently walks from London.

London, June 13. Attended the wedding of Amelia Williams and Mark Wood—also to *déjeûner* given by the Bulkeleys. Lovely day; pretty wedding; good breakfast; everything right.

Early dinner with the Hawleys. Tattersalls and Park afterwards. 1846. June 14.

To Woolwich Dockyard. Dined with Colonel Parker to meet kind friend, his brother, the Admiral. June 15.

Dined with Commander and Mrs. Dalyell in the Hospital. He was for nine years a prisoner of war at Verdun ; released when Napoleon I. went to Elba. Anyone interested in the record of a sailor's life during the end of the last century and early part of this should read that of my old friend, who was now a pensioner, with apartments in Greenwich Hospital.[1] June 16.

The Dalyells are kind people and have exceedingly good taste.

To Woolwich by steam, meeting on board *Lord Selkirk*, Captain Ross, and Ranelagh. Went to Arsenal. Georgie and Jack Crosbie and Grey Skipwith to dine. June 17.

An impertinent letter from Wise : answered him. June 18.

To Woolwich by steam. June 19.

Called on Sir James Gordon and on Sir Watkin Pell. June 21.

Sir Watkin Pell—a wooden leg, and a wonderful clever pony on which he used to ride on a three-plank bridge when visiting ships fitting out in dock.

Dined at the Stopfords. June 24.

Dined in London with my father ; returning afterwards to Greenwich. June 25.

We went to see the muster of Greenwich schoolboys. Interesting sight. 800 of them dining in same room. Ministers about to resign. June 27.

Represented Brooke at the christening of Templer's boy, named James Lethbridge Brooke. June 30.

[1] See O'Byrne's *Naval Biographies*, 1848.

1846. Business at Admiralty. Saw Lord Auckland about
July 13. Borneo.

July 16. Concocted a letter for Lord Auckland, recommending possession of Labuan.

July 17. Capital dinner with Sir Watkin Pell. To the Artillery ball at Woolwich. Nothing could be better done.

July 21. Dined with Sir Robert Stopford. Greenwich ball in the evening; very good.

July 24. To London with Jack Templer to see Lord Auckland concerning Brooke.

Very mysterious. Government evidently doing something. Afraid, I think, of Mr. Hume.

July 29. To steam studies. Met Board of Admiralty in the Dockyard. Received intimation that my services would be again required in Borneo.

July 30. Skipwith and ourselves to dine with the Newdigates, who have pretty place at Blackheath.

Aug. 3. After studies visited famous mulberry tree in Collier's garden.

Aug. 5. Students in steam met at Blackwall to examine the machinery of the *Sir Henry Pōttinger*, a merchant steamer.

Aug. 20. Accompanied Captain Stewart in the Trinity yacht to meet the Admiralty Board at Gravesend to inspect several plans for lights to be carried by steamers at sea to prevent collision.

Aug. 25. Invited Roberts to dinner, to meet Edward Rice, who did not arrive until late.

Rice to join *Amphion* should I get her!

Aug. 27. At Admiralty to stop Comber being sent off to sea. Partly succeeded. Came back to dine with Sir Watkin Pell.

Sept. 2. Woolwich, preparatory to being examined by

Lloyd. Passed an hour in the Superintendent's mulberry tree! 1846.

By Gravesend steamer to Purfleet, where Sir Thomas Lennard sent his carriage to take us to Belhus for three days; brother Tom having married his daughter. Large party; hearty welcome. This is a nice old-fashioned place. Our room the one in which Queen Elizabeth slept. Sept. 7.

After luncheon we were taken a drive with the team round the country. Went to Mr. Tower's place: he has some fine old pictures. Sept. 9.

Took leave; pony carriage taking us to Gray's Pier. Embarked for Blackwall loaded with game and fruit. Sept. 10.

I dined with the Artillery mess at Woolwich. Sept. 17.

To London to attend Borneo Church Mission. Capture of Brunei. Saw Mundy's letter to Baillie Hamilton at the Admiralty relative to the affairs there. Sept. 23.

On return found Edward Rice from Dane Court.

To Admiralty to deposit with Lord Auckland my father's correspondence with Lord Haddington relative to my not getting the C.B. Sept. 25.

We took the two charming Dalyell girls to the Woolwich Garrison races. Very good fun: heats and that sort of thing; gentlemen riders. Sept. 28.

Visited Sir Samuel Brown of chain-cable notoriety, and saw several ingenious inventions. Oct. 1.

To London. Wife on a visit to the Roes at Fulham. Oct. 7.

Among the intimate friends of the Crosbie family were Sir Frederick and Lady Roe. His father was a well-to-do merchant residing in the City. My father amused me with the following:— As Master of the House he had to attend State occasions. On going to the City, Sir Frederick Roe

1846. was so active with his mounted police as to draw the attention of His Majesty, who inquired who he was. Father informed the King that it was Sir Frederick Roe, the Head of the Police. His Majesty noticed another officer equally active, and very like Sir Frederick, who my father informed His Majesty was a younger brother, likewise in the Police, who helped his brother on these occasions, and they went by the name of "Hard" Roe and "Soft" Roe. This amused His Majesty so much that he wanted to know about the father. This rather puzzled my parent, who, having volunteered so much, did not like to plead ignorance, but answered "They call him, Sir, Paternoster Row!"

Oct. 8. Ascertained at the Admiralty they had no idea of forming a Settlement on the Bornean coast.

Power of a "wise" confidential agent beginning to tell.

Oct. 10. To Ranelagh House, Fulham, to join wife at Sir Frederick and Lady Roe's.

Oct. 15. Having been invited by Sir Charles and Lady Mary Fox to dinner at Addison Road, sent to Greenwich for clothes. Wife dining with the Dalyells.

London, Oct. 16. Found letter at club from Symonds, stating that he had applied to Lord Auckland to appoint me to *Cambrian* for trial with Thetis.

Dined with Sir Robert Stopford; a large party.

Oct. 17. To Admiralty to inquire about the *Cambrian*; find I am the favourite, Lord Auckland hovering between Smith and myself for the appointment.

Oct. 21. Dined on Guard at St. James' with Colonel Codrington.

Oct. 22. Nothing decided about *Cambrian*, Lord Auckland waiting for Sir Charles Adam's opinion. Still hope.

Dined at the Newdigates. 1846.

Reports of my appointment to *Cambrian*; hope they may prove true. Stephenson writing to thank Lord Auckland. Oct. 23.

Dined with John Doyle and Lady Susan North.

To see Admiral Dundas. Early proposal of appointing me to *Amphion*. No fancy for her, while there is a chance of *Cambrian*. Oct. 24.

We dined at Colonel Parker's. On return found letter from Dundas, a damper on hopes of *Cambrian*.

Baillie Hamilton in the Rangers' House. Commander Henry Eden married to Miss Rivers. Wish to get Lieutenant Rivers as my First. Oct. 27.

Dined with Lord Auckland. Oct. 29.

At Dane Court with the Rices; like Dane Court and all its people. Everybody receiving me so kindly; the children too, as if they had known me all their lives. Dane Court, Oct. 31.

A walk with Fanny and Anne in forenoon. Afternoon to Dover. Saw 43rd and H. Skipwith inspected on the heights. Nov. 2.

Received twelve guineas due to members of Old Navy Club, Bond Street. Retirement list out, of 180 Captains. Nov. 4.

Dined with my father. Shireff wanting me as Flag-Captain. Nov. 5.

To Woolwich to see Sir Frank Collier for last time as a Commodore. Nov. 6.

Dined in London with Stephenson. Meeting Hastie and Sir John Hobhouse. Nov. 8.

Lord Mayor's Day. Promotion in Army and Navy. Dined with Admiral Dundas. Large party at Lord Auckland's in the evening. Nov. 9.

Club full in anxious expectation of "Gazette." The greatest boon that has been granted to the Navy. Nov. 10.

1846. Dined with General Mundy and family. Disappointed about the promotions.

Nov. 16. Dined with Sir Robert Stopford.

Nov. 17. Farewell dinner with the Dalyells. We have been treated at Greenwich with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

Nov. 19. Dined at Club. A meeting of old "Magiciennes," Plumridge, Knox, Forbes.

Nov. 24. Called for Stephenson at the Excise: with him to Cambridge, where, after having enjoyed much worth seeing, dined with Henry Coke: Augustus Stephenson and young Lord Durham of the party.

We slept at the University Arms.

Nov. 27. Visited my brother George at his office, Downing Street. Chance of my being appointed to *Amphitrite*. Returned with Pearse to Gilston.

Nov. 28. Brice Pearse mounting me; after several hours, without finding, finished with a fast twenty minutes with Conyer's hounds. In first at the death, and got the brush.

Nov. 30. Party to shoot. Keeper reserved best ground until too dark—only a small bag.

Elsenham, Dec. 3. Took leave, after luncheon, of our friends. On a visit to the Rushs at Elsenham: a pretty place. Much taste and considerable expense in the making.

H. Byng, *alias* "Buckets," with his wife to dinner.

Newbold, Dec. 5. By early train to London. In time to leave Euston Square for Newbold by eleven o'clock.

Dec. 12. Sharp frost. Hunters more expense than profit.

Dec. 25. Enjoyed Christmas at Newbold, sitting down twenty all told. Sir Grey presiding. Eight sons, five daughters, two husbands and wives and ourselves. The younger son—a nervous boy, studying for Holy Orders—was called on to say grace; after hesitation got up and said: "For what we are going to receive,

the Lord have mercy on us." A more cheery Christmas could not be. 1846.

Having business in London, and hoping for employment, left my poor invalid under care of the celebrated Doctor Jephson, at Leamington.

To my second home, the Stephensons in Arlington Street. Dec. 28.

Dinner off Norfolk turkey, and a hot devil by sister.

At Hockham shooting, with the Partridges, Charles, George, Paterson, and self. Shot with my new Westley-Richards. Much pleased with it. Dec. 29.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Shore Time

1847. Jan. 2. As brother Tom could not, with increasing family, come to me, I went to his parsonage at Creake in Norfolk, where we were joined by my other clergyman brother Edward. Creake only a walk from Holkham.

This entailed visits to other dear friends; but as these have not much to do with the promised sailor's life, must not detain readers.

Jan. 3. *Sunday.*—Both brothers preached; I suppose the elder had choice. Reserved opinion.

Recollect some time ago, when brother Edward preached at Quidenham, venturing to remark that his sermon was rather lengthy. He replied: "It now lies at the bottom of a heap and you won't hear it again for three years."

Jan. 5, Holkham. Went out, fifteen guns, 1085 head.

Drove back with Napier, rector at Holkham, elder brother of Brooke's Singapore friend.

Jan. 6. Shooting the end of the park in the direction of Warham; twelve guns, 973 head.

Jan. 7, Holkham. Another good day's shooting; 1073 head.

Jan. 8. News of the safety of Edward Coke, who had been buffalo-shooting in the United States. Never once doubted it.

Jan. 9.

Tom and I drove to cousin Fred Keppel's at Lexham, about eighteen miles. Hearty welcome. No better fellows than Fred and Edward Keppel, "the Cheeryble Brothers." 1847. Jan. 11.

Went out to enjoy the best shooting Fred had left. Six guns: Fred Fitzroy, Derrick Hoste, Fred, Edward, Tom, and self. Lexham, Jan. 12.

Wife improving at Leamington under Jephson. Fred Keppel and brother Tom doing magistrates' business at Litcham. Jan. 13.

Party breaking up. Fred Fitzroy dropping me at friend Rev. C. D. Brereton's. Jan. 14.

Took leave of Brereton. Drive of eleven miles to Creake. Bitter cold. Henry Coke arrived from Holkham. Jan. 16.

To Bobby Hammond's, now a rich banker; change from a mid's berth. Jan. 18.

Fred Keppel drove me to brother Edward's. Jan. 22.

Looked over the Quidenham Stud paddocks. Some old brood-mares and four yearlings. A colt, "Borneo," promising looking. Quidenham Parsonage, Jan. 23.

Fred Keppel taking me back to Lexham, sent things to Anthony Hammond's at Westacre. Jan. 25.

Followed in afternoon. Charming place as well as host.

Anthony, Bob Hammond, Henry Coke, and others came to dinner. Jan. 26.

Henry Coke and I took departure from Westacre, posting to Brandon, by rail to Cambridge. Henry having left the Navy had lodgings there: a quiet dinner with him. Jan. 28.

To London; with Stephensons in Arlington Street. Jan. 29.

Joined wife at Leamington. Feb. 6.

To London. Father recovering from illness. Feb. 8.

1847. Feb. 10. Letter from Admiralty requesting me to sit on a Commission to report on Naval Uniforms—Chairman, Rear-Admiral Bowles, C.B. Commitee: Rear-Admiral Sir F. Collier, C.B.; Captains A. Fanshawe, C.B.; J. Shepherd; Hon. F. Pelham; A. Milne; Lord Clarence Paget; and W. F. Martin.

Feb. 19. Poor Thistlewayte quite blind.

Drox-ford, Feb. 20. Rode to Collier's new house at Wickham. Nothing more neat, complete, and comfortable.

Feb. 25. Wife and I on a visit to Southwick. George Delmé came to dinner.

Mar. 1. Walked from Southwick to Droxford, and afterwards to Rookesbury. Thistlewayte sending wife there in carriage. Good William Garnier insisted on our all staying at Rookesbury.

Rookes-bury, Mar. 2. William Garnier mounting me, we rode to the Dean's at Winchester. Sister Caroline out. Called on Walter Longs on our way back. Collier and Campbells to dinner.

Mar. 5. On Garnier's hack to see Hambledon Meet. Many friends, but a bad scenting day.

Ports-mouth, Mar. 6. In break, picking up Wickham's Admiral, Collier, on the way. Lunched with the Hyde Parkers. *Sphynx* in harbour after six weeks on rocks at back of Isle of Wight.

Mar. 8. By coach to stay with Sivewrights, Symington.

Years since Edward Sivewright and I met. At Symington, canvassed for brother George.

Drox-ford, Mar. 11. Busy with accounts. How much I want money, and have wanted, for some time. Still here we are jogging on. One-half the world never knows how the other half lives!

Cams, Mar. 13. Visit to Cousin Delmé's at Cams.

Admiral Sir William Gage came to Cams.

By rail to Winchester, leaving wife at the Deanery. George Delmé and I went to see sundry blood-stock at Dilly's and Stockbridge. Expensive playthings! "Venison" a fine horse. 1847. Mar. 15.

In Delmé's drag to meet the Hampshire Hounds at Rockwood, Colonel Greenwood's. Delmé sending a hack for me. Martin Haworth master. No finer day, though, to see hounds and horns. Cams, Mar. 16.

Delmé sending me a mount with the Hambleton. Good gallop over the Downs. Lost near Ditcham. Mar. 19.

Fast Day—Appointed to be kept by the Government on account of the distressing famine in Ireland and Scotland. Properly and strictly observed (to all appearance) throughout the country. Winchester, Mar. 24.

Rode pony over to Campbell Wyndham's at Exton. Accompanied Mrs. Wyndham to see Hants Steeplechase. Sport bad, company good, day fine. Good dinner and party at Wyndham's; slept there. Mar. 25.

Rev. Mr. M'Dougal volunteered for Borneo. Good man. Mar. 31.

Good Friday.—Salt fish and thirst! April 2.

Letter from Harry Stephenson announcing birth of the finest boy in creation. April 14.

Saw in the papers death of the Earl of Bessborough, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—a national loss. May 20.

By rail to London. Friends Crawfurd Kerrs arrived from China. May 22.

Sir Charles Napier going to apply for me as his Flag Captain! May 25.

This day my old friend Jonas Coaker had his little boy christened Keppel Coaker. May 26.

Hawley's mare "Miami" won the Oaks, ridden by Sim Templeman. Dined with the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Auckland. Full dress, to commemorate Her Majesty's birthday. May 27.

1847. May 28. May 30. Mail from India. James Brooke coming home by July mail. Dinner with Sir William Eden, meeting Admiral Parry's daughter and Charlie Eden. Admiral taken ill.

Black-heath, June 2. Took up our quarters in the Blackheath house. Greenwich Park, and country round, looking perfection.

London, June 4. Dined with Lady Wilmot Horton, meeting Bromleys, Commander Lord Byron, and others.

June 5. Dined with Charlie Eden to meet Admiral Hyde Parker.

June 8. First Lord's levée. As far off employment as ever.

Black-heath, June 11. Took the Dalyell ladies to see Review of Horse Artillery. Grand Duke Constantine. Duke of Wellington in Russian uniform. I dined with Colonel Parker to meet his brother the Admiral.

June 15. Poor Sir Robert Stopford very ill; sad loss to Greenwich and service.

June 17. Review in Hyde Park. Seen from Mr. Thistlewayte's house in Connaught Place.

Dinner to Lord Auckland at Thatched House; well attended. Lift back to Greenwich with Sir Watkin Pell.

June 20. By steamer, and to Wimbledon by rail to see Ingestre and family. Lady Sarah as handsome as ever. The little Susan a woman; twelve years since we met. Missed train. Shake-down at Ingestre's!

June 21. By rail with Ingestre to London. News from China: Bogue Forts taken, Canton threatened.

With brother George to dine with aged Mrs. Clavering, wonderful, dear old lady.

June 24. Called on James Brooke's sister, Mrs. Savage—pretty, nice person; strong resemblance to him. Got tickets for Astley's. It is not what it used to be.

At two this morning that fine old Admiral and dignified old gentleman, Sir Robert Stopford, departed this life! 1847. June 25.

Bayley having lent me his yacht *Nymph*, took the Dalyell girls and Augustus Stephenson a sail down the river to Gravesend and back. June 30.

Dined Thatched House Club. Walpole in chair. Jolly party. July 1.

Attended in full uniform the funeral of Sir Robert Stopford; the whole ceremony conducted in a manner worthy of so great and good a man. July 2.

Dined in South Street with Sir James Kempt; met Colonel Brereton and others.

Visited Admiral Sir Charles Bullen, who gave me a model of *Dido*. He had been Captain-Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard when she was building. Southampton, July 8.

By rail to Gosport. Dined with the Hyde Parkers. Had a chat with Lord Saltoun at George Hotel.

By steamer to Ryde, and four-horse coach to Dudley Pelham at St. Lawrence. July 14.

Rode Pelham's pony; re-visited Apple-de-Combe. St. Lawrence, July 15.

Went to Bill Crosbie's, Emsworth; a jolly party. Goodwood with Bill's party, on Delmé's drag. July 26.

Letter from brother George requesting my presence at Lymington. When I got to Portsmouth, found this day fixed for the election; Ergo, no use my going, so rejoined the party for Goodwood. July 29.

Party going to the ball at Chichester; returned with wife to Portsmouth on a visit to old friends, the Cashers at Southsea. July 30.

Bill Crosbie and two handsome Miss Leithbridges coming over. Made a party to bazaar at Lord Down's, Binstead. The Leithbridges dined with us. Aug. 4.

1847. Aug. 5. By steam to Portsmouth. *Cambrian* given to Plumridge.

Aug. 6. In Lord Hardwicke's yacht to his place Sydney Lodge, on the banks of Southampton Water. Nice breeze. Good dinner. Lady Hardwicke singing delightfully.

Aug. 7. Rainy, stormy morning; strong breeze. Returned in the *Susan*. She was a yawl-rigged, half-decked, 30-ton boat which his Lordship steered himself.

Ryde, Aug. 8. Invited by Sir Augustus Clifford to meet Lord Auckland at dinner. Borneo affairs to be brought under immediate consideration.

Aug. 10. A couple of days at Dudley Pelham's lovely place at St. Lawrence. Met Love, brother officer, who danced hornpipe nearly as well as T. P. Cooke.

London, Aug. 14. Met Admiral Shireff. Offer of his Flag-Captain in case of his getting *Pacific*; accepted same on conditions.

Cowes, Aug. 24. A sail in the *Pearl* and dined afterwards with Lord Anglesey at Cowes Castle.

Aug. 25. By steamer to Southampton. Embarked in Chamberlayne's *Arrow*, sailed through Needles passage for Plymouth. Mr. Weld on board—charming old boy.

Aug. 26. Got into Plymouth. Regatta in full force. Hundreds of people on the Hoe. Weather fine. Went to the Regatta Ball.

Aug. 28. *Arrow* sailing for a cup, time race, which she lost by six seconds only, coming in first. Sailed while at dinner for Cowes.

Aug. 29. Lucky in our fine weather. Came close round the Bill of Portland *within the race*. Shortened sail for dinner, yacht fashion. Arrived at Cowes 10 P.M.

Joining wife at the Vines, Puckaster.

Steam to Portsmouth. Rail to Farnham. Fly to kind good friends at Rookesbury. 1847. Aug. 31.

William Garnier, Frank Collier, and Walpole to dinner. Sept. 1.

That donkey, "the Honest Bishop" of Bond Street, not having sent my gun, spoiled a good day's shooting, having only a tool with the lock of the right barrel broken. Rookesbury, Sept. 3.

Garnier kindly giving permission for me to invite one of the Cashers to shoot, William came. Ten brace between us. Casher to dinner and sleep. Sept. 6.

Casher to have another day's shooting. Bagged twenty-two brace. No house in England so enjoyable as this Rookesbury; no people so kind and generous. Sept. 7.

Drizzly rain. Took leave of our kind friends at Rookesbury. At Southwick. Sept. 13.

Plenty of birds. Lady Farnham staying here. Sept. 14.

Letter from Admiral Dundas requiring me to decide between Flag-Captaining to Sir Charles Napier and a sixth-rate to India. Sept. 22.

To Admiralty. Difficult point to decide between inclination and economy.

Breakfasted with Admiral Dundas; decided on India. Wrote letter of thanks to Lord Auckland. London, Sept. 23.

Offered appointment as First Lieutenant to Bowyear.

By rail with wife to Quidenham. Oct. 1.

Father and Lady Albemarle off to Newmarket. Oct. 9.

Adieu to Quidenham—for how long? Wife to Blackheath. Found Brooke at Mivart's Hotel. United Service Club giving him a dinner, which was crowded. Oct. 11.

Business at Admiralty. To Greenwich. Dined with Sir James Gordon to meet Brooke. Oct. 12.

1847. Oct. 13. Met Brooke at Lord John Russell's office, Downing Street. My old friend, Charles Gore, his Private Secretary.

Oct. 15. Breakfasted with Brooke at Mivart's. Meeting of Borneo Mission. £3000 subscribed.

Oct. 18. Dined with Lord Auckland to meet Brooke: Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord and Lady Clanricade and pretty daughter, Lords Lansdowne and Morpeth, and Dr. Hooker.

Oct. 20. Accompanied Brooke to Frank Grant's, who was painting his portrait, indeed a striking likeness. Grant the first artist in the country.

London, Oct. 21. Anniversary of Trafalgar. Dined at Club of 1765. Some fine old "Salts" present.

Oct. 22. With Brooke to Admiralty. He invited to Windsor Castle.

Oct. 24. To Greenwich School. Inspected some nice-looking lads for *Mæander*.

Oct. 29. Brooke received the Freedom of the City of London, and made a speech.

London, Oct. 30. Admiral Dundas informed me that I should commission *Mæander* at once.

As I was anxious to be employed, I had tried hard for the *Active*, one of Symonds' beautiful ships he wished me to have. However, that lovely frigate was never commissioned. To Portsmouth. Ordered outfit. Arranged rendezvous on the Hard.

Nov. 1. My commission appointing me to the command of the *Mæander* frigate, 44, at Chatham, made out. Allowed to name such officers as I wished.

First Lieutenant—George Leger Bowyear.

Second Lieutenant—Charles B. Read.

Third Lieutenant—Henry W. Comber.

Third Lieutenant—R. Brice Oldfield. 1847.
Master—Francis H. May.
Marines—First Lieutenant—Rodney V. Allen.
Paymaster—George Simmonds.
Surgeon—John Clarke.
Assistant-Surgeon—William Smith.
Second Master—William Turton.
Dined with the Lord Mayor to meet Brooke.

Business at Admiralty. Other appointments made. Every vacancy filled up. Nov. 2.

To breakfast with Brooke. By Great Western to Chippenham, on visit to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood. Large party. Nov. 6.

Sunday.—A day for a short walk. Church in private chapel; beautiful organ and music. Nov. 7.

Many of the party leaving. In afternoon Brooke and I a ride with Lords Lansdowne and Morley. Nov. 8.

Back to London with Brooke. Nov. 9.

With young Spalding to Sheerness. Breakfasted with Captain-Superintendent. Took Spalding on Board *Ocean* to be examined. Made my bow and presented Commission to Admiral. Sheerness, Nov. 11.

Returned to Chatham. First Lieutenant Bowyear, Read, and Spalding to dinner.

Some good men joining. Nov. 15.

Letter from brother George urging me to meet a party at dinner. Up in time to a family feed; very good though. Put up at Mivart's. Nov. 18.

Back to Chatham in time to muster Ship's Company. Charlie Graham also down to sign papers; dined together. Nov. 19.

Admiralty complying with most of my requests, to the astonishment of dockyard. Nov. 20.

Attended a meeting of the Borneo Mission at Hanover Square. Had to second resolution and Nov. 22.

1847. make a speech. More than 1000 present; chiefly ladies—nervous work.

Nov. 24. Frock-coats introduced into the service; good things and comfortable.

Chatham, Nov. 26. As senior officer had to inspect men sent from Admiralty.

Nov. 30. Vice-Admiral Sir Durnford King sent steamer for me to be interviewed at Sheerness relative to my refusing drafts from *Ocean*. Returned in steamer.

Dec. 2. Heard of Admiral Shireff's death. Good fellow. A week ago as hale and healthy a man as any on the list.

Dec. 3. Reprimand from Admiralty for having refused the splendid men they sent! *Mæander* entering better hourly.

Dined with Royal Marines. Cheery mess.

Dec. 4. Dined with Stephenson at Beef Steak Club.

Kind Rajah gave wife handsome bracelets of Borneo gold.

Sheerness, Dec. 7. Snug and comfortable quarters on board *Hussar*, hulk.

Ship removed from dock-to alongside hulk.

Chatham, Dec. 10. Dined with Royal Marines' Barracks mess with Colonel Whylock.

Dec. 16. Met two young Egertons at Nine Elms Station. Accompanied them to shoot at Lord Ellesmere's near Weybridge. Prettiest grounds and wild shooting. Back by return ticket.

Had a capital dinner at Hastie's—Stephenson, Brooke and others.

Dec. 18. We left London for Woburn Abbey. Harvey and Brooke with us. A large house; nice and agreeable party.

Dec. 20. Brooke and I put four horses to a stage coach,

and with wife, and servants, posted across country to Cambridge, by rail to Dereham, coach to Wells, and in Leicester's carriage to Holkham, making a tedious journey of fifteen hours. Late for dinner. 1847.

Some nice people here: Edward Digby, Archie MacDonald, Porter, 9th Lancers, Henry Coke, and others. Holkham, Dec. 21.

A good day's shooting, my bag 87 head.

Margaret Coke drove me over to Creake. Decided on taking Tom's little fellow Leicester with me. Dec. 22.

Servants' ball in evening. Great fun.

Shot the Wareham side: not so much game as I have seen. I killed 57 head. Brooke not shooting, but making himself particularly agreeable. Dec. 23.

To shoot fourteen miles off. Wet, dirty day. Leicester not well enough to dine downstairs; the youngsters got rather by the head and a little noisy. Dec. 24.

To Lexham, Brooke, wife and I, Fred Keppel and his brother Edward receiving us. Nice, quiet, and comfortable house and party. Christmas Day, Dec. 25.

Put posters to Fred Keppel's carriage, sending servants and luggage by fly to Hockham. Found large party to meet the Rajah. Lexham to Hockham, Dec. 27.

Brooke returned in Fred Keppel's carriage to Lexham. Breretons, Dover, C. Partridge, Reynardson, and self to shoot. Hockham, Dec. 28.

Snow. Regular winter's day. Dec. 29.

Partridge, sending us to Quidenham; Brooke arriving in time for dinner. Kindly welcomed by all. Quidenham, Dec. 30.

George and his son Willie, Edward and Maria, Eustace Hill, Sir Robert Adair, Miss Hunloke and selves, a party of twelve.

Brooke took his departure for Norwich to visit Dec. 31.

1847. the Bishop. Family party to dinner. My dear father in great force. Knowing his dislike to saying good-bye, took advantage of his going out of the room to walk off to bed. I trust I may find him as well, should I live to return. He is in his seventy-sixth year, and I am going to India on peculiar service. Four years is a long time to look forward to. Our meeting again doubtful!

The next three or four years are likely to be the most eventful of my life.

Postscript to 1847

I cannot close my diary this year without mention of the sore trouble in which my friend Brooke was involved. The commencement, indeed, of the persecution from which he emerged stainless, but at the cost of mental anxiety which ultimately caused his death.

As early as 1843, Brooke thought he had reason to suspect the good faith and honour of his London agent, Mr. Henry Wise of Austin Friars.

In his confidential letters to his friend, Jack Templer, he had referred to his growing uneasiness at Wise's management of his affairs.

Letters passed upon the subject: Wise's replies seldom being satisfactory. In spite of facts, Brooke did not break off relations with him.

Brooke had placed his "Journal" at my disposal, and Templer brought a mass of private letters from Brooke relating to his policy and doings in Sarawak.

Not deeming myself competent to undertake the construction of the *Dido* book, I placed these materials, as well as my diaries, in the hands of Mr. Jerdan,

editor of the *Court Journal*, and a former acquaintance. 1847.

We conferred continually, as the record already written has shown, and worked amicably enough together.

Jerdan improperly allowed Wise access to these letters, as well as Brooke's "Journal," in spite of their containing references of a disparaging nature about Wise. In this way the seeds of future mischief were sown. Wise saw that Brooke suspected him, and under legal compulsion only did he return the letters to Templer. However, he had made copies and used them as he willed.

Then came the formation of the Eastern Archipelago Company (without sanction from Brooke), which had at bottom a scheme to buy out Brooke's rights in Sarawak and work the country from one point only—that of making money.

Brooke refused to give up the trust reposed in him by the Rajah and people of Sarawak, came home later on, brought a lawsuit against the Directors of the Eastern Archipelago Company, and won it.

The Directors were convicted of fraud in putting a false certificate on the charter as to the amount of capital subscribed. It was, in fact, a bogus prospectus. Mr. Wise had got £18,000 out of it, and much more besides.

Finding a ready ear in Mr. David Hume, better known in the Navy as the "Revenue Cutter," and who loved a grievance, Wise tried to turn the tables on Brooke once more, alleging his "dreadful treatment" of the Dyaks as an excuse.

However, "this cock would not fight." Brooke was the lion of the hour in 1847, and was appointed Governor of Labuan.

1847. I have always held that ropes were pulled by Wise's familiars and himself to get Brooke, Napier, myself, and other truthful witnesses out of England in order to further their plans in floating this fraudulent company.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE *MÆANDER*

ADIEU for a while to Quidenham. Farewell, dear father. 1848. Jan. 1.

By rail to London. Business at Admiralty.

Called with Brooke on Lord Ellesmere. Dined with Lord Auckland: agreeable company. Jan. 4.

Early boat to Gravesend and Chatham. Ship beginning to look well. Jan. 5.

Splendid boats; nearly finished. *Hydra*, friend Grey Skipwith sailing for Rio in command; good fellow as well as seaman. Jan. 6.

Order from Admiral to move to Sheerness. Jan. 7.

Private letters from Admiralty to remain where we are! Cabins building for passengers.

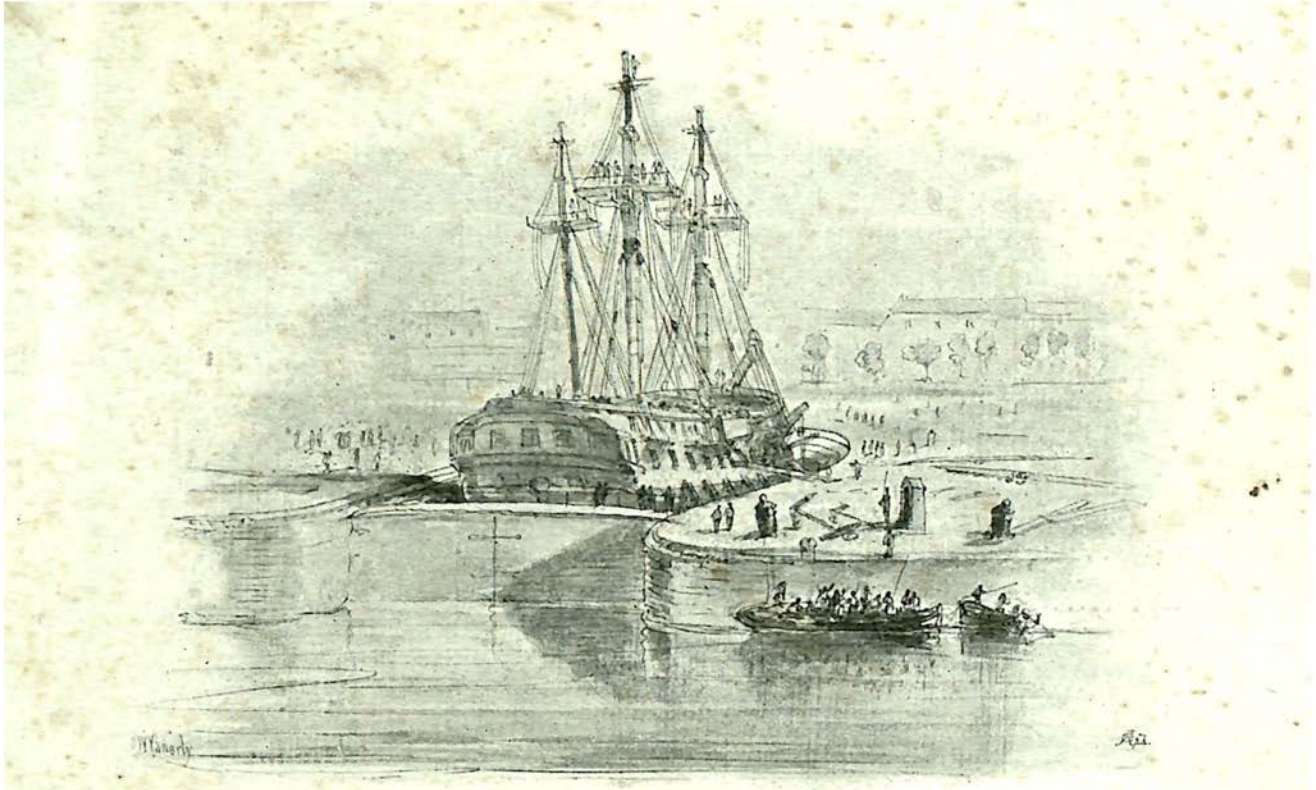
Bent sails. Jan. 11.

At 8.30 taken in tow by the *Charon* steamer. Master attendant no nerve to move ship under canvas! Jan. 16.

A party of friends and relations from London: a jovial party. Gave them the best I could, Admiral kindly lending his steam tender to take many of them back as far as Chatham. Jan. 18.

Attempt to get out, but pilot not willing. Jolly party still on board. Sheerness, Jan. 19.

My brothers remaining; also old Rouse, of Naval



Mæander *Fitting*.

College 1822, and now from Greenwich school, as well as other friends. 1848.

Slipped moorings at 11.30, and with the assistance of steam got as far as Little Nore. Brother George obliged to leave with his boy. Saluted Admiral, Sir Edward Durnford King. Jan. 20.

Stephenson and his boys, Augustus and Sussex, not able to remain longer. Jan. 21.

Early morning, the Launch paddled alongside with her small engine puffing away. Admiral had ship inspected by Captain Price, as much to his satisfaction as to mine. Jan. 22.

Steamer alongside and fore and aft sails set—our nervous pilot got under way—nice breeze; made sail over the flats and cast off steamer, in which old friend Rouse went. Jan. 23.

Brothers Tom and Edward, as well as Harvey, delighted with their sail. Nine, anchored at Spithead; breeze too fresh for wife to land in boat. Admiral kindly sent his tender. Dined with Admiral, Sir Charles Ogle. Jan. 24.

To London by express train. Business at Admiralty. Jan. 25.

Returned to Portsmouth. Jan. 26.

At two o'clock Board of Admiralty, consisting of Lord Auckland, Lord John Hay, Milne, Eden, Ward, and Berkeley, with Lady Ellesmere and two charming daughters, came on board. Jan. 27.

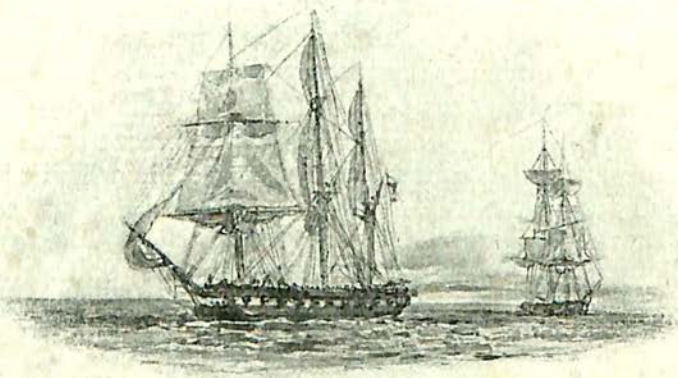
Leave-takings over, weighed from Spithead. Feb. 1.

Party on board—Sir James Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. W. Napier, daughter and baby; Mr. Hugh Low, Mr. Spencer St. John, Mr. Scott, Captain Hoskins, Mr. Gwynne, my guest; Captain Peyton, and Lieutenant Müller, the latter a Norwegian naval officer. Feb. 2.

1848. Feb. 3. Breeze freshening from westward. Came to in Plymouth Sound at 10 P.M. with watch.

Plymouth, Feb. 4. Landed with Lieutenant Oldfield. Met his father, who invited us to drive on the morrow. Visited George Goldsmith, now Flag Captain to Lord Dundonald on board *Wellesley*.

Feb. 5. 8 A.M.—Met on landing by Lieutenant Oldfield, whose mother had been found dead in her bed!



Mæander *leaving Plymouth.*

Attended with George Goldsmith a lecture on electricity by Captain Sir W. Harris—lightning conductors. Dined with Lady Hillyar, a good, dear old lady. She entertained Captains after the battle of Trafalgar, Gibraltar!

Feb. 6. Wind veering to N.W.; weighed from Sound. Stood out by Eastern Passage.

Feb. 7. Wind back to W.S.W., accompanied by a smash of crockery. Appearance of worse weather.

Feb. 10. Took shelter in Cork Harbour. Brooke and I dined with Admiral Mackay.

Feb. 14. Took Mrs. and Miss Napier, and my young

nephew, Leicester Keppel, to Cork. Sent valentines to Bijou Dalyell, Collier, and Georgie Johnson. 1848.

Wind veering round to northward; took leave of Admiral, and borrowed his latest newspapers. At 11 A.M. under weigh and stood out of Cork Harbour. Adieu to Europe. Feb. 15.

Sea getting up; breeze freshening into a gale; ship plunging and rolling. Little Leicester announced that he was going to die. Smash among chairs and what was left of crockery. Feb. 16.

At daylight Napier's little boy, James Brooke, aged five months, was found dead in its bed. Sad blow to the parents. Supposed to have gone off in a fit. Poor Mrs. Napier—poor Napier! Nurse in hysterics. Feb. 17.

Wind dead on end. Napier wretched. Leaden coffin made for the small thing; in evening screwed it down in a mahogany one, and covered over with a Union Jack, to be landed at Madeira. Feb. 18.

Divine service performed in cabin. Gunroom table too crowded for my party to dine there. I had ever looked forward to the command of a frigate as the height of my ambition. I copy the following from Sir Spenser St. John's book, he having been one of my passengers :— Feb. 20.

> There is no greater error in the world than turning vessels of war into passenger ships, particularly when ladies are concerned.
>
> Every spot is occupied beforehand, so that the unfortunate passengers soon discover that they are *de trop*, and the comfort of the officers and discipline of the ship suffer from having a miscellaneous crowd of idlers.
>
> Though every desire was shown by captain and officers to render passengers comfortable, it had but poor success!

1848. Mr. Scott, Mr. Hoskins, and myself were stuffed into one small cabin with only two beds; I had to resign myself to swinging in a hammock.

The main-deck guns, as far forward as the main-mast, were dismounted; the ports fitted in as windows, and the deck divided into cabins—the ship having the appearance of one of Mr. Green's fine Indiamen, without the accommodation.

My cabin was called the "saloon," my servants "waiters," and when the ship gave an extra plunge, sundry "brandies and sodas" were called for.

Madeira, Feb. 23. Anchored in Funchal Roads at daylight. Kindly received by Consul Stoddard, an old friend, celebrated for his hospitality. Youngsters on shore with different friends. Leicester staying with the Scott Surtees.

Brooke and I had the honour of dining with Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

Feb. 24. Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Princes Edward and Herman, Lord Northland, Major de Winton, Consul Stoddard, and a party came to visit and lunch on board.

Stoddard invited us to meet the two Princes and a party at dinner, and he also got up an expedition to see the *Corral*. A dance given by the officers was spoilt by dirty weather.

Feb. 25. Band landed to perform at a picnic in Mr. Stoddard's garden.

Brooke and I took our farewell dinner with Her Majesty, who, very prettily, drank health and happiness to wife and self, it being the anniversary of our wedding day, and also drank success to Brooke.

Feb. 26. 12.20 A.M.—Weighed from Funchal Roads; weather cold for the latitude.

1848.
Feb. 27. Divine service performed in my cabin; it being still too cold for the quarter-deck, although getting warmer. Flying-fish and dolphins, as well as other indications of the tropics. Weather being
Feb. 28. fine, the youngsters commenced school in my fore-cabin.

Mar. 1. Three successive good runs, 235, 238, and 234.

Mar. 9. In the evening the ship was hailed by Neptune, who sent his messenger over the bows in a blaze of light; in witnessing the function the passengers got wet.

Mar. 10. Neptune came on board and performed the usual foolery, 160 men underwent the operation of shaving amid much merriment and fun.

Mar. 11. Westley Richards, the well-known gun-maker, had an agent, by the name of Bishop; a character, he had visiting cards on which he styled himself "The Bishop of Bond Street." He was a dog-fancier, and restored many a lady's lost dogs.



"The Bishop."

When a regiment of Guards marched through Bond Street, I often saw "the Bishop" stand in front of his shop in his white apron, presenting arms with a double-barrelled gun.

1848. He presented me with a thoroughbred Scotch terrier; of course the dog could have no other name than *Bishop*. It is difficult to take a thoroughbred across the Equator. Sailors are fond of animals, dogs in particular.

After leaving Madeira, one forenoon *Bishop* was pronounced to be mad, foaming at the mouth, and snapping at everything, there was no mistake.

I was in the fore-cabin, through which he rushed; the youngsters at school, their legs dangling; but none were bitten. On his journey forward he encountered the sailmaker repairing a main-split topsail. One blow with a huge marling spike finished the poor dog.

I wondered afterwards what effect he must have had on a shark's stomach. It was a mercy no one was bitten in the school cabin.

Mar. 13. Made the island of Fernando Noronha.

This night a fine young A.B., George Robinson, in a fit of delirium got out of his hammock and jumped through a main-deck port, saying, "Good-bye, shipmates," as he went. Boats were down on the instant, but to no purpose!

Mar. 16. Preparing for painting cabin guns. Dined on deck, abaft mizen mast, screened in—much discomfort, but how fond people are of a change. Boat from an American whaler came alongside about sunset wanting *news* only!

Mar. 24. Close off the Port of Rio at daylight; had to wait the sea breeze. Glad to land passengers for a while. Found my old friend Tennyson d'Eyncourt in the *Comus*.

William Partridge, unfortunately invalided from *Grecian*, had gone home in the Packet.

Mar. 25. Invalided Read. Poor fellow! Sorry to lose him,

but no command of himself. With Brooke to call on our Minister, Lord Howden. 1848.

Napier tired of shore; came on board with belongings; a bore just now. Mar. 26.

Determined, with my cargo, on not calling at Simon's Bay. Provisioned accordingly. D'Eyncourt dined with me: his ship, the *Comus*, having committed the crime of getting on shore! it was necessary to heel her over in the River Plate. In doing this she lost her balance and found the bottom, this time in soft mud. Mar. 27.

I believe the Plate takes its name from Plata (silver), but any water more like pea-soup in colour I never was in. (No time to apply for details to Admiral of the Fleet, Sir J. E. Commerell, G.C.B., V.C., A.D.C., who was midshipman on board *Firebrand* at this time, and just going home for his examination as mate.)

However, with a fine crew and help of Captain Hope of *Firebrand*, they got the *Comus* up, minus a keel, in which state my friend D'Eyncourt was taking her home with a good freight on board. There was a suspicious-looking clipper lying off the mouth of the harbour at the time, but he thought "a bird in the hand," etc.

Got under way at daylight, and ran out with the land breeze. Breeze still holding, enabling us to make southing. Mar. 28.

My passenger friend Peyton, a very good fellow. Mar. 30.

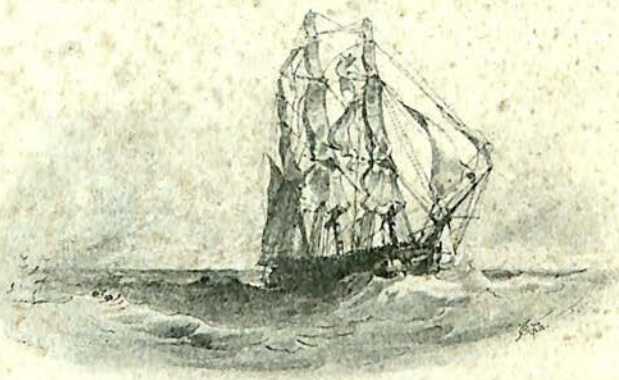
Dirty weather. Gig's crew baling water out of fore-cabin. One of my cows dead, the other not much. April 6. April 10.

In the forenoon made Prince Edward's Island in 46° 23′ S. Not often made by ships going to India. Best and shortest route though! April 19.

1848. April 20. A slashing breeze. Twelve knots logged for eight successive hours. By log 274 miles, to which may be added 25—easterly set, making 299 miles.

April 26. Once more within the limits of the East Indian Station (*Batta*), having crossed the 75° of longitude; good run of 270 miles by log.

April 27. While at breakfast John Wallis, a fine young



Mæander *hove to.*

fellow, fell overboard from the main topsail yard-arm.

In lowering boats Comber fell out of the cutter: recovered much exhausted, but poor Wallis had sunk to rise no more alive, the sea had closed over him. He was only twenty-four, and Second Captain of the Top: a favourite with the ship's company, who expressed a wish to send his mother, whom he supported, a day's pay.

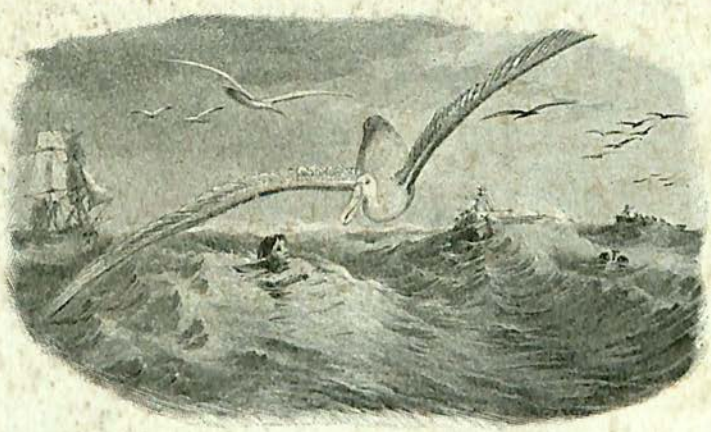
Lots of albatross and other sea-birds about; some endeavoured to flap Comber on the head with their powerful wings while he was in the water; much exhausted, but swam manfully.

May 2. Occasional heavy squalls, in one of which the

chain bowsprit shroud carried away the bowsprit badly sprung; wind driving aft, enabling us to repair damages without altering course. 1848.

Spring in bowsprit was just outside the knight-heads and nearly through. Got spare boat's masts out as supporters on each side; secure but not handsome, it enabled us to carry the jib with care.

Miss Napier having this day attained her nine- May 5.



Comber in Danger.

teenth year, champagne and a dance in the fore-cabin. Think there is something in the wind between her and Low!

On referring to my *Dido* log, curious how near together the running of the two ships over a space of seven thousand miles: never having been a hundred ahead of one another. May 8.

Made Christmas Island at 3 A.M. A few days over six years since I did so in *Dido*. May 12.

Within the Straits of Sunda: squally weather. Master and self piloting ship past the numerous shoals: anchored off Singapore. Mail in. Singapore, May 14.

1848. Stunning news of Revolution in France; Louis Philippe an exile in England; a Republic proclaimed, and other extraordinary facts.

Heard of Admiral Inglefield's death at Bombay from wearing cocked hat in the sun. *Cambrian* here with Plumridge, my old *Magicienne* Captain, flying First-Class Commodore's broad pennant!

May 22. Brooke was received with all the honours due to a Governor, and on the following day preparations commenced for establishing the new colony of Labuan.

An office was opened in Singapore, and contracts received for the frameworks of temporary residences to be erected for the Government functionaries.

Singapore has now become a rich and extensive town. By no act of his life did Sir Stamford Raffles manifest greater discernment and foresight than by founding this settlement; steam then not dreamed of. It has become the emporium of all the trading communities of the Eastern Archipelago, as well as of that of extensive trade carried on by all nations with China and India. Here twice a month now come the steam-vessels of the Dutch from Batavia, of Spain from Manila, and our own from China, to meet the European mail.

Colonel Butterworth, the present Governor, has had roads opened in all parts of the island, and thrown substantial bridges across its streams. Met Captain M'Quhae of the *Dædelus*, lunched with him.

May 23. The Governor gave a ball and supper to commemorate Her Majesty's birthday.

May 24. Brooke, Read, Napier, and some others dined with old M'Quhae, on board the *Dædelus*, before

the ball. M'Quhae got a little by the head, ships and forts having saluted at noon. Took possession of Navy House, a nice building, once poor Whitehead's. 1848.

Dædelus sailed, and I assumed command of the Straits Station. Society much enlarged: impossible to get through the necessary calls in one day. Band on shore in the evenings for the amusement of our friends. Peyton and I dined with Tom Church, our Resident Councillor. May 25.

In pulling about in my gig among the numerous prettily wooded islands on the westward entrance to the Singapore river, was astonished to find deep water close to the shore, with a safe passage through for ships larger than the *Mæander*. May 30.

Now that steam is likely to come into use, this ready-made harbour as a depot for coal would be invaluable.

I had the position surveyed, and sent it, with my report, to the Board of Admiralty; as it was, the forge was landed, boats repaired, and artificers employed under commodious sheds, all under the eyes of the officers on board.

New Harbour has another advantage over Singapore Roads. In the latter a ship's bottom becomes more foul than in any known anchorage in these seas; perhaps from the near proximity to the bottom. This is not the case in New Harbour, through which there is always a tide running, while a current of air passing between the islands keeps it comparatively cool.

Despatched *Phlegethon* with the pioneers of the new settlement at Labuan, also to relieve the *Auckland*. June 9.

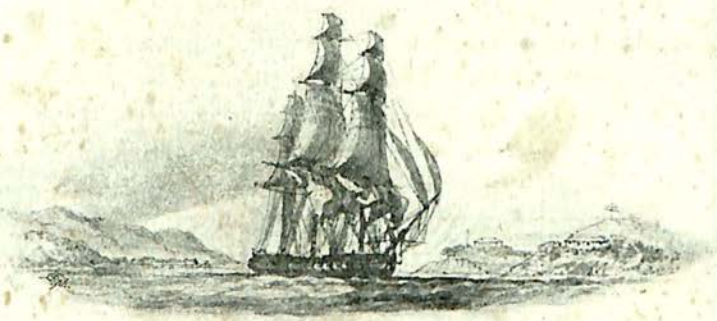
Mariner, 16, arrived from the Cape, having made June 19.

1848. a long voyage going the old track, Commander Mathieson taking up his quarters with me.

June 21. Officers of 21st dined "Mæanders," inviting the Napiers to meet them.

Singapore, June 23. A tiger brought in by some Malays was given me by the Governor. Clarke kindly skinned the beast. The flesh is in great demand by natives, who fancy that eating it makes them strong and brave.

The Malays stated, when they found the monster



New Harbour, Singapore.

in a hole which had been dug on purpose, they threw quicklime in his eyes, and the unfortunate beast, while suffering intense pain, drowned himself in some water at the bottom of the pit, though not more than a foot in depth.

The annual loss of human life from tigers, chiefly among the Chinese settlers, is fearful—averaging one per diem. Great exertions are still being made for the destruction of them, which is effected by pitfalls—cages baited with dog, goat, monkey, or other restless animal, also by sundry cunning contrivances, but the strait between Johore and Singapore is but a short swim.

One of the recent victims was the son of the head man at Passir Pâdi, who, having gone into the jungle behind his father's house to cut wood, was attacked by a tiger. The father, hearing screams, rushed just in time to grasp his boy's legs as the brute was dragging him. 1848. Singapore.

The father pulled and the tiger growled: it was only on other people arriving that he quitted his prey; but the unfortunate lad was dead.

There is a procession and much parade in bringing these tigers to the Government offices for the reward. The tigers are made to look as fierce as possible — propped up in a standing position by pieces of bamboo, the mouth open, and tail on end.

So great is the virtue of tiger flesh as a pick-me-up from fever that a portion of my beast found its way to the sick-room of a friend in the 21st Madras Native Infantry.

He was recovering from fever, and expressed surprise at the tough meat in his curry, when his native servant explained his reason for supplying it.

Although out on various occasions, I was never fortunate enough to fall in with a live tiger. With wild hog we had excellent sport, and occasionally with deer.

Comber was made a Freemason of the lodge "Zetland in the East" (to which I subsequently belonged). The members gave a farewell dinner to Read, and invited me to meet him. Brooke was also a guest, and made an excellent speech. June 24.

Auckland steamer in from Labuan; Sekarran pirates requiring a visit. Captain Young of *Auckland* took up his quarters with me. June 27.

1848. Drove with the Governor. Assembly ball in evening.

Singapore, June 28. *Mæander* hoisted Royal Standard and saluted on anniversary of the Coronation.

Our worthy old Purser, Simmons, departed this life while staying at Whampoa's country house.

Whampoa was a fine specimen of his country, and had for many years been contractor for fresh beef and naval stores. His generosity and honesty had long made him a favourite.

He had a country house, and of course a garden; also a circular pond in which was a magnificent lotus, the *Victoriæ regia*, a present from the Regent of Siam, who sent it to him by W. H. Read. The huge lily grew splendidly, and bore leaves over eleven feet in diameter.

When in blossom, Whampoa gave sumptuous entertainments to naval officers: although our host, he would not eat with us, but sat in a chair, slightly withdrawn from the table.

At midnight, by the light of a full moon, we would visit this beautiful flower, which faced the moon and moved with it until below the horizon.

Amongst other pets he had an orang-outang, who preferred a bottle of cognac to water. Dear old Whampoa's eldest son was sent to England for education, and while there became a Presbyterian.

When I was at Singapore, years after, the young man returned, and had the assurance to reappear before his father, fresh and well, but minus a tail, and consequently was banished to Canton until it re-grew and he consented to worship the gods of his fathers. I now hear from the then lad that he holds his father's place.

Attended the funeral of Simmons: no kinder or better man. 1848. June 29.

Dined at a farewell dinner, given by the Frasers to the Reads. *Albatross*, 12, arrived from Rio. Commander Farquhar, a good fellow, took up his quarters with me. July 1.

Mail steamer from China, bringing old friend Tottenham to take Lieutenant Read's vacancy. July 3.

Large dinner at Government House to meet His Excellency Sir James Brooke. July 4.

Dined with Cooke and Hessey, 21st Regiment: a large party. Brooke came to stay with me. July 6.

Took leave of the Governor and Mrs. Butterworth, who are leaving on the morrow to visit the various settlements. July 10.

Low gave a dinner at the hotel to self and friends. July 13.

On board *Mæander*; got under way to accompany Farquhar in *Albatross*, after dining we parted company, she proceeding to Bombay. July 17.

Landed at 4 A.M. with the youngsters to draw the seine; great fun. July 18.

Weighed at 10 A.M., and ran into New Harbour. Rajah Brooke far from well, our departure for Sarawak postponed. July 19.

A snake five feet long found under one of the main-deck guns. How he got there, they wondered! July 23.

Having a large party on board, got under way. Ran through the Eastern Passage, round St. John's, and returned by Western Entrance. *Auckland* steamer joined us in New Harbour. July 24.

At 5 P.M., on the rising of the moon, fired a salute of eight guns to please the Tumongong of Singapore, in celebration of the close of a Mahommedan Fast. July 31.

1848. Ever since meeting him in Singapore in this year, my friend, James Meldrum (Dato), has always kept me informed of all matters connected with the doings of the Tumongong and his family.

Aug. 7. Arrived mail steamer, on board which was my old friend, Sir Francis Collier, as Commander-in-Chief. His birthday too!

Hoisted and saluted his flag on board *Mæander*. Put him up in Read's house, now empty, Admiral's flagship *Hastings* to follow. The pleasure of meeting, I flatter myself, was mutual. Drove out with him after early dinner.

Aug. 10. Attended the Admiral in returning many calls.

Aug. 12. Assisted at Miss Napier's cheery wedding with Hugh Low: *déjeûner* given by Napier.

Aug. 14. Occupied with Admiral, returning calls. He having ventured on the favourite native fruit, Durian, will not forget the taste!

Egerton, Aug. 15. Youngsters Karslake and Granville on shore preparatory to riding at the races. I won the lottery.

Aug. 19. Last day of the races: better sport because fairer weights; good fun.

Aug. 21. Great preparations for the instalment of James Brooke. Pity the Governor is not here to perform the ceremony.

Aug. 22. Installation of Brooke with the order of K.C.B.: great business; Napier, Her Majesty's Representative, performing ceremony. Ball in evening at Assembly Rooms.

Aug. 25.

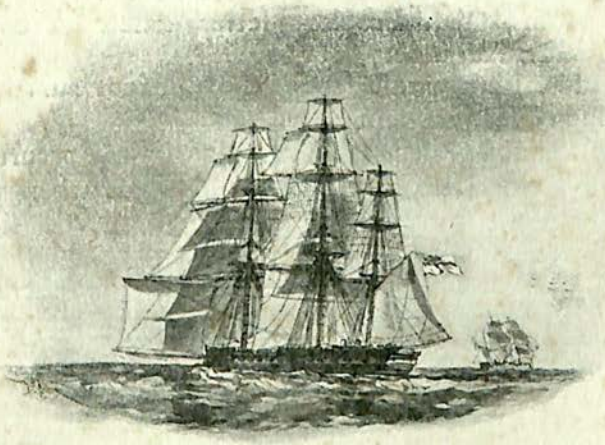
Aug. 28. Captain Young and officers of *Auckland* gave a ball on board their steaming frigate to the "Mæanders." Very well done.

Aug. 29. Brooke returned from short visit to the country; sailed with him for Labuan. Left dingey in Read's

garden for Admiral's flag. Taylor of Artillery with me. 1848.

Again on the way to Sarawak. My friend Brooke under different circumstances than when he went in *Dido*, 1843. At Sea. Aug. 30.

Rounded Tanjong Datu : entered within the limits of Brooke's territory. Aug. 31.



All Sail set.

Being off the Santabong entrance sent second gig to Sarawak, with letters from Rajah Brooke. Sunset, anchored in the Marotobas entrance off Tanjong Po : some 12 miles from Kuching. Sarawak, Sept. 2.

The whole Sarawak population appeared to be afloat ; all their largest and finest boats had been put in requisition, and came with tom-toms beating, streamers and colours flying to greet their Rajah. Sept. 4.

The first boat alongside contained the Bornean Princes : survivors of the Brunei Massacre,

1848. relatives of poor Muda Hassim and the gallant Budrudeen.

Among them I recognised Pangeran Oman Alli, with a desperate wound in the face and a frightful gash across the breast.

While preparing for my guests in proper form, their Highnesses found their way into my cabin, thereby evading all ceremony—where I will leave them a few minutes while I insert here a short extract from Rajah Brooke's letter, dated on board *Phlegethon*, August 27, 1846.

"Here I am with a few of the unhappy survivors of Muda Hassim's family.

"I cannot pretend to detail all that has occurred, even in a long letter, for events now, as when you were with me, progress far faster than the decisions of ministers.

"You will have heard of the brutal massacre of Muda Hassim, the noble Budrudeen and the other brothers, except two.

"They were taken by surprise, their houses fired, and during the fire attacked by about fifty men.

"Budrudeen, with two men, fought until wounded in the wrist and cut over the head; he then blew himself and family up.

"Muda Hassim escaped with several of his brothers to the opposite side of the river, having lost his guns, powder, and property, and then shot himself."

The pleasure on both sides at meeting was unfeigned, and indeed—setting aside those social ties which must bind us all, more or less, to the land of our birth—no one, witnessing the real pleasure which the return of Sir James Brooke afforded these simple people, could wonder at his preferring a

country where such a reception awaited him to colder if more civilised England. 1848.

With the first of the flood, our Rajah embarked in the *Mæander's* barge, and, quitting the ship under a salute and manned yards, attended by his picturesque fleet he proceeded up the river, the war prahus keeping up a firing of guns.

After Brooke's departure we stood out to sea, in search of the *Jolly Bachelor*. When off Tanjong Datu we hoisted out our boom-boats, sending them in all directions, standing ourselves towards St. Pierre.

We afterwards met the tender off the entrance of the Sarawak River. Marryat having mistaken his orders, went in by the Santobong entrance.

Ran into the river. The largest ship that has ever been or likely to come up as far as the Quop. Took up my quarters in Brooke's house; found him surrounded by a happy and contented people. Sept. 8.

Preparing boats to accompany a small force to be sent by Rajah to the Sadong: twenty-five boats in all. Sept. 11.

This afternoon tide brought the *Auckland* steamer, with the July mail. Sept. 13.

Went up during a stormy night with young Brooke to join his uncle; returned with the ebb. *Auckland* having brought up our new steam tender, built at Singapore and christened *Ranee*, took a small trip in her. The engines, however, not of sufficient power. The steam launch was the astonishment of the natives. Sept. 14.

Boats returned from their expedition to Sadong, which was most successful, but a sad accident had occurred. Sept. 17.

Two seamen and a marine were going on shore in

1848. a sampan, when the seamen began rocking the canoe by way of lark, and upset the small vessel, drowning the marine and one sailor.

While the First Lieutenant was reporting to me the sad accident, a lad fell overboard from the *Ranee*, and sank at once, probably seized by an alligator not visible in muddy water. Very sad the number of deaths in this ship: manned by as fine a crew as ever left England.

Sept. 20. Attended a grand feast given by the Datu Patinggi to the Rajah. Great preparations had been made; flags and streamers flying, gongs sounding, and salutes fired *ad libitum* from the Datos Lelahs.

We were received by the still pretty and graceful Inda, mother of Fatima, the youthful heiress to Datu Gapoor's property. Her beauty has attained a celebrity throughout the Malayan Archipelago.

The fair Fatima sprinkled us with coloured rice and gold dust, to which was added a gentle shower of rose water.

Verses from the Koran were chanted, the book being handed from one to another, without regard to precedence or sanctity, the man with the strongest lungs taking the longest pull at it. Then came feasting, with undeniably good curries.

Sept. 21. Brooke held a Bichara. All the leading Chiefs, Datus, and Pangerans attended. Every part of the audience-chamber was crowded: light and air being almost excluded by the multitude of eager faces that filled the openings which served for windows. We were in uniform and found it oppressively hot.

A new flag, which Brooke had brought from England, was unfurled—a black and red cross on

yellow ground — henceforth the national flag of Sarawak. 1848.

It was hoisted and saluted in due form; the *Mæander's* band, playing lively airs, contributed to effect.

The function over, pipes and cigars were introduced. We then threw off our jackets, appearing in full Sarawak uniform, viz. shirts and trousers only, and discussed with less ceremony and more comfort the past, the present, and the future, finishing by dining with the generous Hunting, who has become a landed proprietor.

Up early and down to the ship at the Quop and on to Tanjong Po. Sept. 22.

The Rajah having embarked with friends Treacher and Macdougal we sailed for Labuan, and in four days landed him, although far from well. Sept. 25.

But where was the Governor's house? Where the Lieutenant-Governor? Where was any one in authority to answer for the miserable huts we found raised on the most unhealthy-looking spots on the island? Labuan.

The flat selected for the settlement is below the level and out of sight of the sea, from which it is protected by a silted-up bank. It cost the lives of many marines, and, later, some of my best able seamen.

Landed Brooke under a salute. He and Napier were sworn in, and so commenced the Government of Labuan.

We again received on board the Governor and his staff, His Excellency purposing to pay a visit of ceremony to the Sultan of Brunei. Oct. 6.

Hoisted out the launch. Got caught in a squall, with her and steam tender in tow. Before the sail Oct. 7.

1848. could be got off the launch capsized, with a brass gun for ballast; the steam tender did not take in so much as a spoonful of water.

However, we picked up the two boat-keepers, and the greater part of the gear; came to and hoisted in the launch. While thus employed the *Royalist* hove in sight, having been dismantled in same squall.

The bob-stays had given way, the bowsprit came in-board, and the three masts, with royal yards across, lay amidships.

Oct. 14. Leaving her at Labuan to refit, and a volunteer party of marines for duty on shore, we re-landed His Excellency and sailed for Singapore.

Oct. 17. A marine, William Southcote, another victim, departed this life.

Oct. 19. Another this evening in Corporal Chalmers, also a steady, good man. Have my fears for those poor fellows left at Labuan.

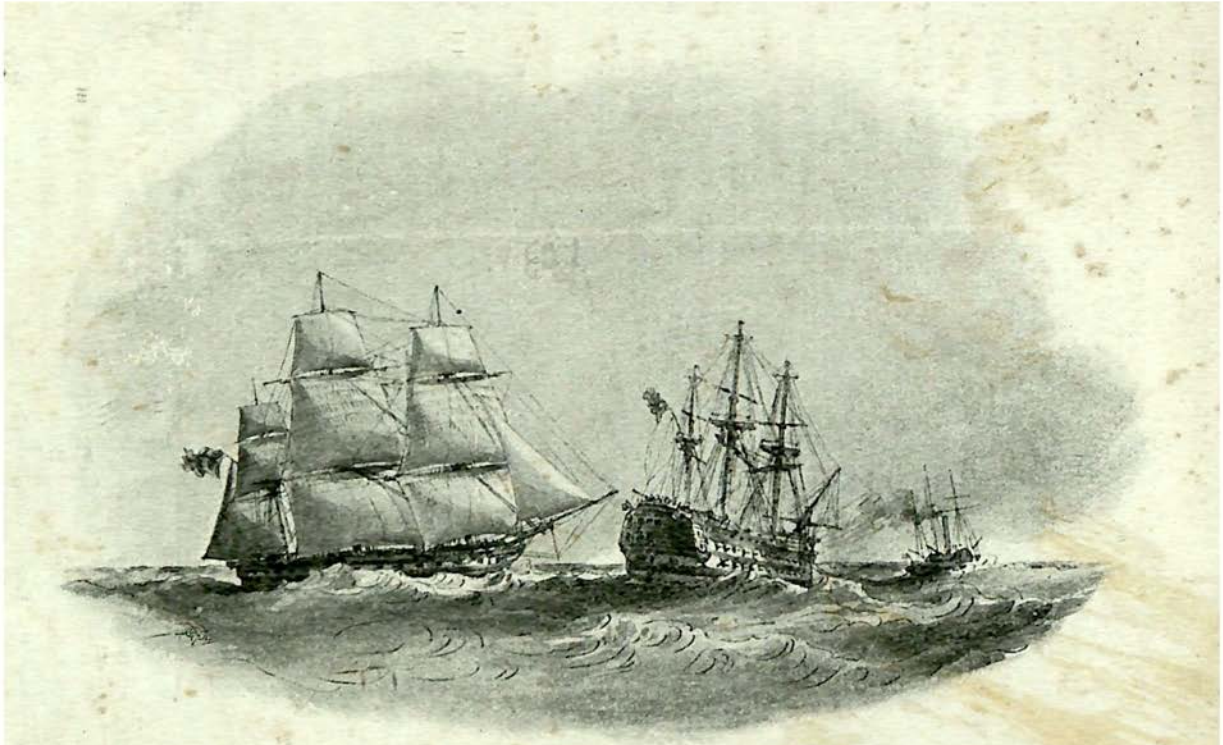
Oct. 31. At daylight arrived at Singapore. My wife had previously arrived from England, and was kindly received by the Governor and Mrs. Butterworth.

Nov. 2. Admiral hoisted flag on board. I took Whampoa's house in the country.

Nov. 11. *Hastings*, 72—Captain, Francis Austen; Commander, Edward Rice—arrived in the night. Shifted flag to her and saluted. Glad she has arrived. She had been towed up by *Fury*, 6, from Java Head.

Nov. 16. *Auckland*, arriving from Labuan with *Royalist* in tow: decided that *Mæander* takes part of 21st Regiment on board for Labuan station.

Nov. 17. Inquiry, with Captain Morgan, on board *Royalist*, as to steps taken by Gordon when she was dismasted. Approval of steps taken.



Mæander *passing astern of* Hastings.

1848. Nov. 22. Company of Sepoy troops embarked on board *Mæander*. Weighed immediately.

Nov. 24. Lucky in our breeze. Fell in with and passed close under the stern of the *Hastings* in tow of *Fury*, she having left thirty hours before us. She would have done better under canvas.

Nov. 28. Arrived at Labuan.

We found nearly the whole colony down with fever. More marines had died; many seriously ill, and of the survivors the poor Governor in the worst condition. He had been delirious, and lay apparently with but little hope of recovery. Doctor Treacher, his medical attendant, was nearly as bad.

I saw that some steps should be immediately taken, and, making my way to the sick bedside, I begged Sir James to prepare for removal, giving him choice of *Auckland* or *Mæander*. Brooke selected the latter.

Nov. 29. Feeling better in the morning, he undertook to sign a few papers, but fainted twice during the day.

When I called just before sunset with the barge's crew to convey him on board, he was so exhausted that our surgeon declared it would be dangerous to move him.

With great reluctance on my part, he was left to imbibe for another night the fœtid air of Labuan.

Dec. 1. Poor Hannan, our Chaplain, showing strong symptoms of delirium; imagines the Queen to be coming to Labuan to put things to rights.

Dec. 2. Found Brooke not improving. I decided on saving his life if possible.

In spite of remonstrances of the faculty, as well as those of some of his staff, my gig's crew gently shouldered the cot on which he lay, and so conveyed

His Excellency to the barge. The sea was smooth; those on board were prepared: he was hoisted up; once in my cabin no one could approach him except through me, and I was proud and hopeful of my charge. 1848. Dec. 3.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Mæander—Cruising

1848. Labuan, Dec. 3. Sir James Brooke had duties to perform as Her Majesty's Commissioner to the Sultan of Borneo, and the Chiefs of the Malayan Archipelago; but he was only able to indicate to me the direction he wished to go.

Our chief object being the restoration of his health, we managed, by keeping the ship under easy sail during the day, and anchoring in the evening, to give him the advantage of undisturbed rest at night.

Among the invalids were the A.D.C., Captain Brooke, poor Dr. Treacher, a mere shadow of what he was, young Charles Grant, and the good-tempered Spenser St. John, whose kindness to the sick had been unabated.

Dec. 4. Weighed at daylight, and with fair wind, smooth water, and fine weather, coasted along in the direction of Pulo Tiga, the scenery increasing in beauty as we got to the northward.

Running between Pulo Tiga and Tanjong Klias, we shaped a course for the Kimanis River, up which there was a fine old Orang Kaya (chief man), Istur by name, a friend of our Rajah. It was dark when we came to. This was formerly a great haunt of the Illanuns and other pirates.


EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.
on Mercator's Projection.
CHINA
Tropic of Cancer
Formosa
Mandalay
TONG-KING
Hanoi
Gulf of Tong-king
Hong-kong
Tai-nan
Hai-nan
PEGU
Pegu
Martaban
Moulmein
Hue
Luzon
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
Mariana or Ladrone Is.
ASIATIC
Bangkok
Chantaboon
CAMBODIA
Pulo Penang
Saigon
Gulf of Siam
Mergui Archipelago
Palawan
Catanduanes
S. Bernardino Str.
Mindoro
Samar
Leyte
Mindanao
Sulu Archipelago
Tantalam I.
Kota Raja
Pulo Penang
WELLESLEY Prov.
MALAYA PENINSULA
Pedir
Natuna Is.
BRITISH NORTH BORNEO
Brunei
Balabac Str.
Talaur Is.
Sarangani Is.
Celebes Sea
Morotai
Mesado
Halmaheira
Equator
Waigeo
Pt. D'Urville
Admiralty Is.
Sumatra
Medan
Malacca
Singapore
Pulo Pinang
Siak
Natuna Is.
Sarawak
Sambas
Pontianak
BORNEO
Sula Is.
MOLUCCA IS.
Padang
Siberut I.
Mentawei Is.
Pora I.
N. Pangoh
S. Pangoh
Bencoolen
Ringat
Lingo
Karimata Strait
Banka
Billiton
Palembang
Samas
Banjermassin
Celebes
Buru
Ceram
DUTCH NEW GUINEA
GERMAN NEW GUINEA
BRITISH NEW GUINEA
Admiralty Is.
Hunter Gulf
Gulf of Papua
Granville
Torres Strait
C. York
INDIAN OCEAN
Telanjang
Sunda Strait
Batavia
Java Sea
Macassar
Banda Sea
Kai Is.
Aru Is.
Wetter
Sooth West I.
Timor Laut Is.
Frederick Henry I.
Wynkoops B.
Sourabaya
Madura
Java
Bali
Sumbawa
Flores
Flores Sea
Timor
Arafura Sea
Rotti
Sandalwood I.
AUSTRALIA
Yap
Caroline Islands
Pelew Is.
PACIFIC OCEAN
95° 100° 105° 110° 115° 120° 125° 130° 135° 140° 145° 150°
15° 10° 5° 0° 5° 10° 15°
115° Longitude E. 120° of Greenwich 125°
Walker & Boutall sc.

Having obtained the necessary information from native fishing boats, sent the second gig up the river to inform the Orang Kaya of the Rajah's arrival, as well as to solicit a pilot for the River Mengatal. 1848. Dec. 5.

I had intended to go up in the cool of the evening, but in the afternoon the unusual appearance, in these waters, of a boat with a European sail was reported, coming along shore. She proved to belong to the *Minerva* schooner, bringing the master and mate of that vessel, which they had left on a coral bank near Balambangan.

In the master, Lonsdale, I recognised an old acquaintance, who formerly commanded the *Maria*, one of the transports under convoy of the *Dido* during the Chinese war. He stated that, having run on the reef, and finding that his vessel could not be got off without being lightened, he was throwing her cargo of teak overboard when he observed several prahus coming out from under a point of land. Having no arms he had taken to his long-boat, with the few valuables he could hastily collect, manned by his Lascar crew, making eighteen in all.

Ten of the Lascars afterwards left him on his landing at a part of the island for fuel and water. He then went on, intending to coast down as far as Labuan.

While at morning quarters, off Kimanis, a swarm of bees, attracted perhaps by the sound of the band, came round the ship, and finally settled on the under quarter of the cross-jack-yard, presenting an extraordinary appearance. By clinging to one another, they formed themselves into a bag 12 or 14 inches deep, the mouth of which, attached to the cross-jack-yard, occupied a space of about 2 feet in length by 1 wide, which was shaken and moved by the wind.

1848. Fearing that the men might get stung on going aloft, I tried to dislodge the bees, first by discharging a musket with a double charge of coarse powder at them from the mizzen-rigging, within 4 yards.

This having no effect, it was fired at the same distance with a charge of sand, by which a few fell. The vacancies were immediately filled up, and the bag seemed to stick closer than ever.

They remained two days, during which time we were twice under way, making and shortening sail, in each of which operations the chain topsail sheet ran through the centre of the bag and disturbed large portions of them in its passage; but the bees returned and repaired the damage as soon as the sheet or clew line had been belayed.

The disaster of the *Minerva* induced me to defer our visit to the village, in order that we might repair to the scene of the wreck and render assistance.

Dec. 8. Early the following morning, having hoisted the boat on board, we weighed with a fresh southerly wind, along the coast, a couple of miles off-shore, with the noble mountain of Kina-Balu in the background raising its magnificent head above the clouds.

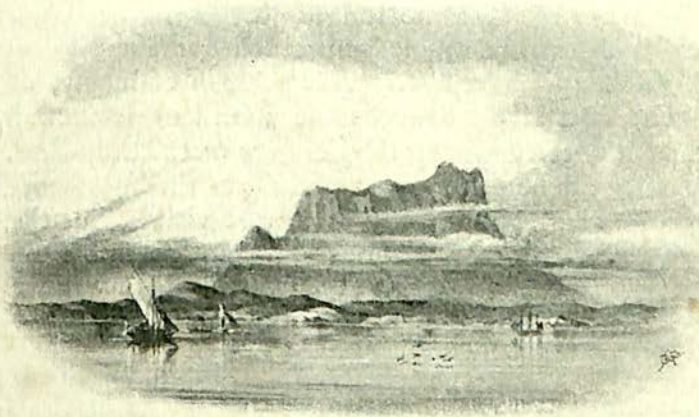
Dec. 9. Nothing could be finer than the scene before us; our poor invalids were much too ill to enjoy it, but this was the first day in which I had been able to discover the slightest improvement in Brooke's condition.

As might be supposed, when we found the wreck, not only had she been completely gutted, but burned to the water's edge, for the sake of the copper and iron bolts. We saw, in fact, native boats in the distance making off with the plunder.

The appearance of Balambangan is far from inviting, and the approaches to it are shoal and intricate.

Weighed, and stood into Malludu Bay. On our way we fell in with a native prahu, belonging to Seriff Hussein, a son of the unfortunate Seriff Osman, who made such a gallant resistance in August 1845 up the Malludu River, when attacked by the boats of the *Vestal*, Captain Talbot. 1848.

Seriff Hussein was reticent on his first interview with Rajah Brooke, but opened out more fully on Dec. 10.



Kina-Balu.

his second visit. He and the chiefs with him complained of the unprotected state and want of government under which they lived. Each petty chief quarrelled with and attacked his weaker neighbours, while they in turn lived in constant dread of an attack from the more formidable Bajow or Sulu pirates.

These people were particularly obliging and civil, and sent their men to show us the best shooting-ground, rather appearing to like our visit, though we

1848. were not long enough together to establish implicit confidence.

Having pulled and poled over a bar, and up a shallow salt-water creek, on the east side of the bay, a little to the northward of where we were anchored, we landed a small shooting party, and were shown some particularly likely-looking ground, covered with long grass and intersected in all directions by the fresh tracks of wild cattle. A hog was the result of our sport; but three large deer made their appearance on the edge of the jungle, just as the guns had been discharged at our less-dignified game.

Dec. 11. With our tender, *Jolly Bachelor*, in company, we weighed and stood towards the Island of Mallewali and soon entered among the dangers of the Sulu Seas.

As far as the eye could reach from the masthead, patches of sand and coral banks were visible, but the weather was fine, the water smooth and clear; time our own, and with our tender sounding ahead, we proceeded, nothing daunted by appearances. We could always pick our way by daylight and anchor at sunset.

Mallewali is surrounded by coral reefs and sand-banks. There appears to be a fine harbour to the eastward, but certainly no safe entrance for a ship the size of *Mæander*.

Exploring parties landed and the island was well traversed, but no traces of inhabitants were seen, and only rumours of tracks of game.

Malle-wali, Dec. 13. At 10 A.M. expired, in the prime of life, one of our finest young men, John Jago, another victim to Labuan fever; he had several times rallied, but two days previous to his death he sent to take leave of me, and I was some time endeavouring to cheer him up.

The sick were suspended in cots on both sides of the main-deck; and when a death occurred it was difficult to hide from the others what had taken place. 1848.

Jago was the last of the barge's crew who was taken ill, and had attended most of his shipmates through their atacks of fever. There was a happy expression of countenance and a generosity about this poor fellow that had endeared him to officers and men. He left me the address of his mother, and of a young girl to whom he was betrothed.

We weighed as soon as the sun was high enough to show us the dangers, standing under easy sail to the eastward, with *Jolly Bachelor* sounding ahead. After some little difficulty in winding the ship between the shoals, and an occasional scrape on some projecting point of coral that had outgrown the bed to which it belonged, we made Cagayan Sulu on the 18th, but before coming to an anchor on the eastern side, we buried George Martin, a young marine. Dec. 15. Sulu, Dec. 18.

Dollars not being a current medium of exchange among most of these islands, glass beads, looking-glasses, coloured cottons, etc., had been brought by us for purposes of barter.

We were very anxious to obtain a supply of bullocks, to keep our people as much on fresh meat as possible. The purser and interpreter, with a party of officers, went in a boat to communicate with a house which struck us in passing—from its size and plantations round it—as probably belonging to some chief, by whose assistance we hoped to get a supply of cattle.

Having, with difficulty, got inside the shoals, and effected a landing, our party was received in the

1848. politest manner by a fine-looking old Malay, who came down with his family to meet them.

They made him understand our wants; and he sent immediately to the chief of the district, and acquainted him with our wishes, appointing the next morning at nine as the time to receive the chief's answer.

Our people left the shore much pleased with their friend, who, as I have before remarked of the well-bred Malays, was a gentleman, polite, easy, and dignified.

Dec. 19. The next morning the same party landed with the necessary articles for barter, expecting to meet the chief or his deputy, and make a bargain for the cattle. Their friend of the previous evening received them in the same kind manner.

They waited some time in expectation of the cattle arriving, instead of which, parties of natives kept thronging in, well armed with kris, spear, and shield—their tom-toms beating outside.

After a while came the chief with a numerous train—himself a humpbacked, ferocious-looking savage—with all his men in padded jackets, and regular fighting costume. He made no reply to the questions of our party about bullocks, but kept his hand on his kris, and appeared undecided how to act.

We were only eight in number, and destitute of arms, with the exception of my double-barrel, the kind behaviour of their friend the night before having completely removed all suspicion of any sinister behaviour.

Surrounded now by about sixty well-armed, rascally-looking thieves, of hostile demeanour, we thought it best to put on as bold a front as possible,

and at the same time quietly to retire. Nor did we underrate our good fortune in regaining the boat without further molestation, the ship being some miles distant, and shut from view by projecting headlands. 1848.

This was a lesson not to venture, in future, out of sight of the ship among the natives of these islands without an apparent superiority of force. Their white flags were hung out as much for the purpose of entrapping the weak as of bartering with the strong. Finding our wishes not likely to be attained, and not liking our berth, which was exposed to the eastward, we weighed, and ran round to the opposite side of Cagayan Sulu. This island, from its size and population, is next in importance to Sulu itself.

The scenery, at this stage of our wanderings, was the perfection of tropical beauty, with just sufficient cultivation to redeem it from the appearance of wildness.

As we ran past the bungalows and small villages on the southern shore, the inhabitants showed great alacrity in displaying pieces of white cloth; we ourselves keeping a white flag constantly flying, to show our peaceable intention and desire to communicate with them.

Having stood out for the melancholy purpose of committing to the deep the body of a marine, named Allan Cameron, another victim to Labuan fever, we came to an anchor on the south-west side, off the principal village of Cagayan Sulu. Dec. 20.

We here encountered none of the menancing style of rogues on the eastern side; the people were willing to exchange cattle, poultry, and vegetables for our articles of barter. Red and white cotton were

1848. the most attractive, while empty bottles and midshipmen's anchor buttons fetched their full value.

Dec. 22. Weighed and stood towards Mambahennan, a small island to the southward, intending to come to for the night; but finding no anchorage, and the sea being now comparatively clear of shoals, we stood to the eastward, came to under the lee of an island, a sandy point.

Dec. 23. About noon made some islands. Chart too incorrect to make out what they are. Found anchorage under the lee of one of them.

Dec. 24. Invalids improving but slowly. Our clergyman, Hannan, very far from well; symptoms of breakdown of brain. Also the return of his delusion that the Queen was coming to Labuan to put things to rights.

Dec. 25. Not the merriest Christmas I ever passed. Ship's company landed in evening to amuse themselves in the jungle with their muskets. No accidents occurred. Passengers dined with me. Poor Rajah still ill, also his nephew, Brooke Brooke, the A.D.C.

Sulu, Dec. 27. It was late when we came to an anchor. A good sprinkling on the sea of fishing and trading boats, of picturesque build and rig, gave to this place a pleasing appearance of life and animation, such as we had not before witnessed.

The ship had been seen from the high land long before, and we were not surprised by the appearance of some bustle taking place in the town: lights were moving about all night. We imagined, and afterwards found it to be the case, that they were removing their valuables, with their women and children, to the mountains, as a precaution in case our visit was hostile.

We had looked forward with much interest to our visit to Sulu, and were not, on the whole, disappointed — though perhaps it may be considered rather curious than interesting. 1848.

The English ensign was flying over a house, which we knew at once must be that of Mr. Windham. An officer was sent to communicate and obtain information.

The town is built, like most Malay places, partly on land and partly in the sea; the former part was strongly stockaded and flanked with batteries mounting heavy guns. The Sultan, under the influence and counsel of the Rajah of Sarawak, had become opposed to piracy and anxious for its suppression.

That portion of the town which is not within the stockades is built in regular Malay fashion, on piles. The houses run in rows or streets; and outside them is a platform about six feet wide. These rows of birdcage-looking buildings extend into the sea for half a mile, over a shoal which is nearly dry at low water. The population are principally fishermen and Chinese traders.

Mr. Windham's house was built on one of these rickety platforms, and at low water it was necessary for us, who wore shoes and stockings, to be carried from the boat and deposited on his accommodation-ladder, where a kind welcome awaited us. Dec. 28.

We found him dressed in Malay costume, and from long residence among them he had assumed much of the appearance and manner of a native. He willingly undertook the task of communicating with the Sultan, and arranging an audience for Sir James Brooke.

The usual salutes were exchanged. Mr. Windham informed us that a short time previously, when

26250

1848. he was absent attending the pearl-fishing at the Ceroo Islands, two Dutch men-of-war had arrived at Sulu, who, after visiting and exchanging the usual salutes, suddenly attacked the town; this accounted for the panic on the night of our arrival.

The Dutchmen, having fired on the town for some time, landed and burnt a few houses, paying Mr. Windham the compliment of making particular inquiries for his, which they destroyed, together with much valuable property. He took us a short walk, I fancy about as far as he dared himself venture, into the interior.

What we saw of the country was highly cultivated, consisting, with intervals of jungle, of pasture-grounds and gardens, and an abundance of cattle.

Our appearance excited much curiosity with the natives, and many questions were asked, but the presence and explanation of Mr. Windham satisfied them.

Before commencing our watering, it was necessary to make certain arrangements, as a French squadron under Admiral Cecille had been much molested during that operation a short time previously, and an attempt had been made to poison the springs; all necessary precautions, therefore, were taken on our part.

The *Jolly Bachelor* was first placed a few yards from the watering-place, which her howitzers completely covered.

Our people were charged to avoid offending the natives in any way during their casual intercourse. Under these auspices our watering progressed quickly and well.

It was not considered prudent to venture into the interior on shooting excursions, but we heard that

there were partridges and quail, wild ducks, snipe, and teal. Monkeys, doves, and pigeons we saw. The beef we found particularly good. 1848.

We went to see what they call their races, which were held in an open space not far from the town, and observed groups of savage, but picturesque-looking men, mounted on spirited, strong-built small horses, of the Manila or Spanish breed; they were generally well armed, bearing each a spear or lance.

Presently a man would dash out from the rest as a challenge; then one from another group, or perhaps from the same, would ride up alongside; then both would start off in lines of their own choosing, in a brisk trot; at which pace the races were generally contested.

On several occasions I noticed a ruffian, apparently mounted no better than his neighbours, start out from the crowd; but no one seemed to accept the challenge.

These men were a sort of bravos, whom nobody cared to quarrel with, and such an offence as beating them at a race would be sure to end in a brawl.

This was the day appointed for Sir James Brooke's interview with the Sultan of Sulu. We landed in full dress at ten o'clock. Having walked over the sea suburbs, and arrived at the beach, we found a guard of honour and attendants waiting to conduct Brooke to the Sultan's presence; they were a motley group, but made themselves useful in clearing the way. Dec. 30.

Passing within the outer stockade, we arrived, after a few minutes' walk, at the royal residence.

It was walled in and fortified. A large space was enclosed by double rows of heavy piles driven into the earth, about 5 feet apart, and the space filled

1848. up with large stones and earth, making a solid wall 15 feet high, with embrasures, or rather portholes, in convenient places for cannon, out of which we noticed some rusty muzzles. Passing through a massive gateway, well flanked with guns and loopholes, we entered a large court, in which some two thousand persons were assembled, armed, and in their best apparel, but observing no sort of order. It was a wild and novel sight.

Malays are always armed. The kris to them is what the sword was to an English gentleman in the Middle Ages. Every person who, by virtue of his rank, or on any other pretext, could gain admittance, was in attendance on this occasion; for our Rajah had become a justly celebrated man in the great Eastern Archipelago, and was an object of curiosity. The audience-chamber was not large. A table covered with green cloth ran across the centre of it. Above the table, and round the upper end of the room, sat a brilliant semicircle of personages, the Sultan occupying a raised seat in the centre.

His Highness gave us a gracious reception, shaking hands with each officer as he was presented. This ceremony over, chairs were placed for Sir James and his suite. The scene was striking and gay.

The Sultan is a young-looking man, but with a dull and vacant expression, produced by too frequent a use of opium. His lips were red with the mixture of betel-nut and siri leaf which he chewed. He was dressed in rich silks, red and green the predominant colours. A large jewel sparkled in his turban, and he carried a magnificent kris.

The entire court was dressed in rich coloured brocades and silks, and many of the guard wore

ancient chain armour, covering the arms, and reaching from throat to knee, their heads protected by skull-caps to match. 1848 Sulu

Those armed with sword, spear, and kris did not look amiss, but two sentries, placed to guard the entrance to this ancient hall of audience, each shouldering a shabby-looking old Tower musket, of which they seemed very proud, had an absurd effect.

Although no actual treaty was concluded, Sir James Brooke paved the way for opening up commerce, and for cultivating a better understanding with the natives.

Mr. Windham had been trying to persuade the Sulus to hoist the St. George's Cross in their trading prahus, as a badge of peaceful mercantile occupation, by which they might be known to our cruisers, but this suggestion had not yet been adopted.

CHAPTER XL

MÆANDER—CRUISING IN THE SULU SEA

1849. Jan. 3. WE quitted Sulu with regret. I liked Windham—a comical mixture of English honesty and native cunning.

Standing along the coast to the eastward, at 8 P.M. came to in a beautiful and secure anchorage, protected by the Island of Toolyan, said to belong to the English. Natives frightened. The scenery, although no Kina-Balu, was more beautiful than any we had yet seen.

Our late arrival caused the same consternation as at Sulu. The same noise and flitting about of lights; until one fine fellow, determined to risk his life for the community, paddled alongside. When our pacific intentions were made known confidence was quickly established.

This island is separated from Sulu by a narrow strait. It appeared well cultivated; there were gardeners on shore and fishermen afloat, the people more peaceably inclined than their neighbours; but we did not trouble them, and proceeded for Samboangan.

Jan. 4. Our invalids improved, with the exception of the chaplain, whose health caused anxiety.

The excitement and interest of our cruise rather

increased as we proceeded. On the 5th we anchored off the Bolod Islands, and landed to search for the eggs of a bird which, from the description given us, we supposed to be the Megapodius. 1849.

Anchored off the west coast of the island of Basilair, the largest of the Sulu Archipelago, on which the Spaniards have established a small settlement, not without trouble, the inhabitants being hostile and warlike, keeping their garrison on the alert. The French squadron, under Admiral Cecille, sustained some loss in an attack by boats here. The next day we worked our way between numerous small but beautiful islands, only regretting we had not time to explore them. Jan. 8.

At 9 P.M. we came to off the fort of Samboangan. On the following morning saluted the Spanish flag. The Philippines.

The settlement is on the south part of the Philippine group, and its population reinforced by convicts from Manila.

The inhabitants are fierce, and celebrated for their piratical propensities. We much enjoyed a few days in this comparatively civilised place. Jan. 9.

Owing to the clever management of the Governor, Don Cayetano de Figueroa, Colonel of Engineers, a very sociable system of society prevailed, uniting all classes—the proud Spanish dames not refusing to meet in the same ballroom the pretty half-caste women who during the mornings were engaged in washing clothes or retailing eggs and poultry in the market.

The hospitality of the Governor provided for us at his residence early every morning a cup of excellent chocolate. After *chôta hazari*, horses being in readiness, he would accompany us, pointing out everything worth seeing.

1849. The settlement of Samboangan lies within narrow boundaries; but in the immediate vicinity of the town the land was highly cultivated.

In our rides we were attended by boys carrying our guns, the jungle abounding in varieties of doves and pigeons, also a bantam fowl.

We had dances and dinners on shore and on board; indeed it was with no small regret we took leave of our kind and hospitable friends.

Jan. 14. There is much in these regions to interest the conchologist and to reward his researches among the rocks and seaweeds: finding I was a collector, the officers of the Spanish marine supplied me from their private collections with some beautiful specimens of the spondylus and chama.

We left Samboangan in company with a fleet of gunboats that would have done credit to any nation.

It must be confessed that in *systematic* protection to the commerce of their respective seas both Spain and Holland surpass us. The Spaniards, alive to the truth that commerce and piracy cannot co-exist, have long since maintained such a naval force as has not only driven away, but *keeps* at a distance from the Philippine Islands, those hordes who used to inflict on their marine traffic such sacrifice of life and property.

The Dutch, true to the same policy, and perhaps even more happy in its exercise, have by a system of vigilance along the whole coast of Java, so eradicated piracy from the Celebes, that murderers have been converted into merchants.

Jan. 16. Observing a sandbank to the north-west not mentioned in our charts, we hauled up, intending to anchor near it and ascertain its correct position.

With reduced sail we neared the island; and with

the leads going, look-out men at the masthead, and occasional cast of the deep-sea lead, we approached the lee side and got within cables' length of the beach without obtaining bottom at 120 fathoms. 1849.

A line of breakers with overfalls extended off the north-west end, having the appearance of a shelf of rocks, but these proved to be nothing but a tide ripple as we stood near. The island was small, and had the same appearance all round. On landing we found a patch of glaring white sand, without a vestige of vegetation, surrounded by a belt of coral about a mile and a half in circumference, and so steep that I believe we might have rubbed the sides of the *Mæander* against it without obtaining bottom.

We found on this lonely coral island the solitary grave of a Mussulman. Here was, indeed, a resting-place likely to be undisturbed.

Came to in ten fathoms, about a mile off the south side of Cagayan, and commenced our examination of the curious circular lake before mentioned. The entrance is by a gap. This, however, is crossed by a bank of coral, which at low water is nearly dry, so to exclude any boat larger than a canoe. Just outside the middle of the bar was a small island of rock and sandstone, with a sufficient shelter to make an excellent shaded spot for our picnic. Cagayan Sulu, Jan. 19.

On passing the bar we found ourselves inside a magnificent circular lake of deep blue water, with a circumference of about three miles, and completely encircled by sandstone cliffs, upwards of 200 feet in height and nearly perpendicular, covered with shrubs.

In the natural barriers of this remarkable enclosure only two small breaks occurred—one was the gap

1849. by which we entered, the other was on the E.N.E. side.

Nothing could be more luxuriant than the growth of trees and shrubs, their trunks and branches covered with a variety of beautiful orchids in brilliant blossom hanging in festoons to the water's edge.

Over our heads, disturbed by such unusual visitors, numbers of pigeons flew to and fro, while many varieties of the parrot uttered remonstrances.

Formed ourselves into small parties—some to haul the seine, others in search of shells, while a third explored the gap on the north-east side, clambering up without any anticipation of a further treat.

At a height of about eighty feet another beautiful but smaller lake burst in sight, circular in form, and as nearly as possible similar to that which they had left.

The two lakes were separated by a natural wall; and the spectator standing on its narrow edge could, by a turn of head, look at the depth of thirty feet on the inner lake, or on the outer one, eighty feet beneath him.

Men and axes were procured from the ship, the trees were cut down and a path made up the gap, and so over to the fresh-water lake. A raft was constructed, and with a small boat belonging to the tender launched upon the water.

Our operations drew some natives to the spot, who expostulated and informed us that the water of the upper lake was sacred, and had never yet been desecrated by the presence of a canoe; that the Spirit of the Lake (by description, a fiery dragon of the worst order) would be annoyed at the innovation: nothing would induce them to venture on it.

These scruples were, however, got over by a glass of grog. 1849.

The inner lake was the finer of the two; it might at one time, by some volcanic convulsion, have risen and burst through its barriers at this spot into the lower basin, which in turn may have formed the gap in the outer side.

We now took up our old berth in the south-west bay of Cagayan Sulu, and commenced an active barter for stock; this, however, was brought to a sudden close on the 22nd, the natives taking fright at our shell practice. We were exercising at general quarters, and a few of them had remained to see the shot strike the target; but the double report produced by these missiles was too much for Sulu nerves. Jan. 20.

Sailed, making for the northward of Banguey, anchoring occasionally. Jan. 23.

Came to in Victoria Bay, Labuan, and soon after landed Rajah Brooke, restored to comparative health. Jan. 28.

Found orders for our being in China by the end of March. Labuan is much improved, residences having been shifted to where they ought to have been at the beginning. Hugh Low better.

Breakfasted with, and took leave of, the Rajah, who shortly after went to Sarawak. Weighed for Singapore. Jan. 30.

Young Dalyell dined with me to keep his pretty sister Bijou's birthday. Jan. 31.

Anchored in Singapore Roads. Further orders for China, the Commander-in-Chief thinking it advisable to have a force ready in case the Government should have to enforce the treaty made by Sir John Davis with the Chinese Government in 1847, Feb. 1.

1849. by which the gates of the city of Canton were to be opened to foreigners.

This treaty was likely to be disregarded by the Chinese, according to opportunity, when the immediate danger should be removed: it was made at the bayonet point, while our troops were in possession of the environs of the Celestial City.

Feb. 2. Among memos the Chief left was one directing any ship on her way to Hong Kong to bring three heavy spars that were waiting passage to the Government House for mast, topmast, and yard.

One was ninety-six feet long, a beautiful straight stick, but heavy as lead, which no other ship on the station could or would carry. How to get it on board was a difficulty.

Luckily we had a brig-of-war at anchor: I removed the cabin stern windows on the starboard side, and the bulkheads of the fore and after cabins. Secured the main-deck guns in-board fore and aft. The war-brig undertook to lift one end of the spar to the level of our main-deck.

On board we had power enough to draw it to a snug berth, which gave us a list. The topmast and yard we secured to the main and mizzen chains on the port side.

We were going to Hong Kong, but were not afraid of the war junks even in our disabled state.

Feb. 17. Sailed for China, shaping our course so as to communicate with Sarawak and Labuan.

Auckland sailed before us with our marines, and poor Hannan, our chaplain, invalided. I shall miss him much. Eleven of this fine corps of marines had become victims to Labuan fever.

Feb. 25. Left the ship, which came to off Santobong, in gig, up the river to Sarawak.

Kindly received by Brooke, who had returned. The place flourishing, but too many useless hangers-on about him! Took up the mail; no time to spare. 1849.

Up early. Succeeded in getting on board in one tide. Weighed at once. Feb. 26.

Caught a shark this afternoon—the first, by the bye, in this ship. Measured about 5 feet, but amazingly powerful. He was cut up and eaten within twenty minutes of his coming on board. Mar. 22.

Arrived early in Hong Kong Harbour. Found the Admiral recovering from the effects of a paralytic stroke—poor, dear old boy!—very game though. When I reported having the spars on board, he said, "More fool you; if I could not bring them in a line-of-battle ship, how were you to do it in a frigate?" Mar. 30.

A most effective squadron met together, commanded by an unusually nice set of fellows:—

Hastings (Flag), *Albatros*, 12, Commander, Arthur Farquhar; *Scout*, 14, Commander, Frederick Johnstone; *Pilot*, 12, Edmund M. Lyons; *Columbine*, 16, John C. D. Hay; *Arab*, 12, William Morris; *Inflexible*, 6, steam sloop, John C. Hoseason; and the *Fury*, 6, steam sloop, James Wilcox; the two latter at Whampoa. Tiffin with Farquhar. Hong Kong, Mar. 31.

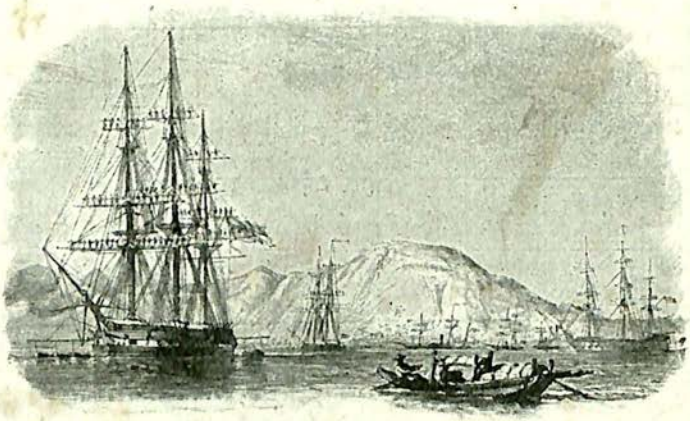
Dined with General Staveley, C.B.; he an old friend at the Mauritius in 1829. April 2.

Chinese reply, refusing to comply with the Treaty of Sir John Davis, and we about to pocket the insult. April 4.

Finding there was no intention on the part of our Government to enforce the Davis Treaty, the Chief left in *Inflexible* to visit the northern ports; he ordered *Hastings* to Singapore, dispersed the sloops, *Albatros* April 10.

1849. to Borneo, and the others to their respective stations at the ports in China, opened to trade by the Pottinger Treaty. *Mæander* was left to take care of Hong Kong.

How little our Government knew about China.



Mæander, *Hong Kong. Manned Yards on Departure of Sir Francis Collier.*

CHAPTER XLI

MÆANDER—HONG KONG

NOTHING unusual took place during our stay here. Various acts of piracy, attended by cruel murders, occurred between Hong Kong and the entrance to the Canton River; but this could not be called unusual. 1849. Hong Kong, April to May.

Some of the rogues were taken by the *Inflexible*, and six of them hanged at West Point; but so little effect had this example that a fresh act of piracy was committed within sight of the suspended sinners and the sentry's musket.

The Admiral returned in the *Fury* on the 20th May, much benefited by his trip to the northern ports.

He sailed again on the 26th, leaving us to await the arrival of the *Amazon*, 26, from England. She came in the following day, and we prepared to return to our old station in the Eastern Archipelago; but before our departure an event occurred which gave an unanticipated notoriety to our short sojourn.

Were I to pass it unnoticed, my motive might be mistaken; but as the narrative must unavoidably be egotistical, those of my readers who have no inclination to discuss a point of international law, nor to see how it was decided, on this occasion at least, by a

1849. British boat's crew and a party of marines, may pass to the next chapter.

Just before the arrival of the *Amazon*, I received an invitation, through my young friend, Mr. Robert Ellice (Honorary Secretary on the occasion), to act as joint umpire with Commodore Geisinger, United States Navy, at a regatta which had been got up, chiefly by Mr. Bush, the American Consul at Hong Kong—he kindly giving a cup to be sailed for.

June. The event was to come off, weather permitting, on the 8th June. To this proposal I cheerfully acceded.

As the *Medea*, Commander Lockyer, was cruising outside for the suppression of piracy, and the *Columbine*, Commander John Dalrymple Hay, was coming down from Whampoa about that time for provisions, I wrote to each of these officers, inviting them to meet me; and as I had to give up the charge of the station to Captain Troubridge of the *Amazon* (which could be done as well at Macao), we agreed to meet there on the 7th.

Macao, June 7. The American squadron, consisting of the *Plymouth*, the *Peebles*, and the *Dolphin*, added to our own, made a gay show in the roads; the Hong Kong steamers were also called into requisition, and brought nearly all those who had not found their way in the men-of-war.

Having fired the usual salute on arrival, I proceeded with Captain Troubridge on the following morning to pay our respects to the Governor, Don Joao Maria Farriera do Amaral.

I may here mention he was a captain in the Portuguese Navy—a gallant and distinguished officer.

He lost his right arm by a cannon shot, when

eighteen years of age, leading a storming party at Itaparica in Brazil. 1849. Macao, June.

He had served also in the fleet of Don Pedro under Sir Charles Napier, and spoke and understood English as well as we did.

Don Joao received us most cordially, and in the course of conversation said he had broken through a rule, by accepting an invitation to dine with Mr. Forbes (an American gentleman to whom we were likewise engaged), as he would not forego the pleasure of meeting his brother officers.

Taking our leave, we proceeded to the room in which we were to arrange the starting of the vessels for the cup.

At the door I was met by Captain Staveley, Military Secretary to his father, General Staveley, C.B., commanding at Hong Kong, who requested my assistance in getting a gentleman released, who had been imprisoned the previous evening, he believed, for not saluting the "Host," during a procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi.

I immediately expressed my willingness to apply to the Governor, remarking that he was a very good fellow, and I was sure would not hesitate to comply with my request.

Accordingly, Troubridge and myself, accompanied by Captain Staveley, returned to the Government House.

Without waiting to be announced, we proceeded at once to the apartment in which we had just before left Señor Amaral, and we found him seated with the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. le Baron de Forth Rouen.

I apologised for the intrusion; His Excellency, rising, accompanied me to one of the windows.

1849. I then stated that I was come to ask a favour—that he would be so kind as to give an order for the release of a Mr. Summers, who, it appeared, had been confined in the common prison all night for not saluting the "Host."

I concluded by remarking that, in all probability, His Excellency had heard nothing of the business.

To this he sharply replied, that not only did he know all about it, but that the person in question had been confined by his order.

I then remarked to His Excellency that the punishment (Mr. Summers had been confined in the common jail, without food, since five o'clock the previous afternoon) had surely been equal to the offence; and I again expressed a hope that the Governor would order his release.

On this he stated that Mr. Summers was sent to prison, not for any disrespect to the "Host," "for which he (the Governor) cared, perhaps, as little as I did," but for disobeying his order.

I inquired, "What order?"

He replied, "The order I gave him to take his hat off."

I then said, "Do I understand your Excellency rightly, that you could order any person you chose to take off his hat in the open streets?"

To this he replied, "Exactly so."

I then said that this altered the case, and that I must now request the immediate liberation of Mr. Summers, as I could not consider that the alleged offence for which he was imprisoned was any crime at all.

I further added that I could hardly believe that I had heard now, in the nineteenth century, the Governor of a Portuguese settlement assert that he

had imprisoned a British subject for refusing to take his hat off in the open streets, when ordered by him, through a soldier, to do so. 1849.

The Governor replied that I was not acquainted with Portuguese law.

I said, "Very likely not, but I know what common justice is"; and, having bowed, retired.

When I had got halfway down the steps, the Governor, calling me by name, asked if I came to demand Mr. Summers's liberation as a right, or to ask it as a favour.

I replied, that while I believed Mr. Summers had neglected to take off his hat, as was customary, on the passing of one of the religious ceremonies of the country, I had asked it as a personal favour; but since His Excellency had explained that Mr. Summers was confined for what I conceived to be no crime at all, I really could not, in the position I then occupied, ask for his liberation as a favour.

After this unexpected termination to our interview, we retired to the residence of my friend, Mr. Patrick Stewart, situated within a few doors of Government House, to consider with Captain Troubridge what steps should next be taken.

I felt it my duty to demand in writing the immediate release of Mr. Summers; considering, however, the warm temperament of Señor do Amaral, and the bearing towards me which he had already assumed, I could scarcely augur for the more formal application that success which had been denied to my friendly intercession.

I thought it advisable, therefore, to make the necessary arrangements in anticipation of denial. June 8.

Owing to the shoalness of the water, no ship of any size could anchor within three miles of the landing

1849. place. The boats of the squadron were preparing to pull at the regatta.

I sent a gig off to the First Lieutenant of the *Mæander*, with an order to him to make the signal, "Prepare to land boats for service."

Captain Staveley, in the meantime, undertook to make himself acquainted, without exciting suspicion, with the position and state of the prison, the route to it, and how it was guarded, etc.

To effect this he assumed a white jacket, the usual costume of mercantile gentlemen; and, taking with him a basket of fruit, he walked up and obtained an interview with the prisoner, returning with the information we required.

I wrote and sent off by Captain Troubridge an official letter to the Governor, demanding, as senior naval officer, the immediate release of Summers.

To which he replied, saying he considered himself within his right in ordering the man to take his hat off, and waiving the religious aspect of the offence.

To dance attendance beyond this point on Portuguese justice at Macao seemed to me unworthy of my position and hopeless as to the object.

I was referred to the Judge, who, in his turn, would have referred me back to the Governor, whose tool he was, and with whom alone I could properly hold official intercourse; in the meantime Mr. Summers must lie in prison awaiting the "course of law," which had before now left British subjects to die incarcerated in this very prison.

I decided on liberating him at once.

To do so with the least possible risk of a disastrous incident was now the great object.

A second boat being despatched to the *Mæander*, with directions that the signal should be made "Boats

to land immediately," I went on board the *Canton* steamer, which was moored off the town, and took my place as umpire at the regatta, which was about to commence. 1849. Macao, June 8.

We started the sailing-boats, and, shortly afterwards observing some of the boats on their way to the shore in obedience to signal, I excused myself for a few minutes and again landed.

The first boat to arrive was the *Mæander's* barge, commanded by Mr. Burnaby, with a crew of twelve blue-jackets and six marines. I asked Staveley whether he thought he could, by a *coup-de-main*, release Mr. Summers with that one boat's crew?

To this he gallantly replied that he had no objection to try, stipulating only, like a good general, that I should secure his retreat.

Upon this I requested Burnaby, who had charge of the barge's crew, to attend to his wishes.

Passing quickly through a house which had a back entrance to the Senate Square, and so to the street in which the prison stood, Staveley and his party immediately proceeded.

The cutter from the *Mæander* arriving next, I directed its crew to take charge of the house through which Captain Staveley had passed, placing sentries at each door.

The third boat had just arrived, when my attention was attracted towards Senate Square by the report of musketry.

Leaving orders with the officer in charge of the landing-place to pay *every attention* to His Excellency should he land before my return (which was not improbable, since he must have seen all that was going on from on board the *Plymouth*), I was hastening to the scene of action, when I met Captain Staveley

1849. walking down, arm-in-arm, with Mr. Summers, the rear brought up by the barge's crew.

I immediately sent to stop the disembarkation of any more men.

The whole business from the landing of the barge's crew until their return to the boat with Mr. Summers did not occupy a quarter of an hour.

The arms from the launch and barge were transferred to the pinnace, and the boats, with the exception of those which were to pull for the prizes, were ordered back to their respective ships.

I returned to the *Canton*, and had the pleasure of seeing the two best prizes won by the launch and barge of the *Mæander*.

I learned from Staveley that his party had to cross the Square to get to the street in which the prison was situated. On the left side of the Square was the entrance to the arsenal, near which was a battery of four field-pieces with a guard.

When abreast of this battery, Staveley directed Burnaby, with the blue-jackets, to possess themselves of the guns and remain there until his return, he proceeding with the marines to the prison.

The sentry at the prison presented his musket at Staveley, upon which the corporal of marines wounded him in the arm, causing him to drop his musket. This proved to be superfluous, as the musket was found to be unloaded.

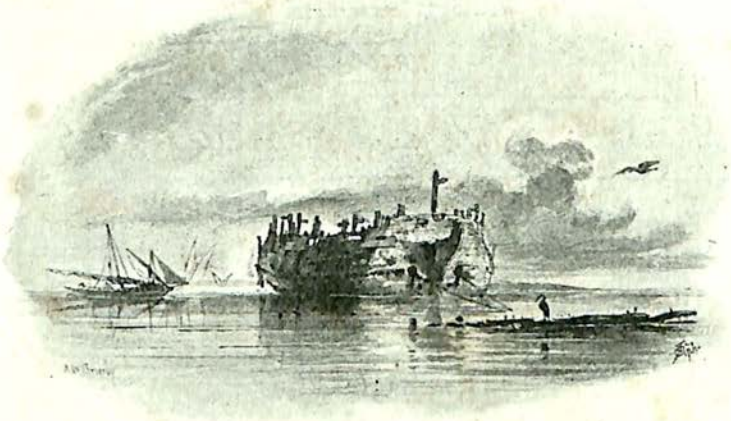
The jailer dropping his bunch of keys, and the guard having vanished, the liberation of Mr Summers was the work of a few seconds.

I am sorry, however, to add that this object was not effected without one serious casualty: a Portuguese soldier was killed by a musket-shot, whether from the weapon of his countrymen we could not

determine ; the victim was said to have been unarmed. 1849.

Captain Staveley in his official report stated that some shots were exchanged between our men and the Portuguese, the latter firing into the Square from the windows of the barracks, in which way they probably killed their own comrade ; but the point is not worth discussing, as it could neither lessen nor increase my responsibility.

For this I was reprimanded by the Admiralty, and thanked by Lord Palmerston.



A Spanish Galleon

CHAPTER XLII

In Eastern Seas

1849. Macao, June 9. We left the scene of this "untoward event" on the morning of June 9. On the 21st anchored in Manila Bay.

Respecting either the Bay or the City, it would be difficult to write anything new, having so recently described the visit of the *Dido* to this hospitable place.

June 21. We were interested in the remains of an old Spanish galleon, at anchor off Cavite Point; the same class so greedily sought by our cruisers in days gone by.

July 2. Sailed from Manila, July 2.

Balabec, July 16. In these intricate seas it took most of the day for the master and myself to study the charts and sailing directions, as supplied by the Admiralty.

We so arranged that the master should keep the middle, while I took charge of the morning watch.

It was on the 17th that I relieved the master; he assuring me that we were now past, as far as the Admiralty charts and directions were concerned, all dangers, and that I might wash decks or make sail as I liked. 1849. July 17.

Decided on making sail, standing to the westward in open sea; nothing in sight.

This done, we were in the act of coiling up ropes for washing decks, while on the starboard-hammock netting I felt that unpleasant sensation of the ship scraping the bottom, just as the headsman sang out, "nine fathoms."

She would not answer her helm, but stuck fast.

As the sails came down and hands turned up, boatswain piped "Out boats," the other watch rushed to their stations, as good men will, without inquiring the cause.

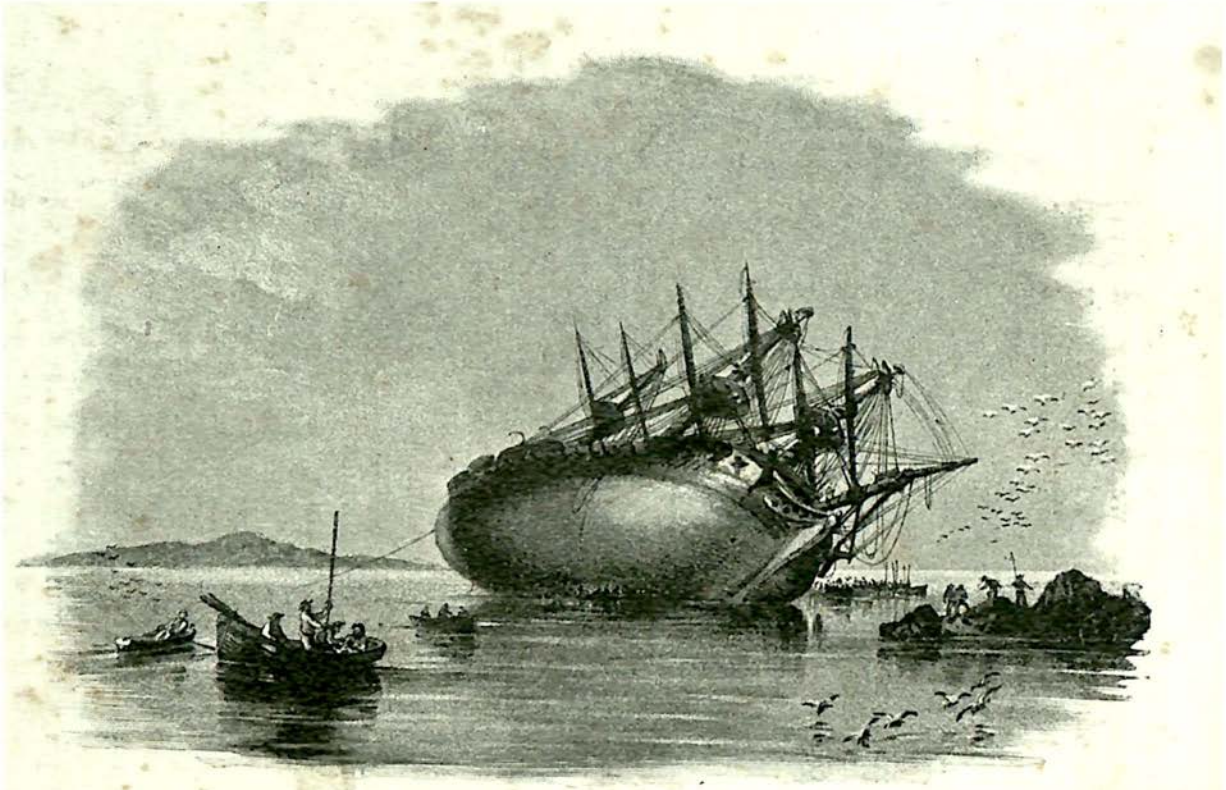
We had taken the ground at the top of high-water; boats went away to sound. Booms and spars over the side to support her, as the tide left; guns slung, buoyed, and cast overboard.

Pinnace, Lieutenant Comber, sent to Labuan for assistance. The launch laid out best bower-anchor in the direction in which we came.

The next morning at half-past seven the ship lifted. July 18.

The heaviest part was the weighing and replacing guns. The launch lifted the guns and brought them alongside; the main-yard tackle, properly secured, had to weigh them, the fall was passed round the quarter-deck capstan.

Boys manned the bars and ran round; but when the gun reached the surface it required men at the capstan to hoist it over the hammock netting.



Mæander on Shore.

I mention this to show what every engineer knows, the extraordinary power and buoyancy of salt water. 1849.

By breakfast-time we were steering, with all sail set, for Balambangan; and, if the rusty appearance of the muzzles of the guns had not told tales, no one who met us could have seen that anything had happened. July 19.

Met in Kimanis Bay the H.E.T.C. steam-frigate *Semiramis*, Commander Daniell, with our pinnace in tow. They manned the rigging and gave us three hearty cheers. July 20.

Comber told me that, after the tide fell, the ship had the appearance of lying on the top of a hill.

Came to off Coal Point, Labuan. Coal had become so scarce at Singapore that the Commander-in-Chief had sent to borrow some from the Dutch Government at Batavia. July 22.

All the surface coal had been picked off by the then contractors, before the Charter was granted to the Eastern Archipelago Company to supply our steamers, and that part of the seam at which they were now working was some 200 yards from the water's edge.

By working in the cool of the morning and evening, we put on board in a few days 150 tons, filling the after-hold.

We had just completed our dirty job, when the news reached us that the Sekarran and Serebas pirates had put to sea, and that the *Albatros*, Captain Farquhar, accompanied by Sir James Brooke and his native force, was out in search of them: by the time we got to the Bornean coast the fleet of pirates had been destroyed. Conceive my ill-luck! Lucky Farquhar! Aug. 13.

1849. Aug. 20. Arrived at Singapore. Ran with our cargo into New Harbour by the western entrance.

Aug. 24. *Hastings*, with flag flying, arrived in the roads in tow of *Fury* from Trincomalee.

Having reported to the Admiralty the natural advantages of the Inner Harbour of Singapore as a coaling-station over twelve months ago, and no notice having been taken of my letter, I now sent a similar statement, with survey, to the Secretary of the P. and O. Company.

Found the *Australia* schooner at Singapore, sent to us by the Admiral from Trincomalee, to man and take to Sydney for the Colonial Government. Sent Lieutenant Comber and eight men in charge of her.

Sept. 13. *Hastings* left for China in tow of *Fury;* a farewell salute for Sir Francis Collier.

[To my sorrow we never met again. He died in China shortly after we left the station.]

Sept. 24. We took leave of our many kind friends, and proceeded on a more interesting voyage than usually falls to the lot of a man-of-war.

Our orders were, after having removed the garrison and stores from Port Essington, to visit Sydney and Auckland, and call at the Friendly and Society Islands on our way to Valparaiso.

With these instructions came a private letter from Rear-Admiral J. W. Deans Dundas, Second Sea Lord, from which I quote the following :—

> I need not recommend Lead and Look Out to ye, but the Straits are difficult and so are Society Islands.
>
> Keep *Mæander* off the ground, and when there is a doubt, put her head round. God speed ye.—Yours faithfully,
>
> J. W. D. DUNDAS.

The *Australia* was sent in advance, with directions to wait for us in the Straits of Sunda. We ran between the Islands of Banca and Billiton on the 29th, and anchored in Anjer roads on October 1. 1849.

Anjer is nothing in itself: a small Dutch town and fort, clean, as Dutch places are, with a large, comparatively dirty-looking Malay village attached, inhabited partly by Chinese. Oct. 1.

The tree of Anjer is a striking object, a Banyan of great size, growing close to the landing-place. From its summit rises a flagstaff, from which floats the tricoloured flag of the Netherlands Government.

Anjer is the resort of vessels passing through the Straits, and may be considered the key of the Eastern Archipelago. Letters left here, properly addressed, find their way to any part of the world.

The boats which come alongside are laden with a variety of fruits, vegetables, live-stock, monkeys, parrots, etc., to suit the tastes and wants of the outward or homeward bound traders.

Having despatched the schooner to Sydney by the western coast of Australia, we weighed on the afternoon of October 3.

Our route to the eastward for the next 3000 miles lay between the 6th and 10th degrees of latitude, during which we should pass a succession of beautiful islands, with the sea in all probability so smooth that a canoe might live in it: the finest weather and the prevailing winds in our favour.

A short run carried us into Batavia Roads. On nearing this spacious anchorage, in which the flags of all nations may be seen, from the prahus of the Spice Islands to the fine traders of the United Java, Oct. 6.

1849. States, you are at once impressed with the idea that you are approaching a large and opulent city.

We passed inside the fortified island of Onrust, on which stands the great Naval Arsenal.

Saluted the Dutch Admiral, while running in, with 13 guns, and the Netherlands flag with 21.

A United States ship near us had a cargo of Wenham Lake ice, the master of which sent to inform our officers that they were welcome to as much ice as they liked.

I have always found much generosity and frankness among the officers of the American marine.

They "calculate" and they "guess," and have a fair notion of the value of a dollar, and are smart fellows at a bargain; they occasionally deal a little in the marvellous sea-serpent line, but they are amusing, with one exception, which will appear hereafter.

Batavia deserves a great deal more notice than we had time to bestow upon it, being the capital of all the Dutch possessions in the Far East, with a mixed population, chiefly Javanese, of about 120,000.

Like Manila, the city is approached from seaward by a long straight canal, running between two massive walls; and, as there is a strong current generally setting out, the easiest way to stem it is to land the crew and track the boat.

The houses near the sea, although large and handsome buildings, are used for business purposes only. The situation is on a swampy flat, and at certain times unhealthy.

The appearance of a British man-of-war is so uncommon, that the *Mæander* excited considerable speculation; but when we had stated our destination, and that our chief object was to pay our respects to

His Serene Highness, Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, the explanation seemed to be satisfactory. 1849.

I had met His Serene Highness last year at Madeira.

We were entertained at a grand dinner given by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, General and Commander-in-Chief, whose example was followed by several of the heads of departments. Dinners and balls followed in rapid succession.

The Batavia races took place while we were there, most of the prizes being carried off by horses of English breed. The enterprising members of this Turf Club gave a ball and supper, and made their appearance in scarlet coats.

Even during this short stay in the roads, some of those whose hammocks were in the fore-part of the ship, and got the first of the land breeze, did not escape the fatal effects of malaria.

Sailed 16th. Kept along the Java Coast. Oct. 16.

The fishing-boats, or "flying canoes of Java," as they are not inaptly styled, were objects of surprise and admiration. They are long, with just beam enough to enable a man to sit between the gunwales.

Passing Maduira and Java, we came abreast of the Island of Bali, the only island in the Archipelago where the two great forms in the Hindoo religion, the Brahminical (the original) and the Bhuddist (the reformed), exist together, undisturbed.

Bali has a remarkably high peak; and looks like a mountain sloping out into extensive fertile and rich plains, producing two crops a year; and as we passed along we saw abundance of cattle, fruit-trees, and vegetables.

1849. Nov. 5. It would be superfluous for me to attempt to describe all the beautiful islands we passed.

Beyond the influence of Dutch protection, no more fishing canoes enlivened the scene; no smoke rose from the numerous inlets along the coasts to indicate the abodes of human beings. In the dense green vegetation of the jungle, death-like stillness reigned supreme.

In the course of our run, we passed numerous volcanic mountains; and when in the 123rd degree of longitude, two islands attracted special attention.

One, Comba, of a conical shape, had all day been shooting up vast volumes of smoke. After dark, when at the distance of a couple of miles, we opened out the eastern side and observed the crater boiling over in immense masses, rolling down the side of the mountain, losing none of its brightness until it reached the sea, boiling the water.

After passing Timor, and shaping a course more to the south-east, between the two small islands of Babi and Kambing (Pig and Goat), leaving Welta on our port side, we steered for Port Essington. A strong current set us to the westward.

When working up the Australian coast, we were boarded by a canoe, with a crew of six of the veriest-looking savages we had yet beheld.

Nov. 11. One pair of trousers, the only article of apparel between them. The then wearer announced himself, in tolerable English, as one of the tribe attached to the settlement of Port Essington.

Nov. 12. We came to on the evening of November 12, in the outer anchorage, and communicated to Captain M'Arthur, then in command of the Royal Marines, the agreeable and unexpected intelligence that we were come to remove them.



Comba.

1849. While the garrison rejoiced, the natives, especially the women, showed their grief by cutting their heads and faces with sharp flints, and otherwise disfiguring their already unprepossessing persons.

Port Essington is situated on Coburg Peninsula, at the most northern part of Australia. It was discovered by Captain Philip King, in his survey between the years of 1818 and 1821; and formed, after the settlements of Melville Island and Raffles Bay had been abandoned, a harbour of refuge for vessels bound through Torres Straits, as well as a convenient place for holding commercial intercourse with the Eastern Archipelago.

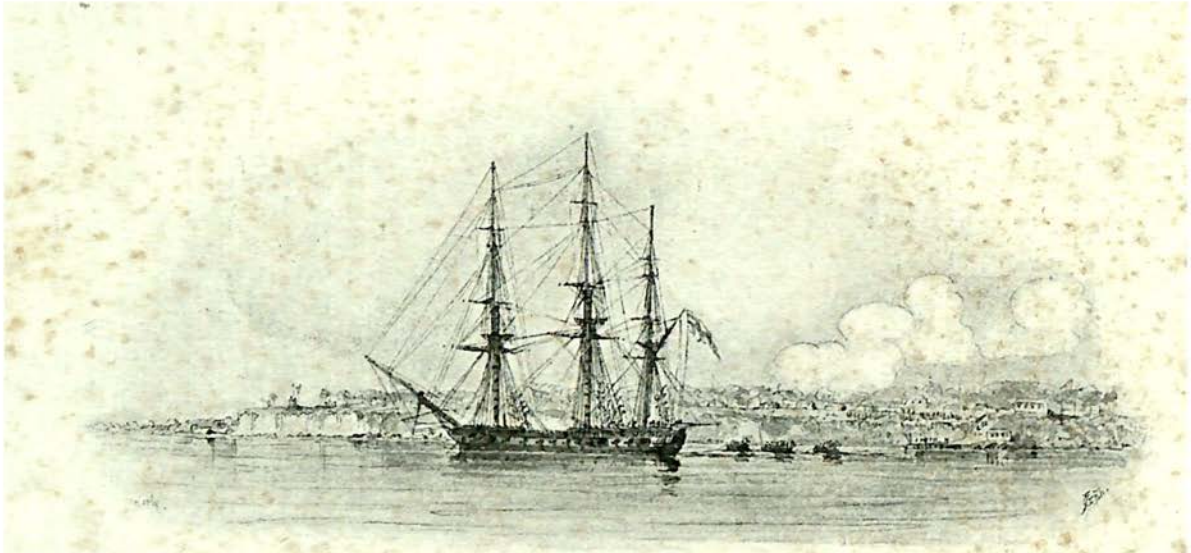
The settlement was established by Captain Sir J. Gordon Bremer in the *Alligator*, assisted by Commander Owen Stanley in the *Britomart* in October 1838.

They named the town Victoria: it consisted of a few wooden houses and small huts, sufficient for the accommodation of the garrison, built near the head of the harbour, some sixteen miles from the entrance. A better site might have been selected nearer the sea, which would have been cooler, and better supplied with water.

A deeper anchorage, too, might have been considered; although, for convenience, we took the *Mæander* up off the settlement, we were much too near the bottom had it been the stormy season.

The country about Port Essington is undulating; there are ranges of hills 10 or 15 miles from the settlement, rising to about 450 feet, visible from the harbour.

It is an unhealthy climate; the most frequent afflictions are intermittent fevers and impairment of the digestive organs, caused by the moist heat of



Mæander *off Port Essington.*

1849. North Australia.

the land-locked harbour, the swamps, and mangrove marshes.

There are tribes of natives on Coburg Peninsula, differing but little in physical appearance, manners, and customs, but speaking a different dialect. They meet occasionally to make corroboree, a kind of dramatic dance, more famous for its noise than anything else.

A dread of invasion from the cannibal tribes in



An Australian Grave.

the interior made them unite, and was another cause of regret at the removal of the marines.

When a native dies, he is wrapped in the bark of a tree, and bound round with cord.

A stage is made, by placing two forked branches, eight or ten feet in height, upright in the ground, the forks uppermost, distant from each other about five or six feet and facing the tree.

A piece of wood is placed transversely, resting on the upright branches. Upon this inclined stage the body, wrapped in its coffin of bark, is laid, and there it remains.

These places of deposit are avoided by the natives. 1849.
Evil spirits haunt them; when they are obliged to pass, they carry a fire-stick to propitiate the spirit of darkness. Curiously enough, this mode of disposing of their dead is common all over Australia, and, to their credit, the blacks have never disturbed or defaced the graves of the Europeans buried at Port Essington.

We only remained long enough to be amused and interested with everything we saw, enjoying excursions into the country; and the fact of my having control over a quantity of damaged bread made the natives very obliging.

We had corroborees so often, that the kangaroo dance was as well performed on the main-deck of the *Mæander*, thousands of miles from where it originated, as we had seen it on the spot.

During our stay, shooting-parties were got up. The best of the lagoons are situated on the eastern side of the harbour; where there is a succession of them. The jungle, through which we rode, was open below but shaded overhead.

We were attended by marines who had been longest on the station, more intelligent in the jungle than the natives, who joined us for the sake of what they were likely to get to eat, were cheerful and obliging, and useful in carrying our ammunition, provender, and tents.

Among the marines there were a few who, having a taste for that sort of life, had for years supplied the settlement with game, and eventually became experienced hunters, and excelled the natives in sagacity in all that appertains to the mysteries of the jungle.

These men alone were enough to make a bush-party agreeable.

1849. Port Essington.

Highest in military rank was Sergeant Copp, a steady, untiring, keen sportsman. Corporals Rowe, Chalford, and Jeffries were all good shots, good-tempered, hard-working fellows, for whom the natives would do anything.

It was wonderful to see the dexterity with which they would light a fire and erect a bush-hut.

They were all cooks; Private Crayton, super-excellent. He had been a London butcher, and was sharp and intelligent.

Among them was Hutchings, a huge fellow. He used to prefer going alone, and never returned empty-handed; more generally hung round with game, — fifteen or twenty geese, a whole flock of ducks, a native companion or two as long as himself, two or three kangaroos, and a handkerchief full of small birds (specimens of natural history), the only part of him visible being his great red face, besmeared with perspiration and blood.

At the time of our visit these extensive swamps were, with the exception of occasional patches and a few holes, quite dry, and covered over with a crust of land clay sufficiently strong to bear our weight, but not that of our horses; the latter were nearly bogged on more than one occasion.

It was late the first day when we arrived on our ground, and we had only time to light fires and pitch our tents on the banks of a stream when the sun went down.

While we were preparing for supper, an iguana about two feet long ran past me, and at the same pace mounted a tree. I pointed out the disgusting animal to one of our natives. In less time than it takes me to write, he was caught by the tail, split

up the back, spread out with skewers, roasted, and eaten. 1849.

Long before the break of day we heard that peculiar noise occasioned by the wings of wild-fowl: then came the low, distant cackle of geese, and the strange noise of the whistling-duck passing overhead.

I believe we were all alike in a state of excitement. Daylight came at last, but with it an excitement of another kind.

No one experiencing what we did, could ever forget the myriads of flies. Everything was black with them —the ground, the air, our food. They clung to our clothes, they stuck to our faces. To rid ourselves of them, we stripped and rushed into the water, diving to get clear—but no! they would hover about and swarm on any part of our bodies that appeared above the surface.

We were not entirely free for one moment, until we left them and our sport together. Never before had I fully understood the curse of that particular plague of Egypt.

However, by spreading a silk handkerchief over the head, and keeping it in its place with a light straw hat, we succeeded in protecting our necks and faces from the thickest of them; and as there was just sufficient wind to keep the corners of the head-dress flapping about, we thus partially disappointed our tormentors.

With the exception of this one drawback, better sport we could not have had. There was room for any number of guns.

The geese have one peculiarity—they perch upon trees, so that an unskilful sportsman may have, in his way, as much amusement as the man who brings

1849. down his geese right and left from a considerable height.

In spite of the flies we remained several days in nearly the same locality. Those who disliked them and preferred more violent exercise found it in the pursuit of kangaroo, only obtained with some pains and labour, but the tail afforded excellent soup.

The geese and ducks also we found delicious eating.

The lagoons, too, were excellent places for sport: they are between 200 and 300 acres in extent, surrounded by forest trees, and with numerous little retiring coves about them, in which we might conceal ourselves and watch for the game; but, except as retreats from the sun, which was oppressively hot, these hiding-places were not necessary, as the geese were such geese that they did not understand the use of powder and shot, and at the same time it seemed they imagined that on the top of a tree they were safe. If, after a while, one particular set got more knowing, there were often lagoons with fresh geese at no distance.

The natives will kill almost every kind of bird with their spears or throwing-sticks. With water-fowl they are so expert that by stealing close to them, or lying motionless for a while in one of the patches of water when the lagoons are dry, they catch their legs with their hands.

On observing, while shooting, a spot that looked as if it had only just been quitted by some wild beast, and not feeling quite comfortable, I questioned a native as to what it meant; he immediately imbedded his body into the muddy hole, and had I not seen him go in I should have trodden on him. One

of their ways of taking a dirty advantage of the game! 1849.

On one occasion, while near the entrance to the harbour, a whole tribe of natives,—men, women, children, and dogs,—without the slightest hesitation entered the river to swim across, the small children holding on to the long hair of the mothers.

Within a few yards I observed a huge alligator asleep in the sun.

When the dusky tribe were safe across, I awoke my sleepy friend with the contents of both barrels. He lifted his head and sloped into the water, being only tickled with my No. 4.

We destroyed, according to orders, what still remained of the settlement. The buildings could have been of no use to the natives, and would probably have been the cause of bloodshed.

I said one day to "Bob," an intelligent savage, "Do you intend to take possession of the Governor's house after we are gone?"

He replied with an air of indifference, "I suppose I must."

We heard afterwards that Bob had grown so conceited that they were under the necessity of putting a spear through his body.

We had another reason for not leaving the houses in anything like a habitable state: had they looked too comfortable there would have been an inducement to other parties to try their hands at a settlement on the same spot—an object that was not considered desirable by the Government.

There is no doubt that there should be some port or refuge for disabled ships or wrecked crews on this coast; and as soon as the corrected charts of the surveys of that zealous and indefatigable officer, the late

1849. Captain Owen Stanley, shall have been published, the channel by Torres Straits will be oftener frequented.

From what I could learn no better place could be found than Cape York or Port Albany, which have all the advantages Port Essington lacks, and are not more than a mile out of the way of vessels going from Sydney to India.

There were two schooners of forty or fifty tons that I amused myself in destroying with five-inch shells and a fuse which burns under water—passing a line under the bow and bringing the ends as far aft as the main-mast.

It was easy to attach a fuse and draw the shell close up to the keel. There was plenty of time to take up a position in my gig, half cable length astern, before the burning fuse reached the shell, when the explosion was beautiful. Some of the spars went into the air, while the bow and stern shook hands as they went below.

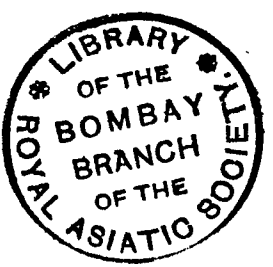
Besides what had been used for domestic purposes, there was a small mountain of empty casks which made a glorious attempt at fireworks before we left.

We left behind at Port Essington a number of cattle; there were already many quite wild in the bush that had escaped from the settlement at an earlier period and increased in numbers.

Several horses were also left. In our excursions I frequently noticed the footprints, not only of those that had been running wild for years, but of young foals.

The garrison, marching down to embark, with the band at their head, did not excite sufficient interest to draw the blackfellows, except a few of the softer sex, from their search for what they could find among the ruins of the buildings.

During our stay we lost our surgeon, Mr. John Clarke—a man who, by his kind and gentle manner and his amiable disposition, endeared himself to us all. He contracted a disease at Hong Kong, from which he never perfectly recovered. 1849.



CHAPTER XLIII

MÆANDER

1849. Nov. 30. COMPLETED embarkation of the party composing the late settlement, consisting of the Commandant, Captain M'Arthur, Captain Lambrick, Lieutenant Dunbar, three sergeants, three corporals, twenty-seven privates, four women, and one kid; also Mr. M'Arthur, a commissioned agent, and son to the Commandant.

We also brought away, besides stores, stock of all kinds—bullocks, sheep, and goats—guns left by *Pelorus*.

Starting with only fifty tons of not the best water, we decided on going to Sydney by the route north of New Guinea, and watering at either Banda or Amboyna.

Proceeding to the northward and again crossing the chain of islands between the Serwatty and Tenimber groups, we were carried by a few days' pleasant sailing to the Banda Islands.

Banda, Dec. The principal of the group are three in number: Banda-Neura—on which the town is built—and Gunong Api, a volcanic island close to, and in a line with it; they have a narrow but deep channel between them.

Opposite, and to the southward of these two, in a

semicircular form, is the larger island of Banda, having a rather narrow passage at either end. The space thus enclosed forms the very charming harbour of Banda. 1849.

We were becalmed in the western entrance, and while the current swept us up mid-channel to the anchorage, we furled sails and hoisted our boom-boats out; and when we came to, close off the capital, we were in proper harbour costume.

The view of the islands from the ship would form a beautiful panorama.

The picturesque town, which is built on a flat, ought, from the appearance of Fort Belgica, above and in the rear of it, to be well protected.

Gunong Api, a striking feature in the scene, is high and conical in shape. Smoke issued from the top, but an eruption had not taken place in the memory of residents.

From the crater downwards, one-third of the distance, it appeared a mass of cinders; from that point vegetation commences, increasing towards its base, where stand many cottages and fishing huts.

The opposite and more mountainous island surpasses the other two in beauty of appearance.

Little rivulets of cool, delicious water run from the high land to the harbour, from which we watered the ship. The jungle abounds in a variety of beautiful birds, especially of the pigeon sort. Deer are to be obtained with a little trouble. Some of the merchants and most of the proprietors of the hunting plantation have houses on this side.

We were most hospitably received by the Dutch authorities; nothing that the island produced, which could be considered a novelty to us, that we were not presented with.

1849. It would be difficult to describe the endless variety as well as beauty of the parrots and lowries that were sent on board; also the magnificent crown pigeon of Papua, nearly as large as a turkey. We had as many as eighteen at one time, three pairs of which were twenty months on board, and some of them are now in the gardens of the Zoological Society.

One very pretty compliment was paid to us, which I must not omit to record.

A ball was given by the Governor in honour of our visit; and in the course of the evening, shortly before midnight, the dance suddenly stopped, glasses were put into our hands, champagne flowed into them, and the health of Queen Victoria was proposed by His Excellency in an appropriate speech.

We swallowed our wine as the clock struck twelve, the band playing our National Anthem, while a royal salute was firing over our heads from the fort, during which we were expected to be continually refilling glasses.

The following evening we were invited to a dance given on the opposite shore.

Our boats were in requisition, and as they passed under the stern of the frigate at eight o'clock, we took advantage of the opportunity to return the compliment by saluting the Netherlands flag, which we hoisted at the yard-arms, giving His Excellency and family three British cheers.

A fine bull, named "John," from Port Essington was much admired. I presented him to His Excellency, and hope he has not taken possession of the island.

Leaving Banda, *en route* to Pitt's Straits, we touched at the Ceram Islands, and under the pilotage

of Mr. James M'Arthur came to, in certainly not the most secure-looking anchorage. 1849.

The island of Ceram is the second in size of the Moluccas, having an estimated area of about 10,000 square miles, but owing to the jealousy of my friends, the Dutch, it is but imperfectly known. Their object, until of late years, has been the extirpation of the clove and nutmeg trees, so as to confine the monopoly to the islands on which they have established governments. Ceram, Dec. 17.

The mountains are from six to eight thousand feet in height, sending down innumerable streams to the sea. The vegetation is luxuriant ; the trees gigantic.

I have now in my possession a circular slab of wood from the island, three and a half inches thick, eight and a half feet in diameter.

The sago palm in particular is more abundant and productive than on any of the adjoining islands. Cloves and nutmegs grow wild.

The Malays are cunning and enterprising traffickers, and carry on a great trade with the Chinese in Bêche-de-Mer. They hoist the Dutch flag, and while one end of the island claims the protection of Banda, the other has that of Amboyna.

Our conchologists added considerably to their collection here.

We did not remain long at Ceram, and sailed December 18.

There is always more excitement in navigating imperfectly-known seas than in passing over the more frequented tracks ; and on the present occasion our charts were of little use. Dec. 18.

By anchoring in the evenings, and by keeping a good look-out from aloft, and leads constantly over the side, we were enabled to thread our way through

1849. strange places. Occasionally canoes came off, as the tide swept us along.

The jungle was too dense for us to make out habitations, but their locality was indicated by the appearance of the cocoanut. I obtained two fine specimens of the black Bird of Paradise in exchange for an old musket.

The rest of their cargoes were composed of fruits, bows and arrows, parrots, shells, spears and tortoise-shell.

The natives are well-proportioned, but ugly-looking savages, with a profusion of hair, frizzed out in an extraordinary manner, which I have no doubt they thought handsome, but which impressed us with the idea of a harbour for filth and vermin.

As there is no anchorage, it is desirable that a ship should get through Pitt's Straits in one tide, which feat we just succeeded in accomplishing by sunset.

On emerging from the Straits we found the wind still blowing fresh from the westward with a following swell, and a strong easterly set; and as our course now lay in that direction, before the following morning we were many miles on our voyage, and thereby missed seeing a large portion of the northern coast of New Guinea, a country about which there appears to be more interesting mystery than any we had visited.

New Guinea. The interior of this beautiful island, 900 miles in length, is little known, and it is supposed not only to abound in minerals, but to possess fertility of soil. No country is richer in beautiful rare birds and beasts.

The little we saw of the natives confirmed what we had heard: that they are a finer race than any of

the islanders. On the southern side, which is protected by a coral reef, the people appear to live as much on the water as in their jungle. 1849.

Observed a succession of islands; and steered for one that appeared the easternmost of the Admiralty group. Dec. 30.

On nearing the land just after midnight, and obtaining no soundings with the deep-sea lead, we sent boats ahead to sound.

This being observed by the natives, whom we supposed to be fishing, they started yelling.

Wind having died away, the tide carried us into about fifty fathoms' depth of water, where we held on with the kedge-anchor until daylight.

If our boats had created a sensation among the savages, great indeed was their surprise at the appearance of the ship.

The noise produced by blowing into a shell of the Triton species was everywhere heard; and having, I doubt not, buried or otherwise concealed a vast quantity of rubbish, they disappeared themselves; so that shortly after daylight there was not the vestige of a habitation nor a human being to be seen.

It was curious to watch, when they found we took no steps to draw them out, how carefully and cautiously the savages came from their hiding-places.

One emerged from the bush, naked as he was born; we thought at first that this was his way of proving to us how little we might expect to get from him, but they were all in the same undress.

Then another would come forth, spear in hand; soon after, the snout of a small canoe was seen to protrude from under the bush.

It would be tedious to enumerate the cunning and cautious "dodges," the number of times they

1849. retreated and again hid themselves, on the slightest movement on our parts, before any of them ventured to approach ; before ten o'clock, however, the water, for a cable's length round the ship, was covered with grotesque canoes, and still more odd-looking people.

A general barter soon commenced, accompanied by a noise and screeching that was deafening ; and reciprocal confidence was soon established.

These natives are fine-looking men of a dark olive colour, with long black hair, which they confine in a lump at the back of their head by a small hoop or band.

There was one old lady with gray hair, seated under a canopy in her canoe, who was paddled round the ship several times, and appeared much interested in what was going on ; but she did not venture very near. Several dialects were attempted between us, but none succeeded.

Their canoes were of various sizes ; a few must have measured seventy or eighty feet in length, carrying about twenty men each.

CHAPTER XLIV

En route to Sydney

On the morning of January 4 we passed to the northward of Sandwich Island, and found it thirty-five miles E.S.E. of the position it has on the chart. 1850. Jan. 4.

We were visited along the coast by a succession of canoes. Natives very similar to those of the Fiji Islands.

We were puzzled at one time to make out the use of a curiously-formed piece of wood, about four feet long, shaped like a whale-boat, but solid.

From a hole in the centre descended a strong cord of twisted *rôtan*, forming a running noose, like a hangman's knot. As I was leaning out of the cabin window, when there was just sufficient wind to give the ship steerageway, I observed a shark swimming leisurely along, some ten fathoms below the surface.

The natives, from their canoes, observing the monster dropped several of these oddly-shaped buoys into the water.

Some of our men fancy they saw them sprinkle a powder in a sort of magic circle round the buoys, but certain it is that a shark rose, and was fool enough to shove his head into the noose, when he was as completely hanged in his own element as ever

1850. rogue was from the gallows. The buoyancy of the float prevented his diving with it.

Having flourished his tail for a few minutes he was drawn up by his head on a level with the water and belaboured with the heavy ends of their paddles, then tumbled bodily into the canoe and hurried on shore amidst the yelling of the flotilla.

Jan. 8. Stood over to the New Ireland coast, and then to the southward, between that and New Britain.

We now looked out for a harbour near the southern end of New Ireland—discovered by and named after a Captain Carteret, where fresh water was to be obtained.

It is a place occasionally visited by English and American whalers, as was proved by a salutation which reached our ears while we were nearing the shore.

"What ship that?"—then an oath. "Rum got?" "Give rope." While delivering himself of these lessons in English and American, without waiting for an invitation the native sprang into the main-chains and thence on to the quarter-deck.

The manners of these savages were not at all improved by their intercourse with civilised nations.

Feb. 5. Made the Australian coast, and on the 7th arrived at Port Jackson, Sydney.

CHAPTER XLV

Sydney to Hobart Town

1850. Sydney, Feb. 7.

We ran up the beautiful harbour of Port Jackson with the first of the sea-breeze and came to in Farm Cove, close to the hill on which stands Government House.

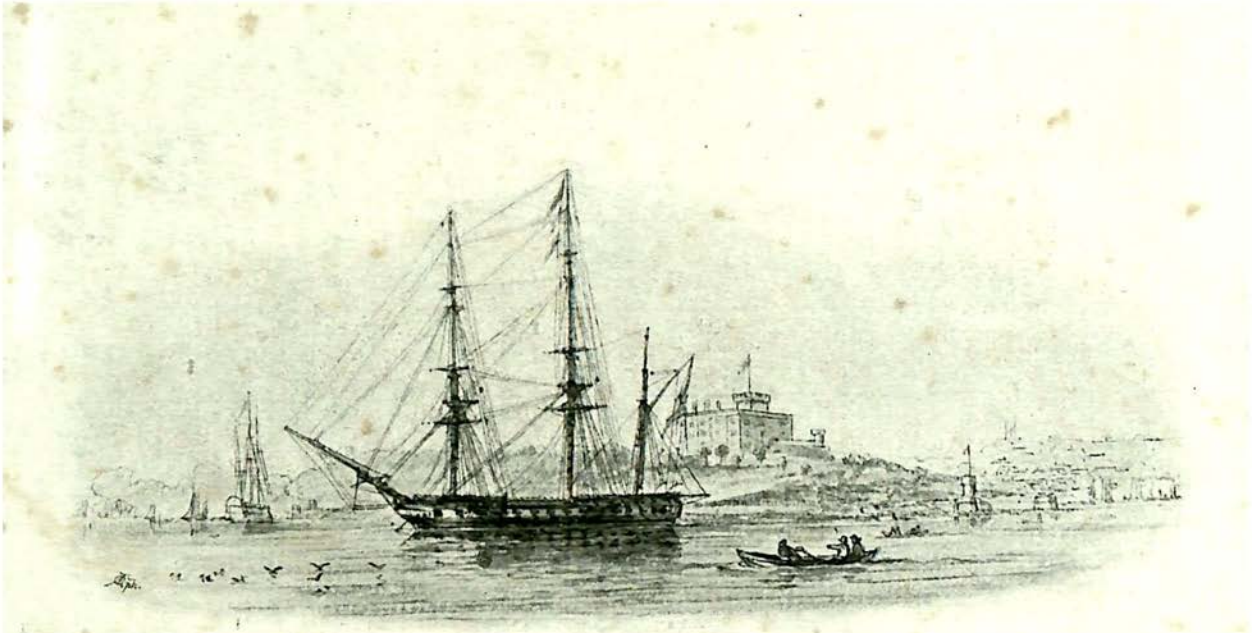
I can well understand how it was that Captain Cook in the first instance overlooked the entrance and stood on to the exposed shallow harbour of Botany Bay: now crowded with sharks, affording sport for gun or spear.

There is a fine dock forming on Cockatoo Island, the advantage of which will be incalculable.

We found the *Rattlesnake*, Captain Owen Stanley.

Here I was in the midst of friends—Sir Charles Fitzroy, the Governor, with Lady Mary—his daughter, "little Mary," now grown into the tall and handsome Hon. Mrs. Keith Stewart, mother of a charming family; also Captain Augustus Fitzroy, A.D.C., and George, Private Secretary; another brother, Arthur, was at sea.

To the long and kind nursing of this family I owe my life, but from the way I was received it would appear that the debt of gratitude was due from them!



Mæander *at Sydney*.

Of that family there are none alive; the father and sons died in distant parts of the world, far from one another, as will hereafter appear. I was near each one of them at the end. 1850.

While at luncheon some one remarked on the extraordinary noise caused by the ringing of a bell, near, or on board the *Mæander*.

I exclaimed, I hoped not, as that meant fire.

Looking from the window we saw dense masses of smoke issuing from the position of the after magazine. A youngster was running to inform me.

The *Rattlesnake* had slipped her cables to be out of the way.

On board I found a scuttle cut through the gun-room deck into the bread-room to pour water, just big enough for me. I was nearly suffocated.

We really had a narrow escape. The fire was subdued. The powder had been smartly removed, but the wood framing had, as in the case of the *Magicienne*, been burnt down to the copper-lining.

During our refit we discovered the head of our mizen-mast to be rotten, and as there was a spar of same dimension in the *Anson*, convict ship at Hobart Town, which was orginally made for the *Southampton*, I sent my trusty "First" to apply to the Governor of Van Dieman's Land for permission to appropriate it. March.

Sir Charles Fitzroy, who was going to make a short tour into the interior, not only kindly took me with him, but mounted me from his first-rate stable.

As His Excellency rode some six stone more than I could boast of, I never knew what it was to ride a tired horse.

While we rode, a light van conveyed our com-

1850. missariat and luggage : certainly the most agreeable mode of seeing any country.

While we were absent on this tour, a little more than a fortnight after our first arrival, the Naval Service sustained a sad loss by the sudden death of Captain Owen Stanley ; it was necessary to despatch a messenger for my recall, as his papers could not be



Brierly.

opened nor his body buried in the absence of the senior officer.

We had for many years been acquainted, and I cannot help expressing here deep regret and sympathy with the many to whom he was so justly dear.

Previous to the death of my friend Owen Stanley, I had made the acquaintance of the distinguished artist who had been cruising with him, Mr. Oswald

Brierly, who had arrived in Australia in 1842, in the yacht *Wanderer*, the property of Mr. Benjamin Boyd, a man of means, and of an adventurous turn. 1850.

Brierly was already a student of naval architecture, with a love of the sea—in fact he began by studying for the service itself.

Mr. Boyd's schemes were many, one of them a whaling establishment at Twofold Bay, which he placed under Brierly's control. Boyd then betook himself to the Eastern Archipelago, to collect pearls and pearl-shells, diamonds, etc., and while exhibiting these on board his yacht to a respectable-looking pirate his head fell between his legs, and the yacht disappeared from the scene.

Brierly had made friends in Sydney and might have done well, but his heart was on the sea, and he could not resist the offer of a cabin in the *Rattlesnake*.

On Owen Stanley's death he accepted a similar offer from me, until I could land him in England.

Sailed from Port Jackson on March 20. Mar. 20.

It being the time of the recess, a very agreeable party were enabled to accompany us to Tasmania.

Among my guests were Captain Fitzroy, A.D.C., with his brother George, Private Secretary, master of a scratch pack of hounds, also Mr. Deas Thompson, whom my friend Colonel Mundy describes as the "Prince of Colonial Secretaries," and, judging from the directions I received from the Governor as to the care and attention to be shown him, he was not less appreciated at headquarters.

Pleased as we were with the appearance of everything about Sydney, we were still more so with that of Hobart Town, where we arrived March 25. Mar. 25.

1850. As we entered the harbour it was difficult to imagine ourselves in the Antipodes. English fruits and vegetables exposed for sale. Grapes, peaches, and nectarines, in the open air, were breaking the trees down.

As soon as we anchored Bowyear came on board to report. Owing to deaths and invalids we had many vacancies.

"What chance of men?" I asked. Pointing to a ship lying near, he said, "The whole crew have volunteered."

It was a female convict ship.

The doctor who had come out in her told me the most moral were the Irish, the Scotch the least so.

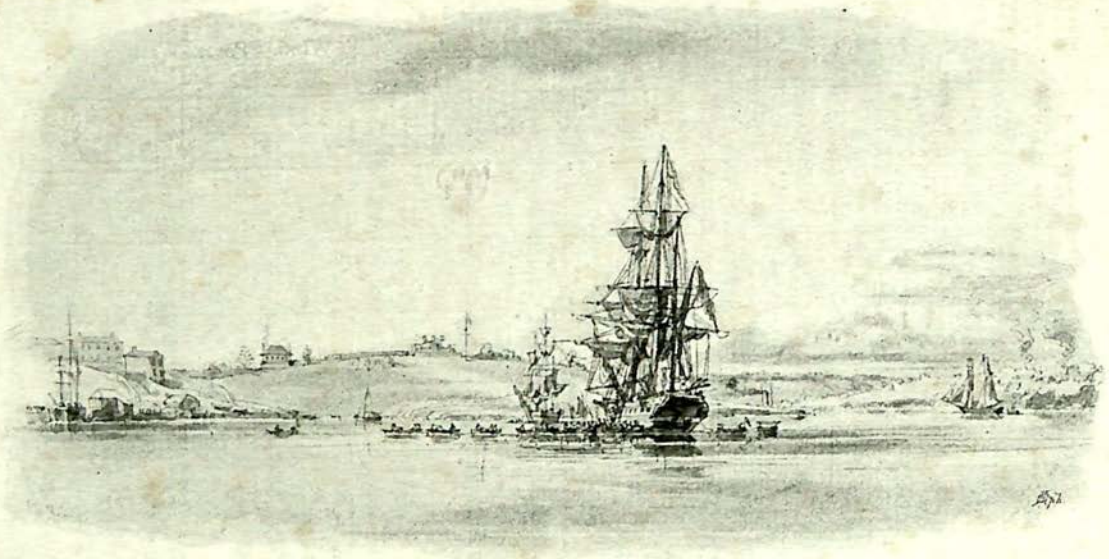
In the streets the public carriages, as well as horses, reminded one of the good old coaching days; indeed the road from Hobart Town to Launceston is little inferior to that from London to Birmingham.

Tasmania, March. The country we passed through, the quickset hedges, turnpikes, farmhouses, stacks of corn and hay; the roadside inns, at which the coach changed horses or stopped a few minutes to dine; the good roast leg of mutton, potatoes *and* onions, hot and ready; the "coming" waiter, with bad brandy and worse cigars, all reminded us of home. The arrival of the *Mæander* was scarcely known in the country.

It was the hunting season. The Governor, Sir William Denison, who was a lover of the sport, kindly mounted me, he himself an invalid and confined to his bed. My first meet was at Oatlands.

I was carefully got up in leathers and boots, my pink rather stained below the pockets.

Quickset hedges had not reached far into the



Mæander *at Hobart Town.*

1850. interior; their substitutes were the upper branches of large trees, with bark off, supposed to be impossible for cattle, but not for kangaroo.

When I arrived, the hounds had gone; horns were blowing. On nearing the hunters, my inexperienced eye saw an opening which I considered big enough.

The tip of a stiff snag caught the Governor's mare on the shoulder; we came a stunning fall into the next field, where we lay for, I suppose, a minute. I was first up, patted, and spoke kindly to the mare; she then got up. I told her, seeing nothing else, we must go back the same way we came. She understood. We walked a few yards back for room, and then turned. She landed safely among the hunting men. Never was a more sincere and hearty cheer raised. Striking the pipeclay out of his leathers with his fist, the master, whose name was Long, roared out, "By Jove! That fellow ought to be King of England." I soon made acquaintance with as nice a set as I ever met.

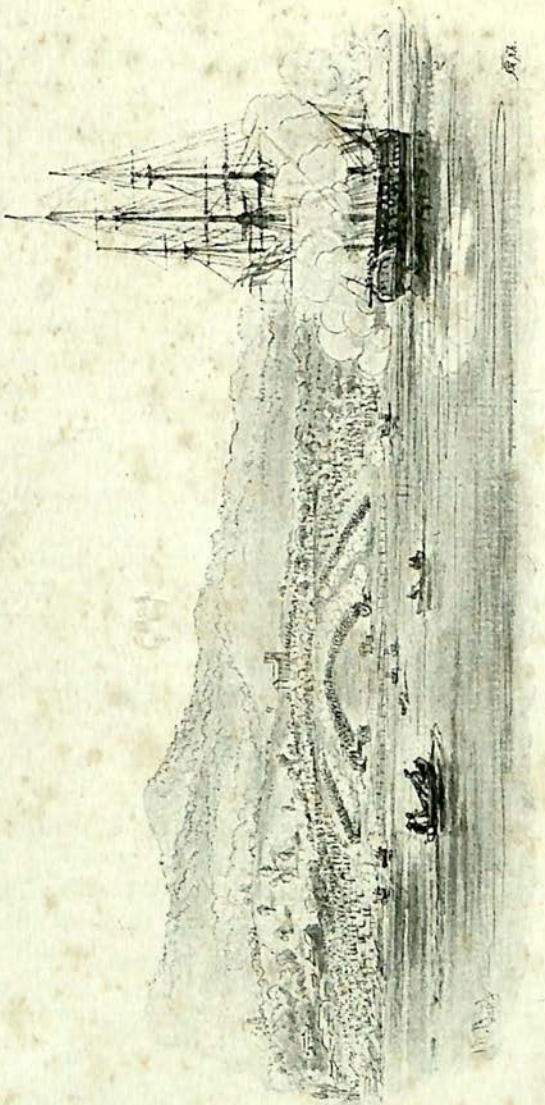
Rode quietly to the Governor's stables, mounted my hack, and from my room wrote the kind Governor the sad news that I had lamed his favourite mare!

Besides hounds, there were in the neighbourhood a first-rate pack of beagles.

Just before we sailed from Hobart Town, I received a letter which I much prized — from Mr. William Allison, one of the young men with whom I had crossed the country.

His father was a squatter, who had been an officer in the Navy, and had served his country throughout the eventful period of the late war—one of the finest specimens I ever saw of an old mariner.

His son had the management of 40,000 acres,



The Sham Fight.

1850. with a flock of 20,000 sheep, and was deeply interested in the welfare of the colony.

Speaking of sport, in which he knew I should be interested, he says: "We had the most glorious run on Saturday I ever saw, or perhaps shall ever see, with my brother's beagles. After a run of 12 miles, the kangaroo, a forester, jumped dead, 10 yards in front of the hounds. We had no check, and during the last 4 miles we frequently viewed him. There were only Nat, myself, a younger brother, and a Mr. Difrose in at the death. Had you been with us, as we have often wished, you would have been there too. Mrs. Lord sent you the kangaroo, which we hope reached safely."

The Hobart Town races came off during our stay, and afforded good sport. There was a Governor's cup to be run for.

Apr. 18. The 99th Regiment, whose acquaintance I made in Mauritius days,—the "Neuf Neufs," as the French called them,—and ourselves amused the inhabitants of Hobart Town by a sham fight.

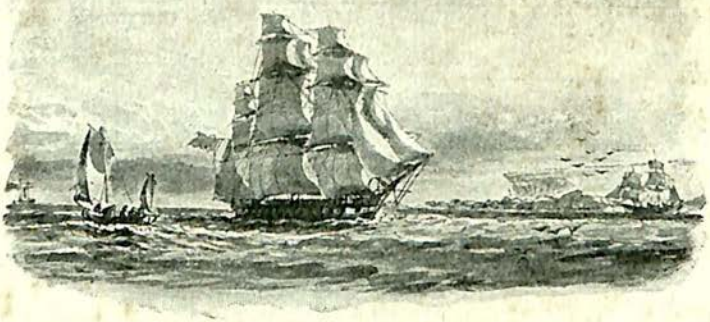
The soldiers were to occupy some Government ground called "The Paddocks," and oppose an invasion.

As soon as the 99th had taken up their position in a wood to the rear, the invading force effected a landing, and were driving in the enemy's pickets, when they were suddenly outnumbered, and obliged to retire on their boats, making a gallant stand at the end to cover the re-embarkation of their artillery.

Much ammunition was expended, and we were told so large a concourse of people had never before been seen in Hobart Town.

Apr. 20. Before taking our departure, I had the gratification

of receiving Sir William Denison on board. Saluted him, and made sail down the river as far as the "Iron Pot," Derwent River, and then worked back again. Hove to off the anchorage, and landed His Excellency; and having collected our Sydney contingent, sailed for that port. 1850.



Mæander *between Sydney Heads.*

CHAPTER XLVI

Sydney

1850. April 26. Made at noon the south head of Botany Bay.

3 P.M.—Between the heads entering Port Jackson. While running up, exchanged numbers with the *Havannah*, 20, Captain J. E. Erskine, and the *Rattlesnake*.

Came to in Farm Cove ; making a running moor. I now heard of the death of my dear father.

My old friend Erskine was in charge of the Australian station, and naturally felt jealous of the intrusion of a captain who was his senior.

It was far from me to interfere, but the death of poor Owen Stanley obliged me to open the directions of the Hydrographical Office before he could be buried. In fact, I was recalled from a tour I was enjoying with Sir Charles Fitzroy.

The Hydrographical instructions were simple

enough, stating, in case of the death of the captain, or any other, the officer who was to succeed. Acting upon them, I gave Lieutenant Yule orders to take command of the *Rattlesnake*. This offended Erskine; who informed me that, on my departure for the Pacific, he would supersede my acting order. 1850.

The *Rattlesnake's* time was up, so I gave her the order to return to England, and remained in harbour long enough to give her twenty-four hours' start. She sailed May 2. May 2.

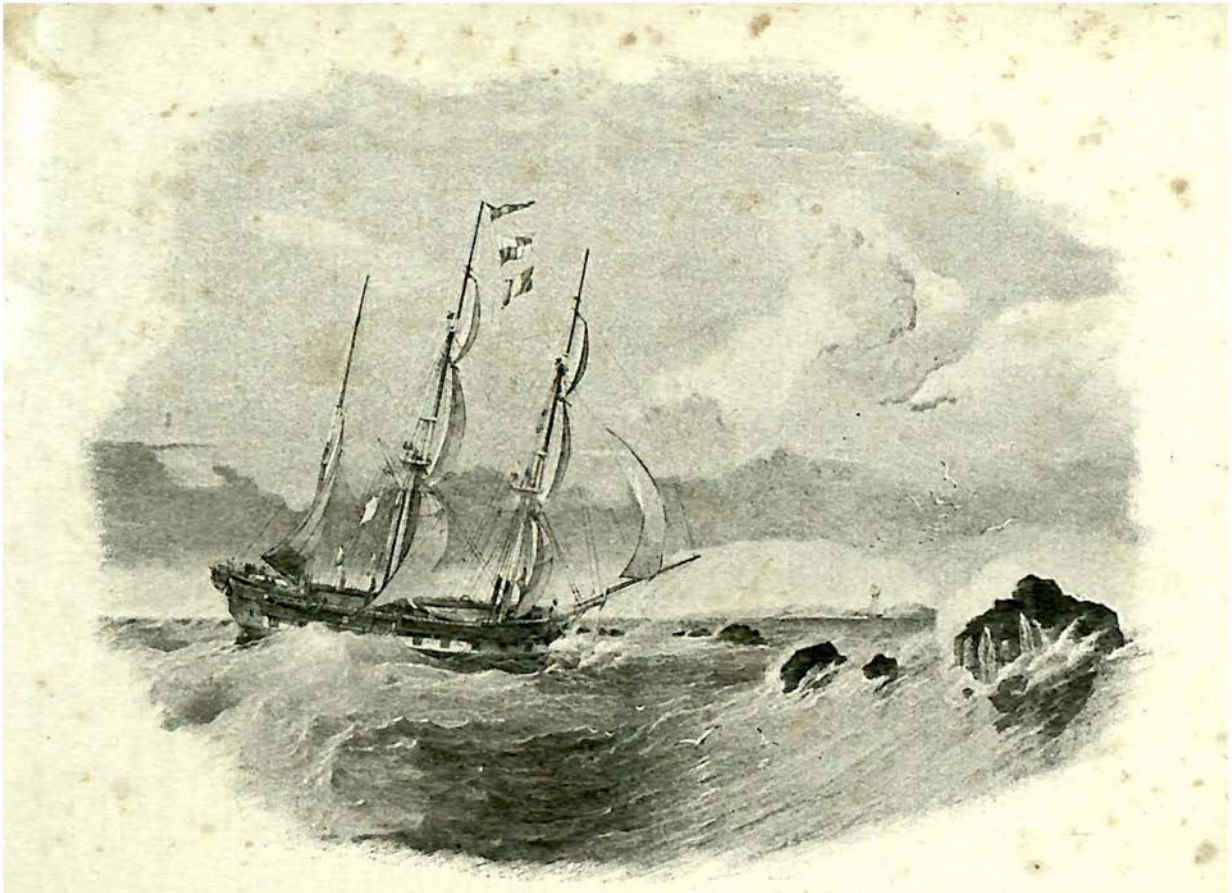
We left Port Jackson in continuation of our route for Port Nicholson and Auckland; but, the wind heading, we stood for Norfolk Island, which we made on the evening of May 7; and hove to. May 3.

Next morning some of the officers started in a whale-boat that had been sent by the Governor. There being an awkward sea running, they capsized off the end of the rickety pier. Owing to precautions taken and the activity of convicts, no lives lost. Unaware of this accident, I followed with young Leicester in the gig, and, waiting for an auspicious moment, we landed safely. May 8. 4

From outside, Norfolk Island has the appearance of a lonely rock, but is very different on shore.

Mr. Price, the Governor, kindly took us a charming ride to Mount Pitt, and showed us the military barracks, which are capable of holding a regiment.

The convict houses are three storeys high, fitted for all sorts and conditions of men; some it was necessary to confine in huge iron cages. Their language, addressed to us strangers, was uncommon strong! There were 115 of these ruffians separately confined. I saw three chapels, Protestant and Catholic. Every trade was encouraged: shoes, boots, coats,



The Rattlesnake.

and trousers that would have caused envy in the bosoms of Hoby and Stultz. I was glad when the Governor took us to higher land and change of scene. 1850.

We were soon passing through orange and lemon groves and wooded scenery.

The fir peculiar to the island was conspicuous. The india-rubber tree was in full force. Some of the officers from the ship had joined us. The youngsters soon found out that, by striking the drooping plant with a stick, the juice ran out like cream, which no marine servant could extract from a uniform cloth jacket. To spoil this fun the Governor thought it advisable, unless we liked to remain the night, that we should be getting down to the boats. The same whaler took them off. I preferred the gig in which we had landed.

Every precaution was taken by the Governor and his officers in case of a capsize. In addition to convicts in cork-jackets, there were others with large round corks netted over with long cords attached, that could be thrown a great distance.

In the gig, in addition to young Leicester Keppel, I had some fir-plants of the island, and other odds and ends. Our boat bow was scarcely abreast of the pier head, when a roller lifted the bow into the air and turned over on us.

The only precaution I had taken was to get rid of my uniform jacket. I believe a capsize is always great fun for the convicts. On my asking to whom I was indebted for my life, a convict informed me that his name was Emerson, and that he had been in the service of my father.

I found later that Emerson had been employed at Newmarket, and having "done his horses down,"



Rescue by Convicts. Norfolk Island.

was taking a stroll in the evening when he came across an old gentleman who did not seem to know his way, and "borrowed his watch." I had three sovereigns in my pocket, and offered them to him, but he said they were no more use to him than the same number of buttons! I mentioned his case to the Governor, who would see to it. 1850.

Norfolk Island was, in 1787, colonized by Captain Philip King, R.N., by free settlers and prisoners from New South Wales. In 1809 a combined, but unsuccessful attempt was made by the settlers, the military, and the prisoners, to take possession of the island.

Our second attempt to reach the ship was successful. At sunset filled, and made sail.

If my readers are sick of the sea, or sea-sick, I advise them to skip the journal until the 19th of June. May 11.

Since leaving Norfolk Island, the wind, with a strong lee set, prevented our reaching Auckland by the northern route.

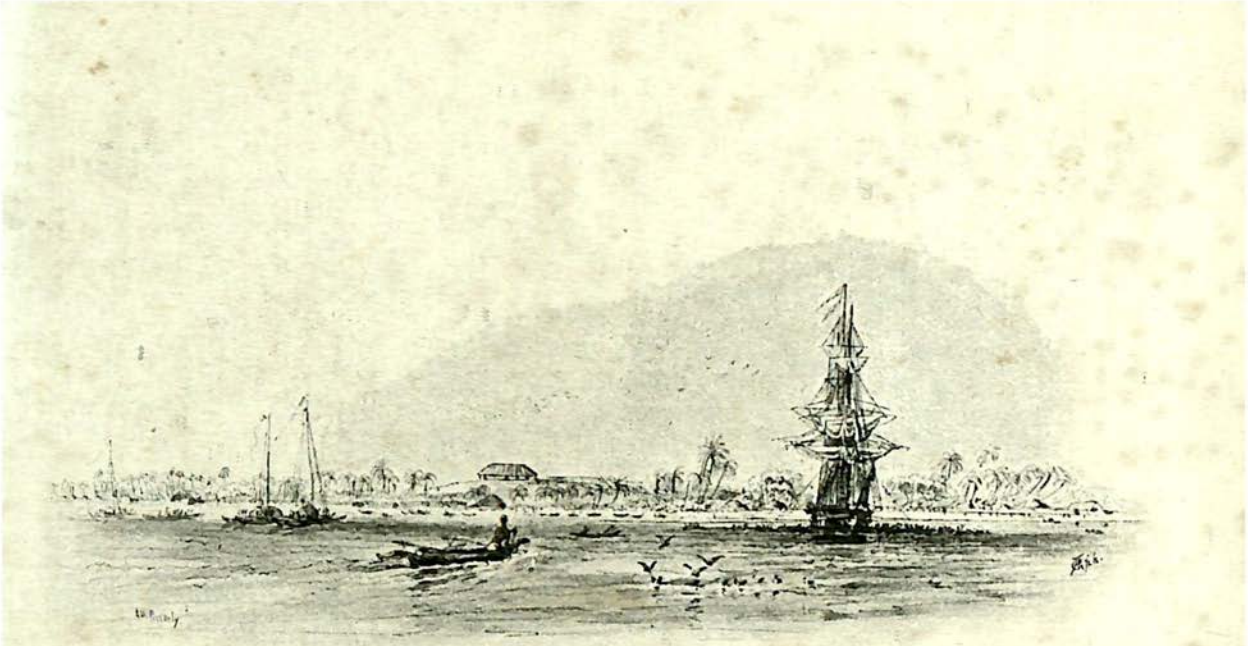
We entered Cook's Straits, and in the evening came to off Port Nicholson. May 19.

10 A.M.—Weighed and attempted to work up under double-reefed topsails, with topgallant sails over, but were obliged to come to again with both bower-anchors between Barrett reef and the eastern shore in the afternoon. May 20.

Wind lulled, weighed, ran up, and came to in Lampton Harbour. Found our fore-yard sprung. May 21.

At noon fired a royal salute in commemoration of Her Majesty's Birthday. May 24.

Weighed and made sail, running down the harbour. Before, however, we could get clear of Pencarrow May 25.



A Coral Island.

Head, we were met by a strong southerly breeze; reefed topsails, and worked out by sunset. 1850.

The breeze outside freshened to a gale, against which we worked all night!

At daylight found ourselves off Cape Porirua; bore up. At 10.30 A.M. came to with both bower-anchors in 23 fathoms, off Kapiti Island. The anchorage none of the best, but any port in such a storm as that we had just taken shelter from. New Zealand, May 26.

Weighed at 5 A.M. to a light N.E. wind, and ran along the land. May 28.

Came to in 7 fathoms in Waitemata Harbour. June 2.

Port Nicholson and Auckland are both splendid harbours.

Much to be done, which British capital and enterprise will achieve. At present there is neither watering nor landing-place. As a proof of the latter, the port captain at Auckland visited the ship in a pair of long jack boots—his usual costume! These colonies are rapidly rising into importance.

Weighed and stood out of the harbour. June 8.

Worked into the Bay of Islands. Came to in Kororareka Bay. Did not find the facility we hoped for in obtaining spars. June 9.

The town contains but few inhabitants, and was reduced to half its former size, by shot-holes in the church and other buildings, made during the war with the brave Heki. The bay, however, deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon it.

Weighed at 8 P.M., made sail, and ran out of the bay. June 10.

Breeze freshened into a northerly gale, which, veering round to N.E., blew hard and reduced us to a close-reefed main topsail. June 13.

First cutter washed away. More moderate towards afternoon. June 14.

1850. June 19. Made the land at daylight; not an inviting coast for a stranger.

Fired a signal gun and got a native pilot.

Noon.—Came to in 13 fathoms off the capital of Tonga Tabu, Malanga. The coast is bound by a coral reef about 200 yards in width, inside which



A Stockade.

boats will float at low water, when landing is disagreeable.

The island is well managed by an English missionary, who had King George well under control.

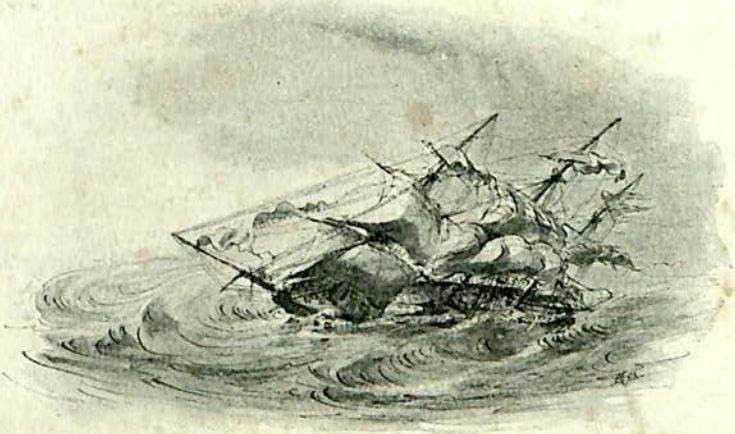
In the afternoon His Majesty came on board, and was received and entertained with due honours.

He is a Christian and intelligent, but rather too prejudiced against the French for his own interests. The King once got into a scrape. Drifting about in his canoe on a Sunday, he observed a huge turtle floating in the warmth of the sun.

His Majesty could not resist the temptation, but

quitting his canoe, swam carefully up and grasped the hind-fins of the turtle; which, with so much stern weight, could not dive, but was able to make rapid headway with his fore-fins, and towed His Majesty a good mile before he let go. The King got severely reprimanded for his desecration of the Sabbath. 1850.

I visited the two schools, crowded with promising



Mæander *in a Gale.*

children of both sexes. Tonga Tabu is a fertile island with an industrious population.

Weighed. It was curious navigation between the coral reefs. Suddenly, while weighing, a flaw of wind veered and caused our stern to touch the edge of a coral bank, with 80 fathoms under our chains. She was easily backed off. June 22.

We started with a fair wind, which turned into a gale. June 25.

We had not many pets, but the purser had a gray parrot, the right African sort, who would not talk or be taught, and was voted a nuisance.



Point Venus, Tahiti.

During one of our frequent squalls, in a lee lurch, everything was capsized and sent to the scuppers, some of us sent off our legs, decanters, tumblers, lamps, the parrot's cage, etc. In the midst of broken crockery and glass, a voice was calling out "Abaft there!" "A glass of grog!" It was this much-abused parrot! 1850. June 26.

Ship under close-reefed topsails, main trysail, and fore-staysail. Weather soon moderated.

We were now drawing towards Tahiti, carrying a mail from Sydney. June 29.

Late in the afternoon a sail was reported, which we made out, from the round sort of baskets at the fore- and main-topmast-heads, to be a whaler; she had boats in the water. We hove to. She hoisted American colours: her captain came on board—a respectable-looking old salt, with gray hair. July 8.

Invited him to my cabin, where, with accompaniments of Manila cheroots and Jamaica rum, we had an agreeable chat.

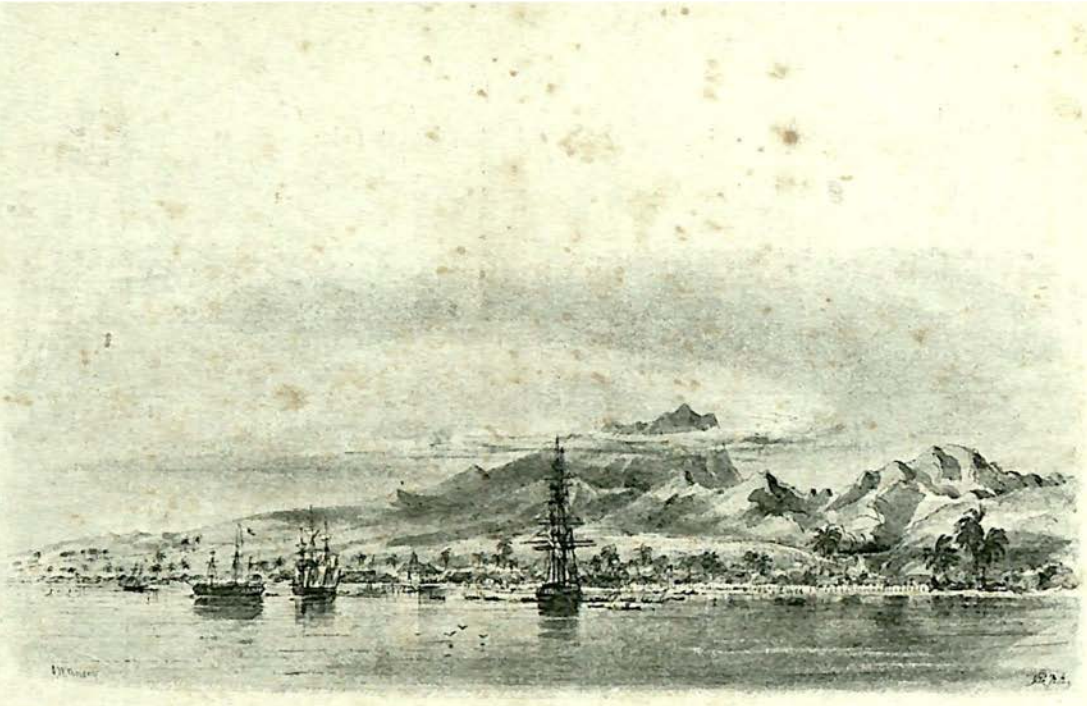
On his leaving, I presented him with a box of cheroots, saying we had been six months without European news.

On which he "guessed" that I must be aware of the war between France and England.

He evidently noticed my astonishment, and added that the French Admiral was at sea looking for the English fleet.

We shook hands and so parted. It was then too dark to see the name of his ship. We made sail.

I invited the First Lieutenant to consult on the news we had received. It was decided that we would load every gun with round shot, grape, and canister.



Tahiti Harbour.

Soon after daylight we were off the harbour, and at about seven the English pilot we had heard of, but accompanied by a French officer, undertook the steerage. 1850. July 9.

I was so interested at the navigation between coral banks, the beauty of the harbour, the merchant ships, two fine frigates, with sundry small craft, that I quite forgot about the guns.

Had my gig manned, and directed Bowyear first to salute the Admiral's flag, and when he saw me leaving to salute the Governor and French flag.



Bowyear.

He replied: "You forget, sir, that we have round shot, grape, and canister in every gun. I have nothing but this scoop to draw them, nor can we get outside against the sea-breeze to empty them. I could not fire a pistol here without hitting some one."

I had, however, to call on the Governor. On getting alongside the flagship, an officer informed me that I should find him at the Government House.

On landing I was received by His Excellency in full dress, a guard of honour with band playing our National Air, and all officers attending. I never felt so guilty or so small.

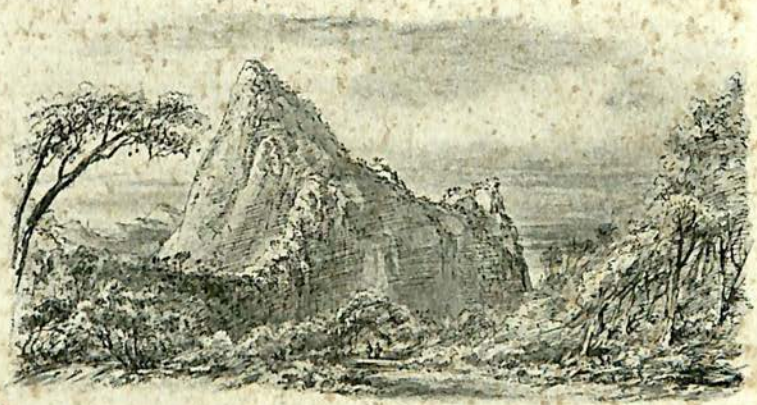
The Governor, M. Bonard, Capitaine de Vaisseau and Commodore, who included in his person that of Governor and Naval Commander-in-Chief, kindly put his arm in mine and led me away into his house, where he said luncheon would be getting cold.



Eimeo.

They all spoke or understood English as well as myself. The luncheon was excellent, wine to match, and I was hungry. 1850.

After a while the Governor drew his chair near to mine, and, without alluding to my not having fired the usual salutes, stated that they were six months without news from Europe ; and that if ever so small a yacht or strange fishing-vessel hove in sight, it caused excitement. Telescopes were brought to bear,



Inland Scenery.

and he said, "You may imagine the appearance of a British frigate——"

Before I could commence my explanation he added, "Every five minutes I am receiving reports of the withdrawal of round shot, grape, and canister from every gun in your frigate."

I then explained my interview with the master of the American whaler.

Every one of the gallant French captains rose without a moment's hesitation, shook me by the hand, expressing a hope that under similar

1850. circumstances their officers would have done the same!

In due time the salutes were fired and returned, and we mixed as one family. I have ever found French naval officers perfect gentlemen.

Monsieur Gizholme, Lieutenant commanding the *Cocyte* steamer, managed everything: balls, dinners, dances, picnics in a lovely and interesting country. Brierly meanwhile happy with his sketch-book.

Tahiti. Among guests I had the honour of entertaining Queen Pomare. She had been, and appeared very happy, and was treated with every kindness and attention.

Monsieur D. P. Nicolai, commanding the troops, added considerably to my collection of shells.

I had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance in the Baltic with Commodore Bonard, with Gizholme, and other officers.

July 18. Having come from the west, owing to our difference in longitude, found I had a day to spare, which was a good excuse for lingering in Tahiti, therefore we gave ourselves a second "Thursday, July 18."

July 21. Pilot on board, weighed. Having saluted the French flag and that of Commodore Bonard, stood over for the island of Guimo. Came to in 19 fathoms in Opuum Harbour, where we have a depot of coals wasting for want of covering. This is likewise a beautiful and well-sheltered harbour with good fresh water easily obtained.

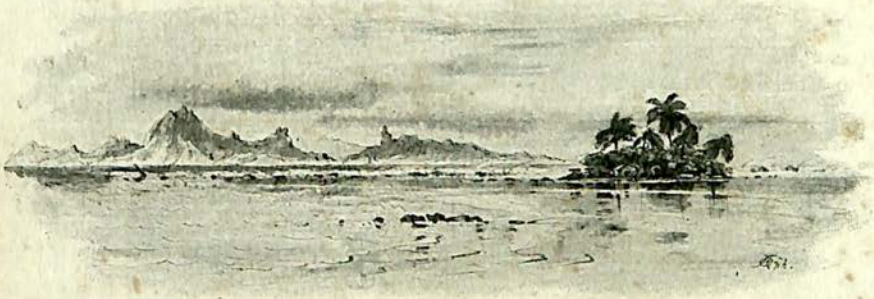
July 23. Weighed at daylight; ran out of harbour. Worked over to Papeete to land our pilot and pick up their mail. 10 P.M.—Boat returned filled, and made sail to the northward of the island.

After a month's light and variable winds, saluted the flag of Rear-Admiral Phipps Hornby, flying on board *Inconstant*, 36, Captain John Shepherd. 1850. Valparaiso, Aug. 23.

We were towed into the anchorage by the boats of French and English men-of-war.

There were besides *Driver*, steam sloop, 6, Commander C. Johnson; *Champion*, 14, Commander John Hayes.

On my reporting myself to the Commander-in-Chief, he informed me he had two reprimands from



A Coral Atoll.

the Admiralty—one for the affair at Macao, and the other for interfering with the senior officer on the Australian Station.

I applied, in proper form, through my Admiral, to the Board of Admiralty for two courts-martial.

The Admiral informed me that the *Inconstant* had a freight on board and was homeward bound, but that I being senior, and *Mæander* longer in commission, might take freight out of *Inconstant* and so go home, or remain on the station for another year and take the chance of picking up a freight myself.

It took me but a few minutes to decide, knowing, too, that such arrangement would exactly suit Captain

1850. Shepherd, officers, and men of both ships as well as friend Brierly.

The Admiral's was a charming establishment. Besides Mrs. Phipps Hornby, and her sister Mrs. Parker, there were three daughters. Their son, Geoffrey, was Flag-Lieutenant.

They were in the house lately vacated by the Admiral's predecessor, Sir George Seymour, where they were sure to find good stabling if nothing else.

Aug. 24. This morning our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. William Pitt Adams, arrived from Lima, bringing me a letter of thanks from Lord Palmerston for the prompt way in which I had acted at Macao.

Aug. 26. Joined royal salute in commemoration of the Prince Consort's birth.

Sept. 2. At sunset hoisted Admiral's flag, *Inconstant* having sailed for England.

Sept. 3. Matthew Ash, captain of mizen-top, while on leave was murdered by one of the crew of a Chilian frigate, who was subsequently apprehended.

Ship caulking inside and out, not before it was needed.

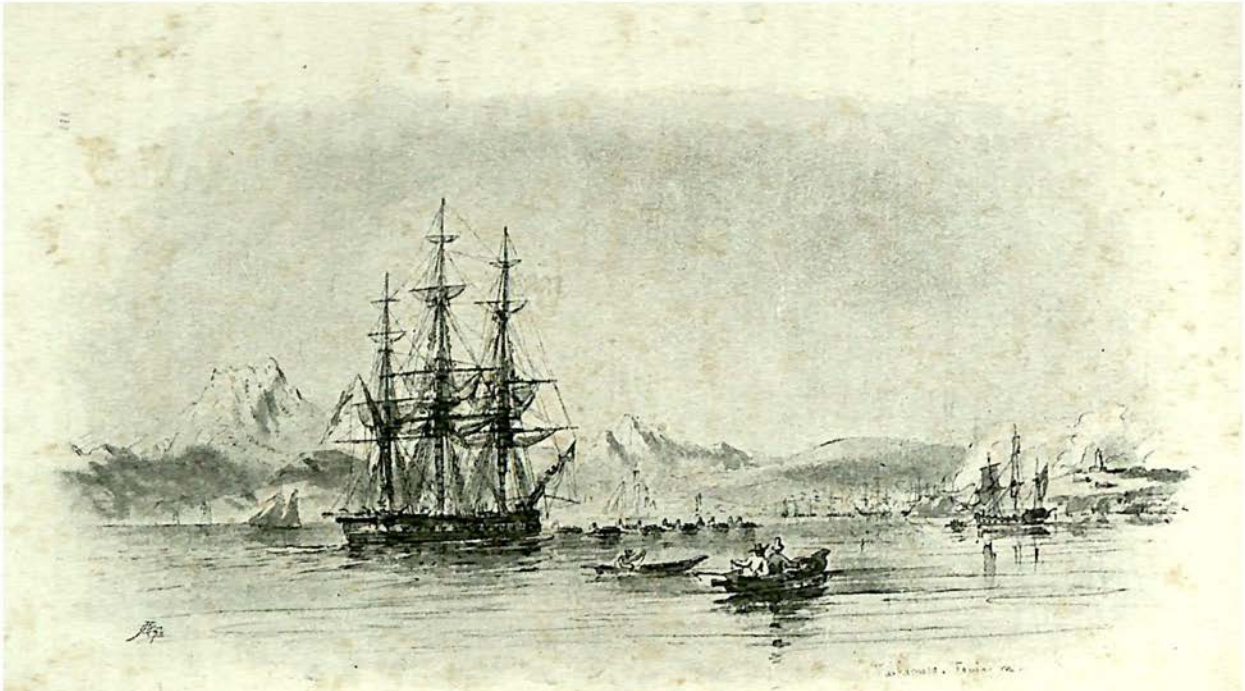
Watered ship from the luxury of a tank.

Sept. 13. *Asia*, 84, Captain Robert F. Stopford, arrived, to whom was transferred the Admiral's flag.

Sept. 18. Fired royal salute in commemoration of Chilian Independence.

Sept. 19. Kindly invited to join Admiral's party to witness a rancho: which means to drive wild cattle over a space of eighty to a hundred square miles into a strong enclosure.

Our preparations were amusing, especially to our pretty lady companions, who looked as if they had never been out of the saddle.



Mæander *at Valparaiso.*

1850. We started after luncheon for our 10-mile ride to Pitama.

The accommodation afforded by our ranchero host was a long low building, having a floor, but no ceiling, mere wooden truckle-beds to sleep on.

The Admiral and family took possession of one end, we, the other: within hail, but outside talking distance.

Sept. 20. We were up early, but the wild cattle were already in a disturbed state: bulls and pigs, horses and cows rushing across each other. The rancheros or drivers had been out a week. The ground was rough and varied, but nothing stopped our fair riders.

It was dusk before half the cattle within the outer ranchero could be secured. Torches added to the wildness of the scene.

The unbroken horses that had been captured by the young rancheros, and ridden when their own knocked up, began to lie down.

The ladies of our party, who had ridden the whole day, appeared as fresh as their brother; but the Admiral, who was as hard as nails, himself made the signal to return home.

I always regarded him with admiration and respect. He had commanded the *Volage* in our Norfolk hero's, Sir William Hoste's, frigate action off Lissa.

Sept. 24. Weighed from Valparaiso Roads on our northern cruise.

Later I saw *Driver* standing out. She was a full-rigged ship and what our American friends called a "side wheeler." Her captain was under the delusion he could beat us sailing, but our three topsails only were sufficient to convince him of his mistake.

Coquimbo, Sept. 27. Came to in Coquimbo Bay.

While cruising in my gig I observed an ancient-looking church, and landed to inspect it. 1850.

Like other Catholic churches it had the usual images; but I noticed over a side door a white marble slab, on which was engraved: "En el año 1578 esta iglesia ha sido profanado par el pirata ingles Francisco Draki."

Sailed 28th.

Arrived in Callao Roads. Found United States *Vandalia*, also *Naiad* with stores and topgallant-yards across. Callao, Oct. 5.

Saluted Peruvian flag with twenty-one guns.

Much to the distress of Commander William Browne I had directions to convert the once beautiful frigate *Naiad* into a store-ship.

Weighed and made sail. Observed French Commodore Fourichon standing for Callao. Oct. 10.

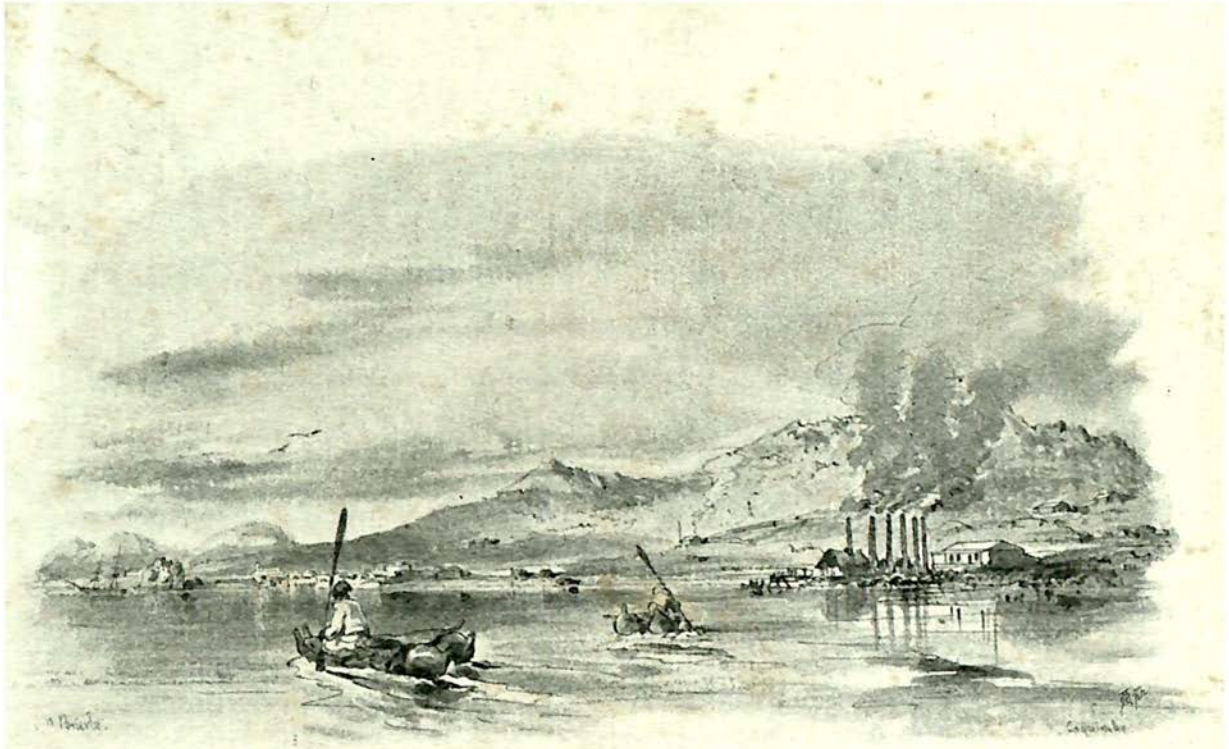
A fresh south-easter carried us across the Equator in 113° west, after which we had a long and tedious voyage.

At daylight made Piedra Blanca de Tierre: a remarkable white rock, some twelve miles from the coast, appearing in the distance like a large ship. At noon came to in San Blaas Roads. Purchased cedar planks for making treasure boxes. San Blaas, Nov. 12.

Came to in Mazatlan Harbour. Saluted the Mexican flag with twenty-one guns. Nov. 17.

Saluted Mr. Charles Bankhead, English Minister, on his visiting the ship. Nov. 24.

An English brig, the *Gazelle*, arrived at Mazatlan with a number of passengers from San Francisco, several of whom died on the passage from dysentery and other diseases contracted before embarking. The brig touched at Cape St. Lucas, where many of them landed and refused to return on board. Mazatlan.



Coquimbo.

The *Gazelle* sailed; they came round in a boat a few days afterwards. 1850.

At the instigation of well-known characters calling themselves "lawyers," and forming part of the Civil Courts of Justice, the passengers lodged a complaint against the Master of the *Gazelle* for ill-treatment, and his having thereby been the cause of deaths on board.

At the request of the Captain of the Port I detained the *Gazelle* and communicated with our Consul, who, on investigation, decided there were no grounds for complaint; but, on the contrary, they had received such treatment as I should have expected, knowing the high character of Mr. Wood, the master, whom I had met in India.

At a later date I received information to the effect that these "gentlemen lawyers," Gaxiola and Cainow, had made an offer to the supercargo of the *Gazelle*, whom they met on shore, that they would cancel the proceedings against his ship for six hundred dollars.

I also heard that a like sum had been offered by them to the Captain of the *Gulnare*, an American brig under almost similar circumstances, but the Master not having the money, the brig now lies rotting in the harbour. I allowed the *Gazelle* to proceed to sea, offering myself to answer any charges preferred against the Captain.

The Governor of Mazatlan visited the ship and was saluted. Nov. 26, Mazatlan.

Foreign Consuls and party were entertained on board. Saluted them on leaving. Nov. 27.

Sent launch in charge of Lieutenant Oldfield to communicate with merchants at Guyamas. The pinnace in charge of C. H. Johnstone, mid, left for Dec. 9.

1650. San Blaas. At Mazatlan we moored head and stern on account of tides, with no room to swing. Ciervo Island, close by, is a convenient place, on which we repaired our boats and landed the blacksmith's forge, the men working under the eye of the officers on board. The centre of the island was tall bush, so that the opposite side could not be seen except from the masthead.



Sharks at Mazatlan.

Dec. 22. Departed this life George Fuller, A.B. He had been long lingering, and had an extraordinary twist in his backbone. He was buried at the back of the island with due honours. I was kindly entertained and had a room on shore, but by day was much away in the gig.

Dec. 24. In the morning the First Lieutenant found the boatswain missing, and, later, the doctor. He began to smell a rat, but thought it advisable to say nothing. The dingey too was missing. On my coming on board Bowyear told me the surgeon, John Crawford, on hearing from his assistant of the death and burial

of the poor fellow, whose backbone he coveted, was so excited that Bowyear stated that the ship's company would not like to have the body disturbed; but the doctor was pertinacious, promising that he could manage it without anybody knowing. At midnight he and the boatswain landed in the dingey and hauled the small boat up on the beach. 1850.

When I got on board, at muster, nothing had been seen of either the dingey or the boatswain. Dec. 25.

At noon an American schooner, sailing near us with a cargo of sheep, hailed. Stating he "guessed" he had picked up one of our boats at sea, and casting off the painter, we received our dingey. Doctor and boatswain hid till midnight and got on board unseen.

The lagoons which succeed one another for several miles in a line with the coast to the northward were full of wild game. It is difficult to imagine prettier shooting. The water is not above three or four feet deep, and sufficiently wide to enable a gun on each side to drive the game. Care should be taken to drop your birds on the land, as alligators are in possession of the water.

One of the midshipmen and myself bagged fifty-two couple of ducks of various sorts in an afternoon.

Snipe are also plentiful. To get at the river there is an extensive bar to cross, which troubled our boats till they got used to it.

CHAPTER XLVII

MÆANDER

1851. Mazatlan, Jan. 1. WEIGHED and made sail, running to the southward to meet the pinnace, expected from San Blaas with treasure.

Jan. 2. Came to at the entrance to the Chamatla River. A nasty bar, impassable at low water; heavy surf breaks along the coast. Two of our boats were swamped in attempting to land. Saved them with loss of anchors only. Good wild shooting is to be had by ascending the river in canoes. On the banks, near the entrance, were hundreds of alligators. Deer in plenty were seen on the opposite side of a narrow lagoon which runs parallel with the beach.

Jan. 5. Pinnace returned. Weighed following day. Came to in Mazatlan Harbour.

Jan. 6. Having made arrangements for leaving pinnace and barge in charge of Mr. May, master, took pilot on board. Weighed at 5 P.M.

Jan. 17. Came to in Guyamas Harbour. A convenient port for target practice. Distance from the shore from eight hundred to a thousand yards; the shot easily recovered. The weather is generally fine. We were enabled to send boats to distant points to assist the merchants; the men enjoyed the change. Bowyear, the First, was equally contented to remain, and,

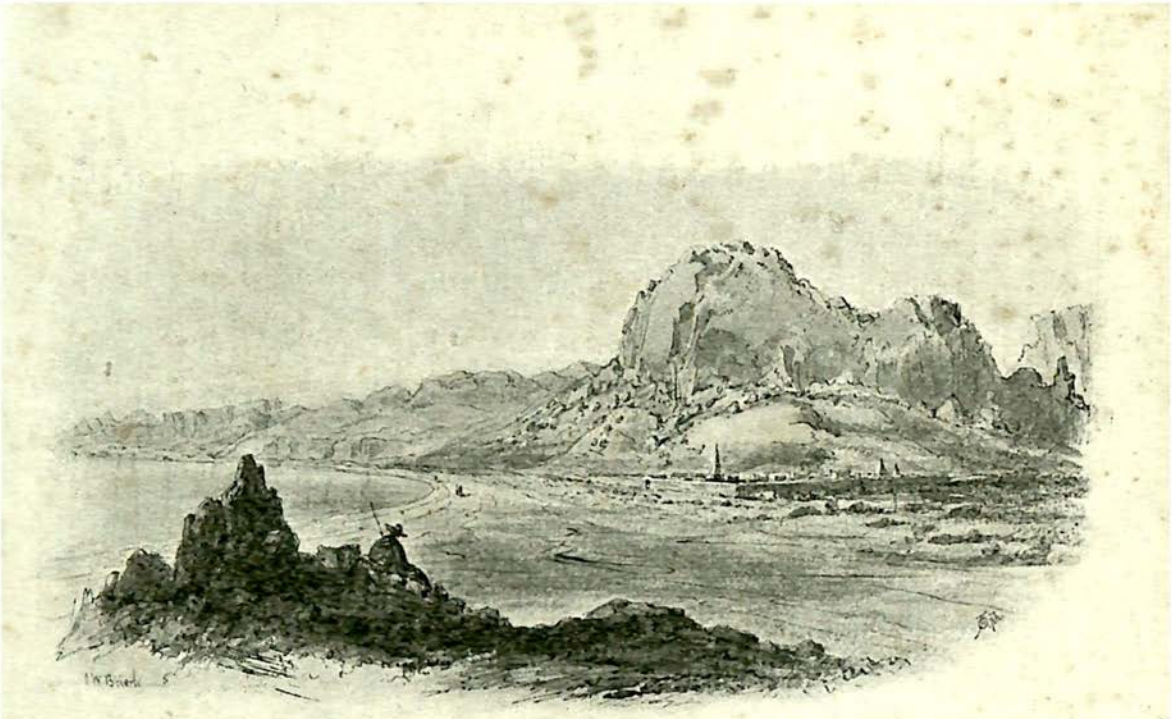
by drill and various exercises, keep the remaining crew happy and contented. Among the youngsters, a universal favourite was a son of Lord Ellesmere, now about sixteen years of age. In a letter before leaving England his father wrote: "It is wrong to have a favourite in a family, but you take with you the Benjamin of my flock." 1851.

In the evening, returning on board, I noticed the sad looks of officers as well as men. Bowyear informed me I should find young Egerton laid in my cabin badly wounded. The poor boy breathed, but knew me not. I remained until the end, which came only too soon. Jan. 27.

Among our friends at Guyamas was the liberal Catholic Priest, who appeared to rule supreme. He had a portion of the churchyard, half a mile from the landing-place, selected for the grave of our poor young shipmate, who was there buried with full military honours—a firing party of marines, band playing that impressive Dead March in "Saul," which brought tears from many lookers-on. The remains were followed by the merchants and authorities of the place. Ships in port lowered colours. Jan. 28.

I was before this too sad to clearly state cause of accident. I mentioned that the First Lieutenant was well pleased with the position of our anchorage, as the open spaces, as well as position of land and rocks, afforded good opportunities for target practice, as well as for musket drill in boats. On the present sad occasion a mark had been whitewashed on the face of a huge rock; the boats passing dropped alternate oars and took shots. We were short of officers: the boatswain was in the stern-sheets, with the young mid in charge. In unnecessary haste, the musket of one of the crew went off, with the sad result.

Guyamas is worse off than Mazatlan for water;



The Cemetery at Guyamas.

all the drinking water comes in skins and small casks on the backs of mules and donkeys from wells dug a couple of miles out of the town in the Hermosilla Road. A sufficient supply was so brought down to the end of the pier at a charge of $150 per ton. The country abounds with large hares, difficult to shoot, except on horseback, within eighty yards, so they are seldom killed except with ball—a pretty amusement for good rifle shots. Deer and wild-fowl are plentiful, but in different directions. 1851.

We landed our whole force with field-pieces for a sham fight. The spot selected was adapted for the purpose, having a sufficient level, besides low brushwood and elevated rocky ground for manœuvring. We had erected stones to represent a circular fort on an eminence, in which four brass boat guns were mounted, and a piratical flag hoisted to represent the enemy. Feb. 4.

The field battery having been placed in position, the force advanced to the assault, but, being repulsed, they divided, and by circuitous marches on each side gained some high ground in rear of, and commanding the fort, when the field battery, a little in advance of its original position, again opened fire. The fort was carried, the Mexican flag hoisted; the band played their National Air, and the army, as well as spectators, cheered, consisting of the whole population of Guyamas.

Being spring tides, weighed and ran out into deeper water. Came to in five fathoms off the islands of Paxaros. During our stay here we received about $400,000, none of which paid Custom dues. Feb. 15.

1 P.M.—The Governor of Guyamas having come on board, weighed. Shortened sail on passing the cave on Vincente Point, where a number of our Guyamas Feb. 17.

1851. friends, particularly ladies, had assembled to wave last adieus. Mutual regrets at parting. Saluted the Governor on his quitting the ship. Cheered from the rigging and made sail.

Feb. 23. Came to off San Blaas for water, which is obtained by rolling casks about 400 yards from the beach to a river, in which the inhabitants of San Blaas (both sexes) wash themselves and clothes. The water, however, is better than that at Mazatlan or Guyamas.

Feb. 28. *Champion*, 14, Commander John M. Hayes, arrived from Mazatlan. Supplied her with stores and provisions.

Mar. 1. Weighed, standing for Piedra de Mer, off which we were to pick up our boats.

Mar. 2. At noon the pinnace and cutter came alongside with treasure. Sailed, having on board $868,927; with the exception of the *Inconstant's*, the smallest shipment that had been made from this coast. More than three months had elapsed since the boats and officers had all been on board together. The long sea cruise before us comes in well to recover from the naturally demoralising effects of the frequently prolonged absence of boats from ship.

Mar. 10. Twenty minutes before midnight exercised at general quarters; fired the first gun in two minutes and forty-five seconds from the beating of the drum.

Mar. 12. After evening quarters exercised shifting topsails. Fresh northerly breezes carried us across the equator, giving us fair prospects of a good passage to Valparaiso.

Mar. 24. Midnight.—Beat to quarters; first gun fired in three minutes and a half.

Mar. 28. After evening quarters shifted topsail-yards.

Commenced the new scale of provisions according to Admiralty circular, a step towards improving the condition and discipline of the seamen. 1851. April 1.

Observed a stranger we had seen two days previously was still gaining. Tacked to try rate of sailing. Trimmed ship; re-set sails and communicated by signal with her, the *Balmoral* of Aberdeen, from San Francisco, bound to Valparaiso. Passed to leeward, tacked in her wake and left her in an extraordinary manner, proving how much might be gained in a long voyage by trimming, and a little attention to the set of sails. By sunset she was hull down. April 8.

Noon.—Came to in Valparaiso Bay. Found here the United States frigate *Raritan*, and Russian corvette *Oambylea*. Rear-Admiral Fairfax-Morseby relieves Rear-Admiral Phipps Hornby, who had sailed on a cruise. April 21.

Sent boats to tow the Russian corvette to sea. Taking in water and provisions preparatory to sailing for England. April 22.

4 A.M.—Weighed and made sail. Dark morning, lee shore. Vessels at anchor; both sides in thirty-six fathoms, a long heave up and down. Got the first of a northerly wind. Got up stump topgallant masts. Carried our breeze as far as 43° south. May 3.

Exchanged numbers with the *Amphitrite*, 24, Captain Charles Frederick from England. Frederick strongly advised us not to attempt Straits of Magellan. Uneasy motion of the ship made havoc among our live stock; obliged to throw several bullocks overboard. May 8.

After a calm got a light northerly wind. Shaped a course for Cape Pillar, intending to run through the May 10.

1851. Straits. As the breeze freshened the weather came on thick and dirty.

Straits of Magellan, May 13. Running for the land ; fresh breeze, hazy weather. 10.40 A.M.—Observed rocks N.N.E. 11.10.—Another break in the mist showed us land ahead. Reefed topsails. 1 P.M.—Passed Cape Pillar. 2.30.—Came to in Mercy Harbour.

May 14. 2.15 P.M.—Entered Long Reach. Passed Half Port Bay. 4.50.—Came to in seven and a half fathoms, Playa Parda Harbour.

May 15. Weighed and made sail. 2 P.M.—Came to in Fortescue Bay. Found an American brig, and an English barque *Caspar* and brig *Isabella Thompson* dismasted in Port Gallant. A snug and beautiful harbour. Supplied the brig with one jib-boom for a main-mast, and the barque with our stream chain.

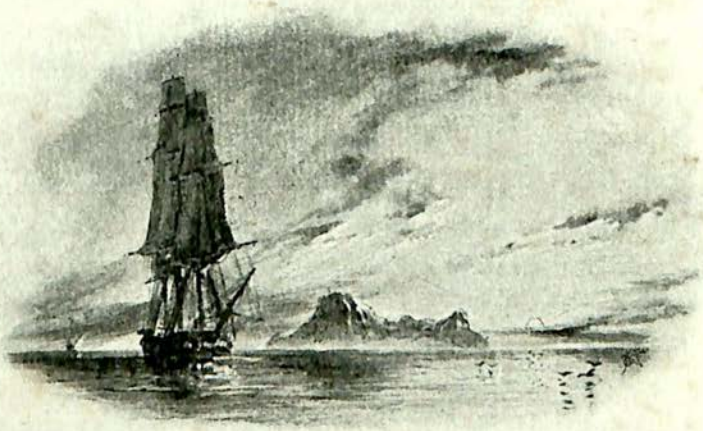
May 16. 4.20 A.M.—Weighed. 8.45.—Rounded Cape Froward. On passing San Nicolas Bay observed a Chilian man-of-war brig, and American and Chilian ships at anchor. Came to at 1 P.M. in Port Famine.

Port Famine, May 17. 4 A.M.—Weighed. 11.15.—Came to in seventeen fathoms off the settlement to the southward of Sandy Point. Saluted the Chilian flag. This penal settlement, under its present Governor, Meños, a captain in the Chilian Navy, is situated between the prairie, on which cattle thrive, and the wooded country, containing the necessary material for building, is likely to become a large and useful colony. It has rich soil, an agreeable, bracing climate, and a coal-mine within a few miles, inland, from which a stream of good water runs into the sea close to the settlement.

May 18. Weighed, and worked to windward. Came to at 11.10 in Loreda Bay.

Weighed to run between Elizabeth and Magdalene Islands; got through, but before we could get into Royal Roads to anchor the flood-tide set us back. 12.30.—Brought up in eight fathoms off N.E. end of Elizabeth Island. 1851. May 19.

Weighed, and worked up against N.E. wind to the entrance of the second narrows. Wind heading, worked into Gregory Bay. Came to at 11.45. May 20.



In the Straits of Magellan.

Landed parties to try for guanacoes and ostriches, stated in the chart to abound here. A few birds were seen in the distance, as well as animals. May 21.

Weighed 5 A.M., and ran towards the entrance of the first narrows, passing to the northward of the Triton Bank. Succeeded, with the assistance of a strong tide, in getting through, making two tacks only towards the eastermost end. 10.30.—Trimmed and set studding-sails. 3.40.—Rounded Dungeness Point. May 22.

1851. 4.30.—Taken aback. Came to in fourteen fathoms off Dungeness Point.

May 23. 7.15—Weighed and made sail on port tack. 9.—Cape Virgin, W by S. ½ S. 10.—Stowed anchors.

May 24. Heavy swell from N.E.

May 25. Light northerly winds; veered round to S.W. and blew. This was the heaviest gale I ever experienced: wind constantly shifting, the sea had no time to get up. Our close-reefed main topsail was blown to ribbons, and a close-reefed foresail was blown out of the bolt ropes. That part secured to the yard by reef points was blown into knots as big as a Norfolk turnip, and so hard that neither chisel nor nails could be driven into it. Of the fore staysail nothing remained. Our quarter galleries and half-ports were stove in.

Quarter-deck boats had been well secured, but the one on the starboard side had been so encrusted with fibres of the mizen trysail as to have the appearance of whitewash, which was only removed by three-cornered iron scrapers.

As already stated, the sea had no time to rise to any considerable height. At daylight the gale moderated. We set a spare fore topsail, reefed, as a foresail, bent and set main staysail.

May 29. Breeze moderated and changed to the northward.

May 30. More bad weather. Split the improvised foresail.

May 31. Wind more moderate. Bent proper foresail and

June 2. made sail, wind veering round to S.W.

June 9. Shifted topgallant masts from stump to regulation. Standing for Cape Frio, opened the entrance of Rio Janeiro. Observed a barque being towed out by a Brazilian steam tug.

Being becalmed the *Plumper* towed us into our

anchorage. Met the *Cormorant*, steam sloop, Captain Herbert Schomberg, coming out; he having received information from the Consul that the tug *Satrap* was assisting a slaver. 1851.

The *Plumper*, having towed us to a berth, joined in the chase. *Cormorant* fired into the tug, and knocked away her funnel; on being boarded fifteen slaves were found secreted under hatches, and part of a slaver's cargo.

The tug was anchored and placed under a guard. The barque got away, but *Plumper* put a shot into her. The Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral Barrington Reynolds, was absent at Monte Video.

Found here *Tweed*, sloop, 18, Commander Lord Francis Russell. She had been my first ship: then a 28-gun donkey frigate!

There was also a heavy-looking French frigate *Penelope*. Also two handsome Spanish corvettes, *Esmeralda* and *Arragon*, said to have been built on White's lines, the United States corvette *Dale*, and a Dutch brig. Saluted the Brazilian flag, 21 guns.

4.30 A.M.—Weighed and ran out of the harbour with a light land breeze. June 12.

Gave the ship her last coat of paint, and remounted carronades; neither useful nor ornamental. July 5.

Arrived at Spithead. Saluted the flag of Admiral the Hon. Sir T. Bladen-Capel, K.C.B. The steam tender *Sprightly* came off for our freight, $900,000, consigned to my friend E. Casher, for transhipment to the Bank of England. At sunset weighed for Chatham. July 28.

Anchored at Sheerness. Saluted flag of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Josceline Percy. Glad to again renew an acquaintance which commenced when I July 29.

1851. commanded *Childers* in Mediterranean and was renewed at the Cape in the *Dido*, when Sir Josceline was Commander-in-Chief.

July 30. Paying off commencing. Sad to think out of 360 fine fellows, only 150 are left!

CHAPTER XLVIII

At Home

While *Mæander* was dismantling, I attended the wedding of my nephew, Edward Coke, and Miss Agar-Ellis, daughter of Lord Dover, whose house was close to the Admiralty, and into which I walked after the breakfast, wearing my wedding favour. 1851. Aug. 7.

I was shown into the First Sea Lord's room, with whom I had been on terms of intimacy some years.

Before many minutes the door was thrown open, and Sir Francis Beaufort, head of the Hydrographical Department, attended by his staff, addressed me—"Captain Keppel, before I hold out the hand of welcome, I come in the name of myself and Board to thank you for the manner in which you upheld the dignity of this branch of the service on the Australian station." After shaking hands they withdrew. Being alone with my friend Admiral Deans Dundas, I ventured on a little chaff, asking him where their Lordships' reprimand was. He told me that they had given the reprimand stronger to Erskine, on whose report they had acted. This amused me.

The Admiral then led me into the presence of Sir Francis Baring, the First Lord, saying, "Here's this fellow Keppel. I can do nothing with him," and withdrew. A more straightforward, upright man than

1851. Sir Francis there could not be. He invited me to go into the business, which ended in his asking if there was anything that I wanted at the Admiralty.

I replied that if he would kindly promote my First Lieutenant I should not care a straw about the reprimands! He then said that if my Lieutenant was in every way eligible he should be promoted. (Bowyear shortly afterwards served as Commander in the *Vengeance*, 84, with Captain Lord Edward Russell. He is now an Admiral, living in Guernsey, and often comes across in the summer, when we talk over old times.)

My invalid wife and self moved into the pretty lodge in Hyde Park, lent us by my brother-in-law, Harry Stephenson, Deputy Ranger. The First Exhibition was in full force, in Hyde Park, the idea having been originated by the Prince Consort. Weeks passed before I was tired of the novel scene. Everything was there, except ships.

What seemed to astonish our foreign neighbours most were the size of our bath-tubs, jugs, and basins. I found that great and good Rajah, Sir James Brooke, still under the persecution of his former agent, Mr. Wise, who was assisted by what we called "The Revenue Cutter," Mr. Hume! Sir James was a wreck of his former self. Among our Norfolk friends and relations I had plenty of shooting.

Sept. Near Quidenham was Edward Eyre, Rector of Larling. His was a charming family, consisting of wife, four daughters, and a young son. Eyre kindly offered to help me in a book I was perpetrating, with a view to vindicate the character of Rajah Brooke. Norfolk is a genial county; in spite of politics they all work together.

My father on his deathbed had said to his wife

that she would be the first lady who ever won the Derby. He had at the time a promising bay colt, "Bolingbroke," who had won the "Hopeful" stakes at Newmarket in 1849, also the "Prendergast" at the second October meeting of that year. Edwards was his trainer. In 1850 Bolingbroke ran sixth in the Derby stakes in Edwards's name. Report was strong that he had been got at. He won the Don stakes at Doncaster. 1851.

I frequently dined with Rous, and held the sovereigns when matches were made. My brother-in-law, Joseph Hawley, was getting up a promising racing stud. After Goodwood I went with the Rajah and Brierly for the Cowes Regatta. There were rumours of old friend Schetky retiring from the office of marine painter to the Royal Yacht Squadron: the very thing for Brierly, at all events he might make friends among the members.

Every one was anxious to see the clipper yacht *America*, which won the R.Y.S. Cup. She had unusually taunt spars, and was sold for £4000.

In the match against *Titiana* she beat her by four minutes, twelve seconds. Heard of Tom Spring's death—good fellow; he had "benefit of clergy" too.

Holyoake of 78th was now at home, and made me a kind offer of a mount with the Pytchley. My hunting kit was always ready. I think the meet was Cottesmore. We were riding down the slope of a turnip-field, a stiffish hedge at the bottom, a gate in the left corner. A fox got up in front, and was through the hedge in a moment. Nov.

There was a cry of "keep your line"; mine was to the right of the post. Just as my horse sprang for his jump, some heavy farmer on my right turned

1851. my horse into the bottom of the ditch, which held water.

Unluckily I was undermost, and my spur penetrated the left shoulder of the horse, who was got out, lame as a tree. Friend Holyoake was near at hand. We had then a walk of four miles. The next time with the Pytchley I was known as the "Post Captain."

CHAPTER XLIX

Shore Time

To Admiralty. 1852.

At Woolwich; saw *Agamemnon*, nearly ready for launching. *Royal Albert*, 120; will be the finest ship in the world. London, Jan. 12. Jan. 13.

To Lodge, Club, and Admiralty. Death of the good Vice-Admiral, Sir William Montague, C.B., puts friend Walpole on Flag List. Jan. 20.

Went to Brighton, with possession of Rajah Brooke's lodgings, 6 Marine Parade. Feb. 18.

To Cams for Goodwood. Weather fine. Usual load on Delmé's drag. July 29.

A jolly week finishes to-day. July 30.

In London. Walked to Twickenham to dine with the Dowager Lady Albemarle, who made me promise to meet her solicitor there on Wednesday for my advantage! Went on Wednesday, but did not see advantage! Aug. 8.

Dined on guard at St. James's. Aug. 29.

London dull without money! Great idea of applying for the Coast of Africa Station. Early September found me among kind Norfolk friends, within easy distances. Luckily for myself, but hardly so for friend Eyre, Larling Rectory was the centre—besides there was the book. He tried to Sept. 3.

1852. make me believe that it amused him as much as it did me. Close by were the Birches at Skipdom, Partridges at Hockham, and Lord Colborne, whose keeper at Banham was at my disposal.

At Quidenham with brother Edward, but the blood-stock in the neighbourhood had frightened away the game. Further north had equally kind welcomes. In those days there was no driving, and as some of the turnip-fields held more water than birds, my unwelcome baths were frequent.

Sept. 14. The great Duke of Wellington died.

Quidenham, Sept. 17. Dined with Lord Colborne, meeting Fanny Albemarle, who was staying with brother Edward.

Sept. 23. *Agamemnon* to be given away. Reported self ready to First Sea Lord. Dined with Hyde Parker at the Admiralty.

Sept. 24. Visited Baldwin Walker, who had nominated me to the First Sea Lord.

Sept. 25. To Reigate to visit Rajah Brooke.

Sept. 26. Busy drawing up a report for the best means of suppressing piracy.

Sept. 27. To the Admiralty at an early hour. *Agamemnon* given to Sir T. Maitland.

Sept. 28. To friend Eyre at Larling. Book progressing.

Portsmouth, Nov. 4. The following letter raised my spirits :—

ADMIRALTY, *Nov.* 3, 1852.

MY DEAR KEPPEL—If there is employment in the Baltic, or elsewhere, for one of your rank, I will not forget you.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) M. F. H. BERKELEY.

Nov. 18. Funeral of the Duke of Wellington. After the procession had passed the Club, having ticket for St. Paul's, tried to work my way, but found I was not big enough.

By train to Portsmouth and Ryde, *en route* to Puckaster for wedding of Fanny Vine and Captain Times: happy match. *Déjeuner* for forty-five persons. Had to propose "Bride and Bridegroom." Everything went off well. Dinner at Sir John and Lady Harrington's. 1852. Dec. 1.

After the wedding my invalid wife was left under the care of her sisters. I accompanied Fanny Albemarle to stay with her sister at Mamhead Park, a charming place near Exeter, belonging to Sir Lydston Newman, who, being in the Guards, left his uncle in the family mansion to take care of his young sister, with whom I was on visit.

There was a lake which ran parallel with the sea, full of wild-fowl—swans, ducks, geese, etc.—a most enjoyable place, with a railway station conveniently near for excursions.

CHAPTER L

St. Jean d'Acre

1853. May. WARLIKE rumours. Did not like the idea of being far from the Admiralty, where I had friends. My wife was again established in our pretty cottage at Droxford. The Crosbie family, although separated by marriages, were kind to their invalid sister. A gem of same name, daughter of Lord Brandon, Mrs. Yorke—now a widow—had a son in the Navy.

For neighbours we had Tom Garnier, the kind Dean of Winchester. His son, who was afterwards Dean of Lincoln, married my youngest sister Caroline.

May 21. Captain Sir Baldwin Walker, Comptroller, had built the finest two-decker. The constructor of a new type of ship had generally been allowed to nominate the captain. To Sir Baldwin I was indebted for my appointment to the *St. Jean d'Acre*, then fitting at Devonport. She was 3400 tons, mounting 101 guns on two decks: crew, with officers and men, 900.

Devonport, May 23. *Acre* was commissioned by Commander Peter Cracroft; most of the officers joined in the first week. As this will be the fourth ship my kind readers have helped me to fit out, they should be spared the intricacies of a dockyard. That everything passed

pleasantly I have only to mention that my kind friend Commodore Michael Seymour was superintendent, with whose charming family I chiefly lived. Admiral Sir John Ommaney, K.C.B., a rough diamond, was Commander-in-Chief. Miss Ommaney, equally kind, managed the household. Took charge of *Bellona* hulk. 1853.

Marine artillerymen and seamen, gunners joined from *Impregnable*, marines from headquarters, making in all 200. May 30.

My old friend, Colonel Yea, and officers of the Royal Fusiliers, who were at Malta when I was in the *Childers*, kindly made me an honorary member of their mess. June 4.

Admiral came on board to muster and inspect ship's company. Manned yards. Got steam up and successfully tried engines. Got the first of Rodgers's iron-stocked bower anchors at the cat-head, 93 cwts.; neat and serviceable-looking. First experience of coaling. Received 509 tons. Took us five days. Turned over from hulk to ship. Bent sails. June 15.

Slipped moorings, ran out under screw, two miles beyond the Eddystone. 3 P.M.—Returned to the Sound. July 30.

3 P.M.—Sir James Graham and some Lords of the Admiralty came on board unofficially. Steamed out. Saluting flag of Commander-in-Chief, stood out beyond the Eddystone, and returned to the Sound. Sept. 15.

Commodore Michael Seymour came on board and paid advance. Sept. 19.

8 A.M.—Weighed, made sail; raised and stowed screw. Sept. 20.

9 A.M.—Off entrance of Cork Harbour, observing court-martial flag. Stood off until afternoon. On running in and shortening sail, saluted flag of Rear- Sept. 22.

1853. Cork. Admiral Sir William F. Carroll, K.C.B., and made signal, "Where to anchor?" Reply, "Where convenient."

There were nineteen ships, in two lines, composing the Channel Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Sir Armand Lowry Corry. It was slack water, and the ships, although moored, were in various positions. The *Gondola*, cutter yacht, Lord Lichfield, could scarcely get through. There was no room for us to haul to the wind. The screw was up. Nothing left but to sheet home top and topgallant sails, and run the gauntlet between the lines. As stated, they were across the tide. Several flying and standing jib-booms had narrow escapes. At the end of the lines we anchored.

The *Jenny d'Acre*, as the seamen called her, got kudos: her performance talked of at the clubs in London. On one occasion Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence remarked on the great advantage of an auxiliary screw. To which Sir James Graham replied, "Hang the fellow! He had no screw down!"

Friend Brierly was on board, and made a very clever sketch of *Gondola* and the *Acre*.

Sept. 30. Fleet weighed, outermost ships first. Steamed and sailed out of harbour. On getting outside we found *Agamemnon*, 91, screw steamship, Captain Sir Thomas Maitland, Commander Robert Hall; *Hogue*, 60, Captain William Ramsay; *Blenheim*, 60, Captain Hon. Frederick T. Pelham; *Imperieuse*, 50, screw steam frigate, Captain Rundle B. Watson (Viscount Gilford, a lieutenant); *Tribune*, 30, screw steam frigate, Captain Hon. S. T. Carnegie; *Vulture*, 6, steam frigate, Captain Fred. H. H. Glasse; *Desperate*, 8, screw steam ship, Captain William W. Chambers;

and *Sidon*, 22, paddle wheel, Captain George Goldsmith. Parted company. 1853.

Remainder formed in two divisions—WEATHER: consisting of *Prince Regent* (flag), 90, Captain Frederick Hutton; *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101; *Amphion*, 34, screw steam frigate, Captain Astley C. Key; *Highflyer*, 21, screw steam frigate, Captain John Moore. LEE DIVISION: *Duke of Wellington*, 130, screw steamship, Commodore Henry B. Martin; *London*, 90, Captain Charles Eden; *Arrogant*, 47, screw steamship, Captain Hastings R. Yelverton; *Valorous*, 16, Captain Claude Buckle.

8 A.M.—Made all plain sail to try rate of sailing (per signal) on a wind. Trial chiefly between the *Duke of Wellington* and *St. Jean d'Acre*, in which the latter had the advantage, a trifle only; the rest nowhere. *Acre* requiring trifle more false keel! 5 P.M.—Formed order of sailing. Oct. 3.

Tried rate of sailing off the wind, in which *St. Jean d'Acre* was best. Oct. 5.

9 A.M.—Got steam up. Admiral on board. Hoisted his flag. Tried speed with *Duke of Wellington*—about equal. Engineers complaining of the coals. 2 P.M.—Admiral returned to his ship, taking flag with him. Oct. 8.

9.30 A.M.—Laid out targets. Fleet exercised at general quarters, firing at a mark. Oct. 10.

10 A.M.—Got steam up to try rate with *Duke of Wellington* under steam and canvas together; just as we got our steam well up, *Duke* broke down. Oct. 12.

Came to at Spithead with the fleet. Moored. Found *Blenheim*, 60; *Leopard*, 12; brig *Rolla*, 6; and *Sidon*, 22; also a Russian corvette. Oct. 15.

At Admiralty: met Sir Edmund Lyons, who had been promised a command. He was trying to find Oct. 17.

1853. out what ship they would give him. He was just then the only flag officer I would care to serve in the capacity of flag captain, and offered ship and self for that purpose. On ascertaining that I really meant what I said, he appeared to be equally satisfied and went direct to the First Lord, but without success.

Oct. 18. Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane visited and inspected without notice.

Oct. 25. 4 P.M.—Weighed. Steamed into Portsmouth Harbour and secured alongside *Camperdown*.

Nov. 12. Not sorry to receive enclosed :—

ADMIRALTY, *Nov.* 10, 1853.

MY DEAR KEPPEL—When *St. Jean d'Acre* is ready for sea you will be ordered on a cruise to the southward in order that you may get your ship's company into proper training, and I quite agree with you of the necessity for doing so.—Always yours sincerely,

HYDE PARKER.

Nov. 14. Turned over to hulk.

Nov. 15. In steam basin, additional false keel having been placed from 3 inches forward to 9 abaft, exactly what I wanted.

Nov. 19. Noon.—Ship out of basin to hulk. Steam up at 9 A.M. for amusement of dockyard officials. Ship coaling. Cleaning hulk, and shifting over.

Nov. 26. Dressed ship masthead flags. Ships in harbour manning yards and saluting on Her Majesty's embarking from Royal Clarence Victualling Yard. Ships at Spithead doing same on *Fairy* passing through *en route* to Osborne.

Dec. 3. 11.20 A.M.—Cast off from hulk and steamed out of harbour. Saluted flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane. Proceeded to Stokes Bay. Tried speed under steam at measured mile. Mean of six trials just

under 12 knots per hour. 3.30 P.M.—Came to at Spithead. 1853.

Got on board powder and shell. Received supernumeraries for fleet at Lisbon. Dec. 5.

3 P.M.—Weighed and made sail, standing towards St. Helens. Dec. 6.

8.40.—Came to in the Sound. Found *Hogue* and *Magicienne*. Plymouth,

Commodore-Superintendent Michael Seymour came on board and paid advance to newly raised men. Crew complete. 7 P.M.—Weighed; made sail and stood out of the Sound to join fleet in Tagus. Dec. 7. Dec. 12.

Took pilot on board and ran into the Tagus by northern passage. Pilot informing me there was no quarantine, ran past Belem without picking up health boat. 3 P.M.—Shortened, and while furling sails, signal from flag to take up a different berth from that for which we were prepared. Off Tagus, Dec. 18.

Being carried up by the tide, and but little steerage way, had difficulty in clearing *Imperieuse*, and in swinging carried away *Desperate's* jibboom. Placed in quarantine. Signal from flag to "Moor." When completed, signal to "Weigh immediately and proceed to Belem." Before under weigh, another signal, "Despatch is necessary." Wind failing and flood making, came to in centre of stream.

Daylight.—Weighed and dropped down to Belem. Fleet in river, consisting of *Prince Regent*, flag; *Duke of Wellington*, Commodore H. Martin; *Imperieuse*, *Arrogant*, *Tribune*, *Valorous*, *Desperate*, *Odin*, *Amphion* and *Cruizer*. Lisbon, Dec. 19.

Having got pratique, 2 P.M., weighed and made sail. Worked up. Fired two royal salutes, in company with the fleet, on the young King of Portugal visiting and leaving. 4.30.—Came to, as Dec. 20.

1853. per signal, in 26 fathoms, Packet Stairs, N.E. by E. Measles in the ship; sent cases to hospital.

Dec. 24. Light and contrary winds with falling tides. Signal made for particular ships to weigh. 10.40 A.M.—Weighed to allow *Duke of Wellington* to pass clear. At 11, having water-tank alongside, came to in 22 fathoms. Fleet under way, working down. Breeze freshening, found ship dragging anchor. Stood as close as we could, with safety, in-shore to get out of the way.

Desperate missing stays, and having got stem way fell thwart our hawse, carrying away mainmast and portion of her bulwarks, we losing jib and flying jibboom, and bowsprit cap starting. After this and other mishaps, fleet came to an anchor. Chief more at home in Cowes Roads.

Off Lisbon, Dec. 28. 11.30.—Weighed. Noon.—Made sail, running down the Tagus for a month's cruising for the purpose of exercising newly raised men. Cruising ground between Cape Roca and Madeira. Wind blowing fresh from the N.E., made for the islands.

Dec. 31. 1 P.M.—Came to in 40 fathoms, Funchal Roads. Saluted the Portuguese flag.

CHAPTER LI

St. Jean d'Acre—Cruising

Many friends on shore, besides residents; among them Frederick Grey, with his charming but invalid wife. My intention was, weather permitting, to anchor in the Roads on Saturdays, remain Sundays, and proceed on a cruise Monday mornings. Among sailing and yachting friends was Sir Charles Lyall, requiring change of air. 1854. Madeira, Jan. 2.

Frederick Grey had brought his wife, but she was delicate, and preferred the shore; in such an open anchorage the swell is uncertain. Regular exercise improved health and strength of crew. We sometimes anchored among the Deserter Islands. On Saturdays, if smooth, the poor invalid ladies, mostly young and consumptive, used to come on board in charge of their doctors. Music was always at hand, and very willing partners.

It was pitiable to see the pretty girls, with that sad hectic flush on the cheek, pleading with their doctors for "one, only one" quadrille, and the doctors reminding their patients of the one month, or so many weeks, they had to live, and that each dance would shorten life so many days. Most of the poor dears preferred the dance.

Anchored in Porto Santo, leaving Grey to amuse himself. Started in gig to explore the interior Jan. 13.

1854. harbour. On nearing the land, found a surf breaking: pulled to the eastward. Approaching the Stone, further on, observed smooth water inside the surf. I entered, pulling a good half mile in perfect safety. We amused ourselves in dredging for shells, etc.

On returning on board found that Fred Grey had watched the gig carefully through my best



Gunnery Exercise.

Dolland. Seeing her disappear behind the surf, he told me that he had written the Admiralty an account of my loss, and requested he might be appointed to the vacancy!

Jan. 14. Weighed at daylight, arriving next day in Funchal Roads.

Jan. 17. Had a party on board to breakfast and dance.

Jan. 19. Weighed and made sail, having been most hospitably entertained during our visit.

Jan. 21. The last month's cruise gave me thorough confidence in the crew. We had throughout the usual exercise before sunset in reefing and other

manœuvres. The officers of the night watches were at liberty to use their discretion in making or shortening sail, reporting any change to the Captain. Weather beautiful. Until midnight I had walked the deck with the officer of the watch. My cot was under the poop. 1854.

About an hour after I heard the "pat" of single drops of rain. Recollecting the old saying, "Rain before the wind, take topsails in; wind before the rain, make sail again," I rang the bell for the officer of the watch. He said it was a beautiful night. I cautioned him to keep a good look-out, hands by halyards, etc. Not many minutes after, the three topgallant masts were over the side. The ship was hove to. The wreck was cleared by daylight. Jan. 22.

The wind abated, but not the sea, and, horror of horrors, at daylight the main topmast was found sprung just below the rigging. The main topmast of such a ship was heavy, and with ever so light a swell difficult to control, but I determined to risk the responsibility. The chief danger was, after the head of the new topmast had been passed through the main cap, a lurch might spring the head of the mainmast. Jan. 23.

A victory after a fight could not have given me greater pleasure than when the fid was in its place, and support spread like a cobweb. Fair readers, forgive my attempting to describe the event; such a thing can never happen again. Nor should you hear of it now, had I not registered a vow to tell the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me ——." By the 31st we were in Gibraltar Bay, and soon got rid of every vestige of our mishap.

12.30.—Weighed and steamed out, having received orders to rejoin the Fleet at Lisbon, without delay. Gibraltar, Feb. 4.

1854. Feb. 5. 3 P.M.—Observed the fleet in the Tagus, Rear-Admiral Corry having shifted his flag from blue to white. 4.30.—Came to in 12 fathoms off Belem Castle, having eight days' quarantine to complete from the time of leaving Gibraltar.

Feb. 6. De Crispigny promoted to rank of Lieutenant, and appointed to *James Watts*. Put him on board *Desperate* as she steamed past on her way home.

Lisbon, Feb. 12. 11 A.M.—Weighed, rejoined fleet, came to off Packet Stairs.

Feb. 15. Weighed and made sail as per signal. Hove to for fleet at noon; filled and took station in line-of-battle astern of flag, *Duke of Wellington* leading division.

At Sea, Feb. 21. 9 A.M.—Fleet formed ahead of lee column. Hove to; laid out targets and exercised at general quarters.

Mar. 1. Arrived Spithead. Found *Princess Royal* with flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier; *Edinburgh*, flag of Rear-Admiral Chads; *Boscawen*, *Hogue*, *Odin*, *Leopard*, *Magæra*, *Dragon*, *Simoom*, and *Frolic*. 5 P.M.—Sailed *Simoom*, one of our early magnificent class of transports, with First Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards *en route* to Crimea. Manned rigging and cheered.

Mar. 2. Completed water. Sent Phipps, one of our promising youngsters, to the hospital. Laid out, and had constant practice at target (an exercise which continued to end of the chapter!).

Mar. 5. Arrived *Royal George*, Codrington.

Mar. 10. Arrived *Duke of Wellington*, and hoisted flag of Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Manned yards, fired royal salute, and cheered as Her Majesty passed through the fleet.

Mar. 11. 12.30—The Queen visited the fleet in the *Fairy* yacht. Cheered from the rigging as Her Majesty

passed. Later, signal from the yacht for Admirals and Captains to be presented to Her Majesty by the First Lord of the Admiralty. 1854.

Each ship had friends on board. I had my due proportion of visitors. Among them Brierly, nephew Bury; Edward, now Lord Digby; young Harry Stephenson, whose father, my brother-in-law, had quarrelled with me not long before for having offered to take one of his boys to sea. He now was the greatest child, dancing a hornpipe on the forecastle in Hessian boots! His son Harry, too young to enter the Navy, was stowed away, and remained with me, as did Brierly and Bury.

The wind was west-north-west. Made sail before weighing. Yards braced for casting to port. Although on the poop with friends had assumed charge. Signal made, "Fleet to weigh." Her Majesty in yacht ready to lead.

The master at that moment reported there was only one ship's length between us and the head of the Spit. The anchor was already at the cathead. Piped "Belay." "Man starboard braces." As she came head to wind, ran the jibs up, heading towards the Spit. With the stern-way thus secured we were in deep water, and shortly in position next astern of the flag. Old seamen may ask, "Why starboard instead of port braces?"

For increase of purchase I had the head braces, when they reached the main bitts, led across, which was quickly understood by that useful body of men the Royal Marines. When this little manœuvre was explained, Digby went below and wrote a cheque for £100. Never was a tip more welcome. Her Majesty led the fleet as far as the Nab. 2.30.—Hove to. Friends left according to their arrange-

1854. ments as we ran slowly along the coast. Wind fair, weather fine, and constant communication. Many remained until following day. With yachts and pleasure boats it was a grand sight. At 4 P.M. we, by signal, formed into two lines—

PORT.	STARBOARD.
Edinburgh.	*Duke of Wellington.*
Hogue.	*St. Jean d'Acre.*
Blenheim.	*Royal George.*
Ajax.	*Princess Royal.*
Tribune.	*Imperieuse.*
Amphion.	*Arrogant.*

Frigates: *Leopard*, flag of Admiral Plumridge, *Valorous* and *Dragon*.

Mar. 12. *Hecla* joined with Baltic pilots. Rough lot; huge pipes, sealskin caps, and waistcoats!

Mar. 13. Fleet weighed. Proceeded. Dense fog.

Mar. 15. No rendezvous given.

Mar. 16. Admiral firing a gun every fifteen minutes. Fog continuing. Several of the fleet missing.

Vinga Sound, Mar. 19. Admiral shifted flag to *Valorous* and proceeded to Copenhagen.

Mar. 22. Sunset.—*Valorous* returned with Commander-in-Chief, bringing lots of cherry brandy.

Vinga Sound, Mar. 23. Weighed in company with fleet. Formed prescribed order of sailing, proceeded towards the Great Belt. 3. P.M.—*Neptune*, with flag of Rear-Admiral Corry, in sight. Salutes exchanged between Admirals. Signal made "Prepare to anchor." The usual routine of manœuvring, firing at targets, etc., went on. *St. Jean d'Acre* being one of the few fitted with distilling apparatus, we were constantly supplying other ships with pure water.

Squally weather. 1.30.—Parted B.B. cable while veering quickly after letting go, but saved fouling *Royal George*. Struck topmasts and let go sheet-anchor. 1854. Kioga Bay, April 3.

Succeeded in hooking B.B. cable, but too much swell to weigh. Succeeded later. April 4.

Following communication made from Commander-in-Chief by signal flags from each yard-arm as well as masthead.

"Lads! war is declared; with a bold and numerous enemy to meet.

"Should they offer us battle, you know how to dispose of them.

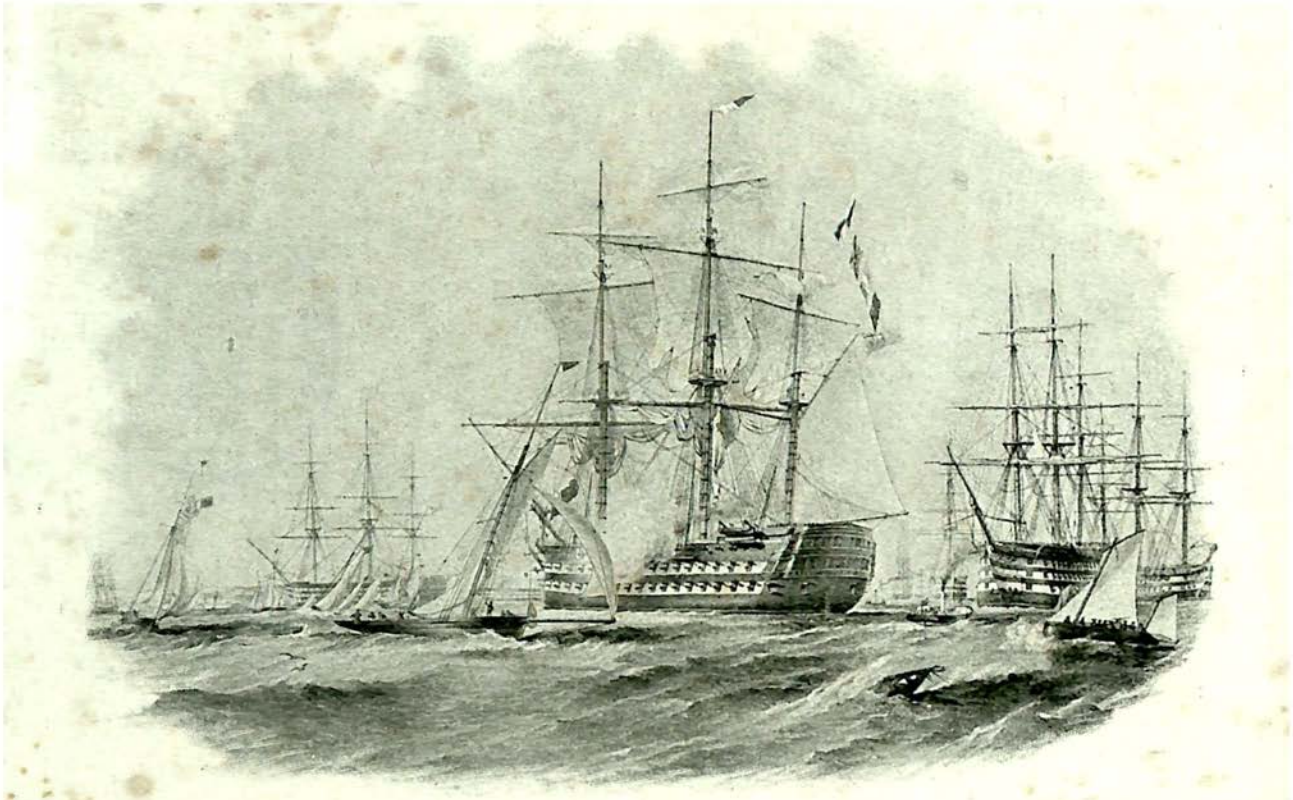
"Should they remain in port we must try and get at them.

"Success depends on the precision and quickness of your firing.

"Lads! sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!"

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St. Jean d'Acre.

CHAPTER LII

The Baltic Fleet

My cabin was the after-part of the main-deck, with its accommodation and comforts; but under the impression that business was intended I did away with luxuries. Instead of drawers I had tin cases to fit neatly overhead between the beams. One quarter-gallery was my bath and dressing-room; no bulk-heads of any sort. At dinner-time a temporary canvas-screen fitted, after we went to the stern walk, which did duty of after-cabin. Exercising at quarters, we transferred the foremost guns from each side, and fired them out of my cabin windows. 1854. Kioga Bay.

On visiting Clarence Paget in the *Princess Royal* I found a cot hung up, with a chubby-faced boy down with fever. It was Victor Montagu, the young son of Lord Sandwich, midshipman and nephew of his captain. We met afterwards in China and elsewhere.

Daylight.—Fleet weighed and made sail as per signal. In all, 39 pennants. April 12.

Dressed ships with masthead flags in honour of the birthday of the Princess Alice. April 25.

Arrived the *Austerlitz*, 100 guns, screw propeller, Captain Laurençin, the first of the French fleet. She had been several days at different rendezvous. On board was my friend Gizholme of Tahiti as second. May 1.

1854. Our meeting was cordial: we embraced as Frenchmen. Beyond the exchange of salutes, no further public mark shown of how we appreciated the alliance, but the figureheads, "Napoleon and Wellington," were confronting one another.

Elgsmabben, May 4. Arrived, Captain Henry Seymour, from West Indies and England. We had long been on the look-out for the *Cumberland*. It was a pleasure and amusement to initiate Seymour into the mysteries of this warlike fleet, which no one seemed to understand. My friend had a charming younger brother, Wilfrid, with him, whose profession had not been decided on. Henry was full of life and spirits, looking forward to great things—yet to be done.

May 5. Fleet weighed as per signal, screws under steam, and proceeded through the Dalärö Channel. Rendezvous Golska Sands. *Austerlitz* in co. Before the leading ships had reached the Landsort Lighthouse, the whole fleet was enveloped in fog.

May 7. Commander George Wodehouse joined the fleet.

May 8. Intelligence having reached of death from drowning of Captain Foote of the *Conflict*, the Admiral promoted Commander Cumming of the *Gorgon* into the vacancy, appointing Commander Cracroft of this ship to the *Gorgon*; sending the Commander of the *Cressy*, John Dorville, who was anxious for a change anywhere, to the *St. Jean d'Acre*; and promoting the first lieutenant of the *Duke*, an arrangement which appeared to give satisfaction to all parties except myself, who had parted with an esteemed friend and

May 17. good officer. I was glad, however, to get Dorville.

A division of ships placed under command of Rear-Admiral Corry. Remainder formed into two lines:—

Duke of Wellington.	*Edinburgh.*	1854.
Hogue.	*Cressy.*	
St. Jean d'Acre.	*Cæsar.*	
Blenheim.	*Princess Royal.*	
Austerlitz.		

We used to be next astern of the flag, but I fancy the Chief got tired of our figurehead—a fine half-figure of Sir Robert Stopford—always looking into the stern-windows of his cabin! Running for Hangö.

11 A.M.—Signal made for us to proceed in chase of a stranger ahead. May 14 having been fixed as the latest day on which neutral vessels quitting a Russian port would be allowed to pass the line of blockade, brought in sight a number of vessels, from whom we obtained accurate information of the position and force of the Russian fleets at Kronstadt and Helsingfors. 8 P.M.—Resumed station in line of battle. Running for Hangö Island.

Signal made for us to look out on starboard beam of flag. May 18.

7 A.M.—Boarded several vessels that had left Kronstadt or Narva on or before the 14th. 8.30 P.M. —Resumed station. May 19.

Arrived *Arrogant* and *Hecla* with Russian prize barque, which they had cut out at Eckness. They were cheered on joining the fleet. May 21.

Received from the *St. George* our spare screw propeller, seven tons weight; awkward to stow. Placed it athwart, and between the end of the booms and galley-funnels. Still supplying distilled water!! May 22.

Fired royal salute in commemoration of Her Majesty's birthday. May 24.

9.30 A.M.—Commander-in-Chief came on board, nominally to inspect, and left again after having made some unjust remarks relative to the gunnery Hangö Roads, May 26.

1854. and drill of the ship, such as, if reported to the Admiralty, might be considered by them as an excuse for his having for so long persistently avoided the neighbourhood of the enemy's ships.

June 2. 8.45.—Came to with the fleet in Barösund.

June 3. Arrived *Hecla*, who supplied us with eight oxen, without fodder! Slaughtered them. Received more potatoes than we could consume.

June 4. Arrived *Pigmy*, Lieutenant James Hunt, my *Dido* shipmate.

June 9. Stood out of Barösund.

June 12. 5.30 A.M.—Weighed under steam, standing to the eastward. *Immerieuse* and *Arrogant* joined, we being on their cruising-ground. Fleet came to off Helsingfors, from which place, by telescope, the masts of some of the Russian fleet could be seen at anchor in the harbour.

June 13. At 5.30 A.M.—Fleet weighed and made sail. 6.30.—Observed the French fleet to the westward. The French Vice-Admiral, M. P. Deschênes, hoisted the English ensign at the main, and saluted flag of Sir Charles Napier. Salute returned. English fleet saluting French flag. 10.—Shortened and furled; proceeded under steam.

On joining company, found French fleet to consist of the *Inflexible*, 90, Vice-Admiral Deschênes; *Du Guesclin*, 90, Rear-Admiral Penana; *Hercule*, 100, Captain Louien; *Jemappes*, 100, Captain Robin du Parc; *Taga*, 100, Captain Fabore; *Duperié*, 82, Captain Penana; and *Trident*, 82, Captain F. de Maussion de Condé, with seven frigates, besides steamers. French fleet hove to, while our fleet passed heading into Barösund. Paddle-wheel steamers assisting in towing French fleet in.

1 P.M.—Came to in sixteen fathoms. After the

French fleet had anchored, the allied forces in Barösund consisted of 19 English ships of the line (11 of these screws), 8 French ships of the line (1 screw) 4 French, and one English frigate, 13 steamers of both nations. We had also the *Belleisle* (Hospital) and *Resistance*, store-ship, making a total of 47 men-of-war. There were in the anchorage *Esmeralda*, and R.Y.S. *Gondola*, Lord Lichfield's yacht, besides colliers and transports, making altogether a goodly sight. The French fleet had 2000 marines on board, beyond their complement. 1854.



The Commander-in-Chief.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier visited the French Commander-in-Chief in the *Inflexible*; the French fleet manning yards and cheering. June 14.

French Vice-Admiral, Parseval Deschênes, returned Sir Charles Napier's visit. The captains of the British ships attended on board the *Duke of Wellington*, when they were introduced to the French Admiral, and honours paid him similar to those received by Sir Charles Napier. Barösund, June 15.

Received powder and shot from *Resistance*.

Laid out targets at 750 yards, and exercised at general quarters. Practice particularly good at mark —a single staff cut down over and over again. Received shot from *Resistance*, 10, troop-ship, Master Commander Manser Bradshaw. June 16.

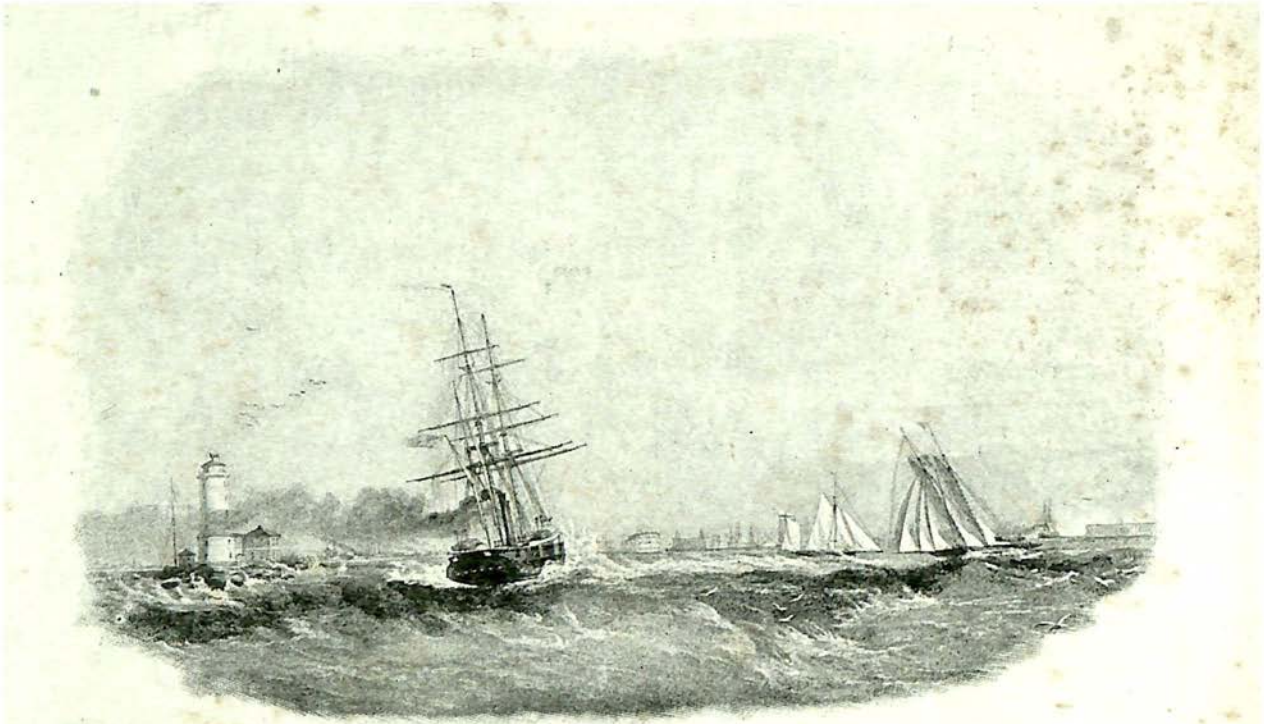
1854. June 20. Dressed ship with masthead flags, and at noon both fleets fired a royal salute in honour of anniversary of Her Majesty's accession.

Sestran Island, June 24. French fleet proceeded to eastward, Admirals communicating, when it was proposed by Parseval Deschênes to Sir Charles Napier that, to prove to the Russians the *entente cordiale* that existed between our nations, the English screw-liners should each take a French liner in tow, and proceed in line past the Russian forts, the French Admiral, as senior officer, waiving his right of precedence. His proposition was not acceded to by Sir Charles Napier; the excuse that "His Captains were too inexperienced to undertake such an operation"!

Off Kronstadt, June 26. 5 A.M.—Fleet weighed under steam. French fleet in co., proceeding easy to eastward. 11 A.M.—Approached near enough to Kronstadt to observe the mastheads of the Russian fleet and then wore. 1.50.—Came to in 16 fathoms. Anchored in two columns. Frigates and steamers sent to reconnoitre.

June 27. *Driver* arrived. Cholera made its appearance on board both fleets. Elliot, Clarence Paget, and myself took advantage of a kind invitation from Lord Lichfield for a sail on board the *Gondola*, as we might run pretty close to the entrance of Kronstadt without attracting attention.

We were some distance inside the Tolbeacon Lighthouse, as were also the cruising frigates, when we observed a large Russian steamer standing out. When it was thought advisable for us to haul to the wind, the sudden change of motion and difference of size of ships had the effect on me of a stomach pump; and when it was reported that the Russian was steering for us, I considered myself a Russian prisoner! However, cruisers quickly discovered our position



The Gondola *Yacht off Tolbeacon Light.*

1854. and ran towards the Russian, which returned to Kronstadt. This led to a report getting into the English papers that we had been chased by the Emperor Nicholas in person.

June 28. Hoisted masthead flags, and at noon both fleets fired a royal salute in honour of anniversary of Her Majesty's coronation. On these occasions the French and English flags were hoisted together. My distillery was never at rest, supplying fleet with the purest of water.

June 29. 9.30 A.M.—Weighed; made all plain sail for exercise. During our stay off Kronstadt, steamers and boats from the fleet were continually sounding on the north side of the island, thereby pointing out from whence an attack might be expected, when nothing of the sort was ever contemplated.

July 1. There was a creek that ran up a considerable distance to the rear of the Kronstadt Batteries. Scarcely a ship of the line that did not submit to the consideration of the Commander-in-Chief an exact model of the boats and spars, with weight and draught of each, by which heavy ordnance could be conveyed to the rear of the Russian Batteries. The Commander-in-Chief's fore-cabin was half full of these clever and interesting models, which were not even acknowledged.

July 2. 9.30.—Weighed under steam. Fleets in co. 6 P.M.—Came to off Seskan Island.

No encouragement given by Chief to mix with cheery allies.

July 13. Sailed *Majestic*, on a cruise, being sickly with cholera.

July 18. Arrived *Dauntless*, 33, screw-steamer frigate. Captain Alfred P. Ryder. Joined Mr. Stanley Graham, son of First Lord, midshipman from *Dauntless*.

Admiral Corry returning to England in *Dauntless*, ships remaining were placed under the orders of Commodore Martin, and proceeded to cruise in the Gulf of Finland. 4.30 P.M.—Arrived Admiral Plumridge in *Leopard*; with a division of steamers joined company. 7 P.M.—Rounded Lagskar Lighthouse. 9.45.—Came to in 13 fathoms in Ledsund. 1854. July 21.

Notice having been received that 10,000 French troops were coming out, preparations were made for an attack on the fort at Bomarsund. The destruction of which might, with little or no difficulty, have been accomplished in the month of April by a division of the British fleet. July 22.

At daylight the block-ships and *Amphion* under Admiral Chads, and steam division under Admiral Plumridge, proceeded towards Bomarsund—a safe channel for ships of any draught having been discovered by Captain William Hall of *Hecla*, and afterwards buoyed off by Captain Sullivan.

Marines inspected by Colonel Graham, who pronounced them the finest body of men he had seen in the fleet. July 24.

Odin arrived; Captain Francis Scott, old friend of my lieutenant days. July 26.

Supplied *Cumberland* with water. Sent three cholera cases to *Belleisle*. July 29.

Four more cholera cases; making us anxious for health of crew. Arrived General Barraguay d'Hilliers and staff in the French Emperor's yacht *La Reine Hortense* from Stockholm; received him with cheers and yards manned. Visits exchanged between Chiefs and others. Manning of yards. July 31.

French and English Generals and engineer officers visiting Bomarsund to make arrangements prior to attack. Steam vessels constantly on the move between Aug. 1.

1854. this anchorage and Åland Islands. More cholera cases! Ordered by Commander-in-Chief to send field-pieces, *without men*, on board *Driver* for conveyance to Admiral Chads.

Aug. 5. Another death, a marine, from cholera, making, since its first appearance on 27th June, twenty cases, of which twelve proved fatal.

Aug. 6. French ships proceeding towards Bomarsund, four of their largest ships, with both Admirals, besides frigates, steamers, and transports.

Aug. 7. Sent scaling ladders to *Bulldog* for conveyance to Admiral Chads. General Barraguay d'Hilliers proceeded to Bomarsund in *La Reine Hortense*. Embarked seventy marines under command of Captain Clavell, and Lieutenants Brooke and Davidson, on board *Dawn*, in compliance with a request made by Barraguay d'Hilliers, but reluctantly acceded to by Sir Charles Napier, for land service.

Not, as the General informed me, that he required the force, but that he was anxious we should share in all operations; such being the express wish of the French Emperor. Lieutenant Lennox attended as A.D.C. to Colonel Graham. All remaining transports and steamers proceeded up. Commander-in-Chief, attended by the Captain of the Fleet, Rear-Admiral Seymour and suite, hoisted his flag in *Bulldog*.

CHAPTER LIII

The Bombardment of Bomarsund

Before Bomarsund was regularly invested there were places where our wardroom officers could land by twos and threes for exercise, when it was not worth while for the Russian Circular Towers to expend ammunition. 1854.

On one occasion, when the officers had taken my nephew, Harry Stephenson, a round shot buried itself within a few yards of them. They dispersed in haste, all but young Harry, who picked up a pointed stick and commenced digging at his first trophy.

The *St. Jean d'Acre* and the *Cumberland* were, with many others, at Ledsund, five-and-twenty miles from Bomarsund; but Seymour and I thought, for the good of the Service, we should be eye-witnesses of the preparations. The troops left for Bomarsund on the afternoon of the 7th. Late in the evening Henry Seymour and I started in my gig, sailing or pulling easily.

In a thick fog, about 3 A.M., we landed on a wooden pier to cook an early coffee. While this was going on we heard *three* heavy explosions. Seymour thought it must be the Admirals' daylight guns. But there were only two Admirals! Aug. 8.

Although in a dense fog, with our boat's compass

1854. we knew pretty well where we ought to be, and found ourselves alongside the *Blenheim*, 60, Captain Hon. Fred Pelham, who gave us all the information we required.

The ball was to open at daylight, by the French steamer *Phlegethon* and English frigate *Amphion*, who had ascertained the exact range of the Russian fort that was intended to destroy any force that might attempt a landing.

After a while we found ourselves close to the very fort on which the frigates were to open fire. Neither seeing anything nor hearing the slightest noise we entered by one of the embrasures. It was deserted, but before doing so the Russians had attempted to burst the guns, and had only partially succeeded. One gun had the muzzle blown off; one only had completely burst; a third had gone off, but half-buried itself in the earth. There were in all five heavy eight-inch guns. These three explosions were what Seymour and myself had heard while drinking our coffee on the wooden pier.

It was now about the appointed time that the frigates were to open fire on the fort we were in; they had taken the exact range the previous evening. We lay off, the fog as dense as ever. We were none too soon. The *Amphion* and *Phlegethon* fired shell, which, bursting in the fort, had the appearance in the fog of a return fire.

After a while there was a lull. Presently we heard distant cheering. This was from the crews coming to take possession of the fort they had silenced. The fog continued, and it was high time we took care of ourselves. On the south-eastern end of the anchorage, in Lumpar Bay, was the *Odin* steamer, 16 guns, commanded by our young old friend, Frank

Scott. Here we were well taken care of and jolly, narrating our adventures. Wilfrid Seymour had joined us from the *Sphynx*. 1854.

It was between 2 and 3 P.M. when the officer of the watch reported the Admiral coming. What were we to do? Frank Scott had a lumber cabin in which he kept spare furniture when clear for action. In this we hid. When he and Sir Charles had sat down to the usual grog, the Chief said to Scott :— "That was a dom'd fine thing of the frigates this morning." Scott replied, without thinking, "Why, I hear there was no one in the fort"! To which the old Chief replied, "Who has been telling you a dom'd lie? Why, Chaads saw, from the masthead, at least five hundred soldiers rush out"!

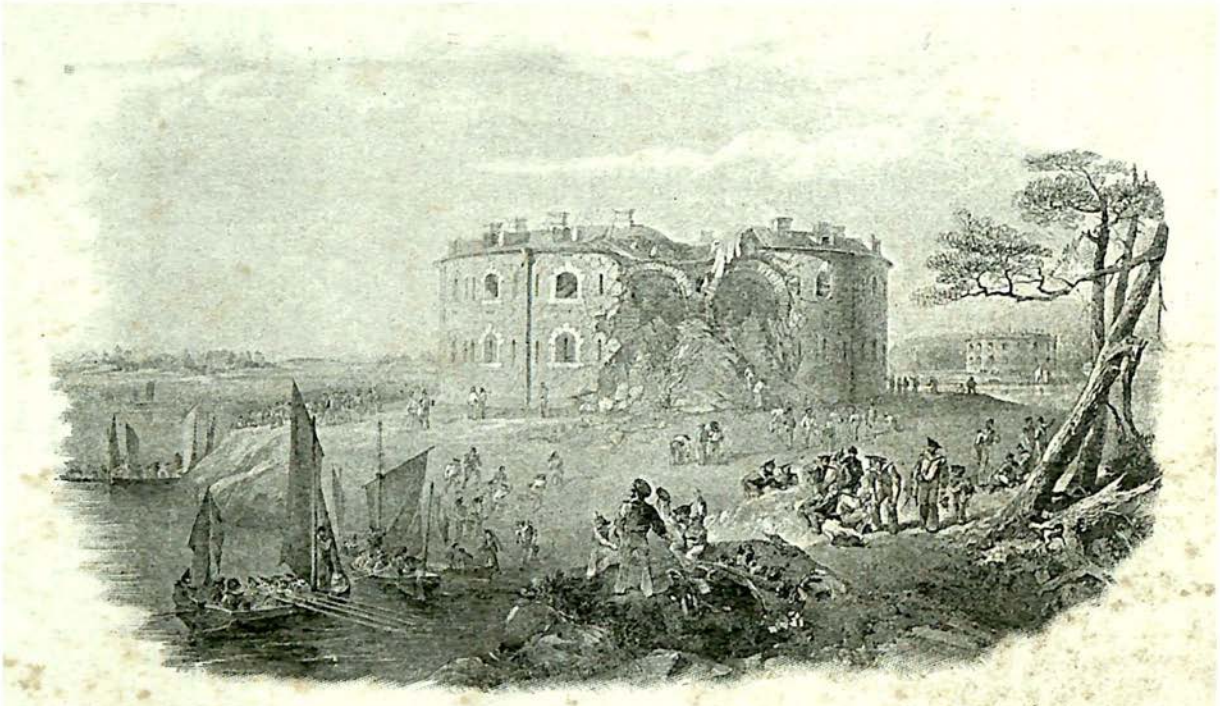
On the morning of the 10th the disembarkation of the guns commenced. Each ship had been ordered to prepare two sledges, made according to a pattern by Captain Ramsay of the *Hogue*.

Amongst the officers so employed was H.S.H. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, mate of the *Cumberland*, who was put in charge of a 12-pounder field-piece, with which he kept one of the circular forts employed. He was very happy, pounding away at the fort, all the while puffing at his pet meerschaum "peep."

It is not my intention to trouble my readers with a sailor's opinion of the capture of Bomarsund. Experienced officers, both French and English, worked well together.

I was like the boy that was sent to a French school, who, on inquiry of his parents when he got home for the holidays, said, "We had nothing to do, and we did it." But with my friend Henry Seymour, who had his younger brother (now General Lord

1854. William Seymour, in command of our troops in Canada), we had great fun; with a tent between us and our ships' gigs we really enjoyed ourselves. On one occasion, when camped under a hill, the Russian shot passed over our heads into the country beyond. The next morning Henry felt a little nervous on account of the young brother, and proposed shifting our tent nearer the hill; the change was only just completed, when a round shot dropped into the site of our former position.



Circular Fort, Bomarsund.

CHAPTER LIV

St. Jean d'Acre

1854. SHIPS and steamers coming from Bomarsund.

Ledsund. Aug. 17. Launches employed in conveying prisoners from steamers to troop-ships. The lately promoted Rear-Admiral Michael Seymour hoisted his flag in *Duke of Wellington.*

Aug. 19. Plumridge sailed in *Leopard* to relieve Henry Martin, in command of the reserve division at Nargen.

Aug. 20. Sailed *Hannibal*, Commodore Hon. Frederick Grey, *Algiers*, *St. Vincent*, *Royal William*, *Termagant*, *Sphynx*, and *Gladiator* with Russian prisoners. Several pleasure steamers from Stockholm passed on their way to Bomarsund.

Aug. 22. Three block-ships, with *Bulldog*, bearing flag of Commander-in-Chief, came down from Bomarsund.

Aug. 26. Dressed ship with masthead flags, and at noon fired a royal salute in commemoration of Prince Albert's birthday.

Sept. 1. *Cuckoo* arrived from Bomarsund with flag of Rear-Admiral Seymour, which was transferred to the *Duke.*

Sept. 2. All the paddle-steamers went up to assist in towing transports with French troops; they, as

well as the French men-of-war, preparing to quit Bomarsund on the destruction of the forts. 1854.

It was a grand sight, the blowing up of the forts: expensive as well.

Heard that my old shipmate of *Dido*, Jim Hunt, now in command of *Pigmy*, had gone wrong side of the red buoy and was on shore. Went in gig to ascertain amount of assistance required. Found that anchor had been laid out, but the crew were tired or else too lazy to work. It was evident that they had been observed by Russians on the high ground beyond the Narrows, and shortly two pieces of artillery hove in sight. Sept. 3.

My boat's crew were ready to help, when Jim Hunt thus addressed his crew:

"The enemy in sight with guns! We shall be made prisoners. You,—you lazy blackguards, will be marched off to Siberia, fed on sour krout and tallow candles; while *I* shall be fêted and fed on shore in the best society!"

The speech told. *Pigmy* arrived at Ledsund. Field-Marshal Barraguay d'Hilliers came down from Bomarsund in a French war steamer. Both fleets manned yards, the flagships saluting, and at 3 P.M. he sailed for France. Ledsund.

Arrived *La Reine Hortense*, bringing a Field-Marshal's baton for General Barraguay d'Hilliers. Sept. 12.

Leopard, with flag of Rear-Admiral Martin, came from Bomarsund, having remained to witness destruction of all the works completed. Sept. 14.

Fleet weighed per signal and proceeded under steam. French fleet in company. Formed order of sailing in two columns. French Admiral saluted. On his salute being returned by the *Duke*, fleet hoisted French colours. Parted company with French fleet. Sept. 19.

1854. Sept. 20. Arrived Russian steamer with flag of truce, and communicated with Commander-in-Chief. Fleet weighed, proceeding under steam. Formed order of sailing in two columns.

Sept. 21. *Euryalus* joined company. Came to, per signal, off Nargen Island.

Nargen Island, Oct. 10. 2 P.M.—Arrived *Bulldog* with mail. Dressed ship with masthead flags, and fired a royal salute in commemoration of the victory gained by the Allied Army at Alma on September 20 in the Crimea.

Oct. 23. Came to in Kiel Harbour. Received the following interesting letter from my nephew, Augustus Stephenson :—

ROOKSBURY, *October* 12, 1854.

MY DEAR UNCLE—We have this day received your letter of October 3, and are delighted at so good an account of yourself.

We hope before you receive this that little Harry will have rejoined you.

By your letter I suppose you have heard of the false news we received here in England of the taking of Sevastopol.

The news was false at the time; though I believe it was only premature, as before now, I trust, we are in the possession of it.

The papers of to-day say that the bombardment commenced at 5 P.M. on the 4th of this month.

You say you now receive no newspapers, though before you receive this you will no doubt have heard of the glorious victory of the Alma, on the 20th.

The despatches are too large to put into this letter, and, moreover, you must get them before you receive this.

It seems to have been a wonderful affair.

Menschikoff, whose private papers, carriage, etc., were taken by the French, had written to the Emperor to say he could hold the position for three weeks at least.

It was stormed in three hours!

Poor Wenny (Coke), after all his trouble to be in time, was left in charge of the baggage at Varna!

We had a letter from him, written in the highest spirits;



The Battle of the Alma.

1854. he was to have embarked (as he then thought) on the following day.

Our friends in the Fusilier Guards have been sadly knocked about. Chewton is reported as having died since. That report is now contradicted, but he is fearfully wounded. He was bayonetted on the ground and has eleven wounds.

Haygarth was lying with his leg broken, and a Russian, attempting to blow his head off, shot away the upper part of his shoulder.

He, however, has got as far as Malta on his way home.

Astley, I hear, has written home for all his friends in hospital. He himself is shot through the neck, but says he would not have been altogether missed on any account!

Buckley very badly shot. Eumismore many wounds. Black Dal, but slightly wounded in the knee. Hepburn lost an arm. Bulwer hit in the head only.

I believe you know most of these men. You remember Hugh Drummond at Woolmer; he is reported to have bagged three Russians, who came at him after his horse was shot, with his revolvers!

Burghersh, who brought home the despatches, says that the pluck of our troops was perfectly wonderful.

The only Guardsman killed was Cust: leg carried off by a cannon ball. He died after undergoing amputation. As for family news, we are all well. I am off to-morrow on my sessions and hope to come to you when you arrive to welcome you back all safe.

Love from all to you and the young 'un.—Ever your most affectionate nephew,

(Signed) AUGUSTUS K. STEPHENSON.

Kiel, Nov. 9. Dressed with masthead flags, and at noon fired a royal salute in commemoration of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

Nov. 22. Signal to *Princess Royal* and *Acre* to "Prepare for sea."

My vanity may be excused in inserting the following paragraph from a book published recently by my friend Clarence Paget:—

At last came the joyful day when we were to return to England. 1854.

We were to hoist Seymour's flag and take *St. Jean d'Acre* with us. I know not why we were always sent in couples; perhaps it may be that we were known by the authorities to be what is called "chummy ships," but we are always in company, and very good company she is with her jolly, cheerful skipper, Harry Keppel, brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb.

Rear-Admiral Michael Seymour hoisted his flag on board *Princess Royal* and exchanged salutes with Commander-in-Chief, *Acre* being placed under his orders. Nov. 24.

Daylight.—Weighed under steam. Exchanged cheers from rigging with *James Watt*, George Elliott's ship, which was disapproved of by signal from Commander-in-Chief, *Princess Royal* in company. Nov. 25.

Weighed and proceeded under easy steam in wake of flag. Nov. 30.

2 P.M.—Furled sails. Came to at 4.30 in West Port, Christiansund. Landed and bought in market twelve brace of capercailzie. Country covered with frozen snow, over which we drove in carriages. Dec. 2.

Being the Sabbath, coals not to be obtained until the afternoon, when *Princess Royal* took in some from lighters sent alongside, containing about fifteen tons each. Dec. 3.

Decks covered with 5 or 6 inches of snow. Weighed and followed *Princess Royal*. Dec. 4.

Westerly wind and dirty weather. Asked permission, per signal, to stand in under shelter of Yarmouth. Answer, "Rendezvous, Plymouth," in case of parting company. At 7 lost sight of flag. Dec. 8.

6,15.—Came to in the Downs. Landed Baltic pilot, he having been on board nine months, at fifteen shillings a day, without being of the slightest use. Dec. 9.

1854. Dec. 10. 2.30 A.M.—Came to in Plymouth Sound. Found *Princess Royal*, *Cæsar*, and *Monarch*. Saluted flag of Admiral Sir William Parker, K.G.C.B.

Dec. 13. Plymouth, Dec. 18. Steamed into harbour; ship's company turned over to *Bellona* hulk. Ship taken into Keyham Dock.

Orders to prepare ship for reception of troops, and proceed to the Crimea. Seeing no other chance I started for London before their arrival, and was followed by a most kind letter from the First Lord to dine *en famille* and so meet his son on Christmas Day.

What could have been more agreeable? But I had to take leave of a dear shipmate, Fred Horton, of whom the doctors gave a bad account, to prepare to receive a General and Staff, and embark 1200 troops at Cork for the Crimea.

Dec. 26. Slipped moorings and proceeded under steam into the Sound.

Dec. 30. Received the following from Admiralty:—

December 30, 1854.

MY DEAR KEPPEL—Make haste or you will be too late for the fun.

Admiral Lyons writes in high spirits, date 13th inst.

Admiral Seymour, to whom I have written, will do all that is right about cabins for your passengers.

Lyons is not the man I take him for if he does not find you something to occupy you, even if you are not in time to charge the barrier across Sevastopol Harbour.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) M. F. H. BERKELEY.

CHAPTER LV

The Crimea

Plymouth Sound. 1855.

2 P.M.—Slipped moorings. Came to in the Sound. Obliged to close lower deck ports to prevent watermen pitching parcels on board for the Crimea. New Year's dinner with Admiral Sir William Parker, my old Chief in China. Jan. 1.

Glad to meet again, residing here, Mrs. Keith Stewart; accompanied her to lunch with Lord Mount Edgcumbe. Dinner with the Charles Edens to meet my passengers, Generals Barnard and Lord Rokeby. Plymouth, Jan. 2.

Lord George Lennox down to sail to Cork with us. 3 P.M.—Crimean Generals came alongside in a steamer. Was obliged to leave young Graham, Birch, and George Wodehouse to follow. Jan. 3.

Arrived in afternoon at Cove of Cork, saluting flag of Admiral Carrol. Generals and I dined with him; Miss Carrol managing her father's house. Cork, Jan. 4.

Received 645 troops, drafts for different regiments in the Crimea, consisting of the following :—

63rd Regt., 51 men, Lieuts. Hunt and Hand.

30th Regt., 51 men, Capt. Robertson, Lieut. Hill.

33rd Regt., 97 men, Capt. Ellis, Lieut. Wallis, Ensign Ellis.

1855. 47th Regt., 67 men, Capt. Elgee.

41st Regt., 109 men, Capt. Bertram, Lieuts. Lambert and Nowlan.

17th Regt., 122 men, Capt. Colthurst, Lieut. Thompson, Ensigns Travis and Disbourne.

50th Regt., 17 men.

68th Regt., 17 men.

55th Regt., 39 men, Lieut. Hannay.

49th Regt., 67 men, Lieut. Eustace.

57th Regt., 9 men, Capt. Brown, Lieut. Ashwin.

Not sorry to receive telegram to wait for Graham. So need not sail on Friday.

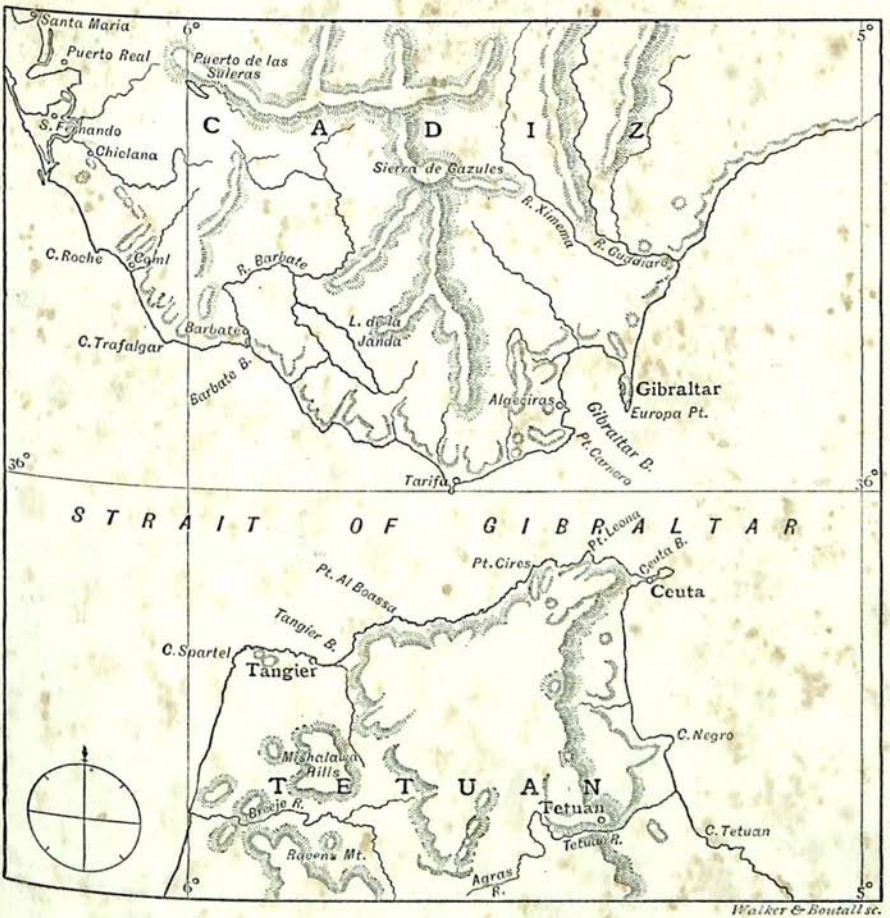
Jan. 5. Shifted berth into Fairway. Schetky, late drawing master of Royal Naval College, breakfasted with me.

Jan. 6. Got fairly away by 8 A.M., George Lennox leaving with the pilot. We exchanged binoculars by mistake. My guests, Generals Barnard and Lord Rokeby, Colonels Warde and Arthur Lowry Cole, A.D.C's. Wellesley and Barnard, all good fellows. Lord Rokeby, a soldier of Waterloo, the cheeriest of all; but he, poor fellow, had lately lost a promising young and only son. I was admitted to his confidence. Bright and cheery as he was in company, it was a sad consolation for him to describe in private the loss he had sustained; outside, no one could have detected that he had a trouble in the world.

. . . . . .

It was the depth of winter. On the way out I had made for my Generals and Colonels canvas bags, impervious to wet or cold, in which they could lie down with uniforms on. . . .

Jan. 7. People and luggage beginning to shake down into their places. Officers, determined to be pleased, made no complaints. Among the passengers were some for whom it was difficult to find a berth. The good Chaplain


Santa Maria
Puerto Real
Puerto de las Suleras
S. Fernando
Chiclana
C A D I Z
Sierra de Cazules
R. Ximena
R. Guadiaro
C. Roche
Conil
R. Barbate
Barbate
C. Trafalgar
L. de la Janda
Barbate R.
Algesiras
Gibraltar
Europa Pt.
Gibraltar B.
Pt. Carnero
Tarifa
36°
6°
5°
STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR
Pt. Leona
Ceuta B.
Pt. Cires
Ceuta
Pt. Al Boassa
Tangier B.
C. Spartel
Tangier
C. Negro
Michelawa Hills
T E T U A N
Tetuan
Tetuan R.
C. Tetuan
Broeje R.
Ravens Mt.
Agras R.
Walker & Boutall sc.

1855. "Thomas" spotted one[1] so situated, and ascertaining that he knew not where to sleep, put him into his, the Chaplain's cabin, making for himself a bed under the wardroom mess-table.

Jan. 11. Soldiers are naturally fond of lounging about the boom-boats. Discovered afterwards our cheery Irish recruits had devoured half a ton of raw turnips that had been sent on board for the sheep.

Gibraltar, Jan. 12. At sunset we were off the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar. Strong easterly wind, and the usual inrush of sea; but as it was about our dinner time, I had sails furled, and left the Master to steer by the well-lighted Spanish coast. When I came on the poop-deck, shortly followed by my guests, a bright light, broad on the port bow, made me inquire of the Master what it was. He informed me it was Tarifa Point. Having ascertained the bearings, I saw at once that it must be Europa Point, some twenty miles in advance, and ordered "Starboard the helm."

Twenty years had elapsed since, when in command of *Childers* brig, I had made almost monthly visits to meet the English mail at Gibraltar. My poor nervous Master, who could not have reckoned on the rush of sea into the Mediterranean, exclaimed, before my Generals and other guests: "You forget, sir, that you have on board 1200 men in addition to the ship's company." Ordered him to his cabin under arrest!

What my guests in charge of the 1200 troops must have thought I know not, but they behaved like the noble fellows they were. I was younger than most of them, and there must have been many persons on that deck who can still corroborate what I write. The angle formed in our wake caused the

[1] Lord Dangan, Coldstream Guards.

propelling screw to cut the lead lines, which were also cut as soon as replaced. However, in a few minutes we had the full blaze of lights on the Rock itself; the harbour was a mass of shipping. We could only obtain proper anchorage by passing under the stern of the largest transport I could find. We had fortunately here about the most promising of our young Captains, George Grey, in charge of the dockyard. His perfect arrangements for coaling made the work easy. 1855.

Self and party dined with the Governor, Sir Robert Gardiner. Jan. 13.

After church visited Pagets; Mrs. Paget, of the charming Williams family, having just returned. Early dinner with George Grey. 320 tons of coal on board. Made another start at 11 P.M. Jan. 14.

The General harangued the troops, while I pitched into sundry delinquents: effects of coaling! Jan. 15.

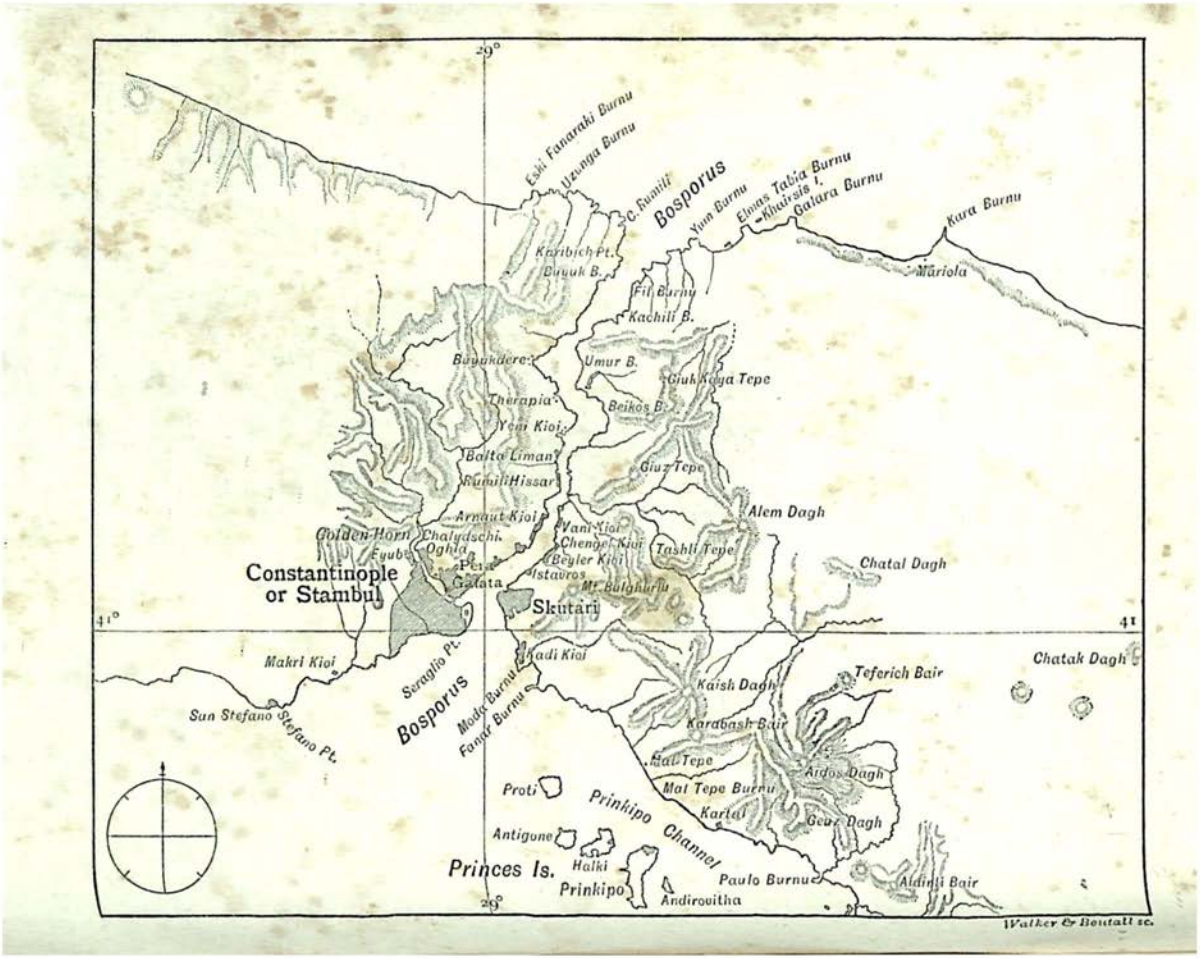
At 4 A.M. lights were reported. We entered Malta Harbour at 12.30. Steamed in and secured to a buoy. Malta, Jan. 19.

Commenced coaling, watering, etc. Met H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge. The same kind manner, but looking reduced and low in spirits. He seemed unprepared for the kind and hearty reception that awaited him on his return home. Put up at Durnford's Hotel. Saw many old friends: Pocklington, Fred Arkwright, and others. Stores, horses, cases, etc., sent on board without mercy. Dined with Admiral Houston Stewart.

5 P.M.—Slipped from buoy—steamed and made sail. Jan. 20.

Entered the Dardanelles. Jan. 23.

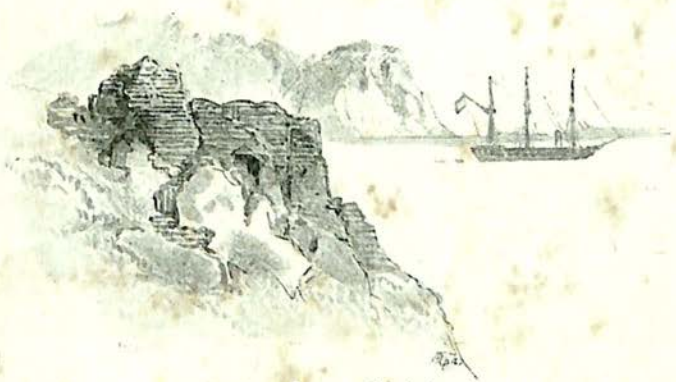
At daylight found ourselves in the Sea of Marmora. Kept the northern coast to avoid current. Jan. 25.


29°
Eski Fanaraki Burnu
Uzunga Burnu
C. Kumili
Bosporus
Yum Burnu
Elmas Tabia Burnu
Khairsiz I.
Galara Burnu
Kara Burnu
Mariola
Karibich Pt.
Buyuk B.
Fil Burnu
Kachili B.
Buyukdere
Umur B.
Giuk Kuya Tepe
Therapia
Beikos B.
Yeni Kioi
Balta Liman
Kurukli Hissar
Giuz Tepe
Alem Dagh
Arnaut Kioi
Vani Kioi
Chengel Kioi
Beyler Kioi
Tashli Tepe
Chatal Dagh
Golden Horn
Chalydschi
Oghla
Eyub
Pt.
Galata
Istavros
Mt. Bulghurlu
Constantinople
or Stambul
Skutari
41°
41
Makri Kioi
Seraglio Pt.
Bosporus
Hadi Kioi
Kaish Dagh
Teferich Bair
Chatak Dagh
San Stefano
Stefano Pt.
Madji Burnu
Fanar Burnu
Karabash Bair
Hal Tepe
Aidos Dagh
Mal Tepe Burnu
Proti
Prinkipo Channel
Kartal
Geur Dagh
Antigone
Halki
Princes Is.
Prinkipo
Paulo Burnu
Aldinli Bair
Andirouitha
29°
Walker & Boutall sc.

10 A.M.—Came to in the entrance to the Golden Horn, off that wonderful city, Constantinople. 1855.

Found Rear-Admiral Boxer the senior officer. Frederick Grey, as Commodore, ready to relieve him. Visited the hospital at Scutari, and had an interview with Miss Nightingale. Put up at Misseri's Hotel. Dined at the Embassy, meeting there Mrs. Ives and Miss Stanley. Jan. 26.

After breakfast joined Lady Stratford de Redcliffe's party, and visited bazaars, etc., on Constantinople side. Interview and long chat with Mrs. Ives, Emma Maynard that was. Dined at Embassy in thin boots; a filthy walk back to hotel. Jan. 27.



St. Jean d'Acre *off Balaclava.*

Weighed at 8 A.M., having slept on shore. Jan. 28.

Cheered *Queen* and *Vengeance* on passing them in Beicos Bay. 10.—Entered the Black Sea. Two more friends added to my mess in Hugh Drummond of Fusilier Guards, and Colonel Norcott of Rifles.

Wardroom officers gave a dinner to our Generals and staff. Sat down sixty-three: some speeches made and much harmony. Jan. 29.

1 A.M.—Made the Khersonesia Light. 2.—Came Jan. 30.

1855. to between the *Algiers* and *Agamemnon*, the latter flying the flag of Sir Edmund Lyons, off Sevastopol Harbour. Went on board; found Admiral in bed. At 8, Generals and self breakfasted with him, and then shifted round to Balaclava.

Jan. 31. Generals disembarked this morning. I also landed, and picked up Wenny Coke, who had a bad cold. Put him on our sick list. The Generals returned on board to dinner. I had brought some Southdown sheep, knowing how welcome they would be.

Feb. 1. After breakfast guests off to their respective posts. On landing near the head of the harbour, found the snow a foot deep, with the exception of the foot-trodden paths.

The Royal Marines occupied the lower ground. To the north, above them, were the Guards, and on higher land were the 93rd Highlanders. I was looking for Sir Colin Campbell.

The first person I came up with was a long soldier, without coat or jacket, braces hanging down his back, carrying a bucket of water in one hand, and lugging a goat up with the other. He accosted me with, "How are you, Keppel?" I replied, "All right, thanks," and passed on. On arriving at the Guards' ground, the first person I saw standing at his tent door was friend Mark Wood. While chatting, the soldier with braces down passed. I asked, "Who is that soldier? he seems to know me." Wood said, "Of course he does; that is Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar."

I found Sir Colin Campbell on the high ground, his jacket flying open as if it were summer. Our meeting was cordial. I asked him whether he would have his Southdown cut up, or whole. He preferred it home fashion, with the saddle.

I got him to tell me whether it was true he had refused to form square to resist the Russian Cavalry at Balaclava. He said a double line of Highlanders was enough, and if I did not mind the snow he would show me the Russian horses. Seeing the carcases lying in the snow, I remarked I was not aware that the Russians docked their horses so close; he said it was done by the French, who took them to make bouillon soup. 1855. Bala-clava.

When I got down I was anxious to write my name in Lord Raglan's book, and inquired my way to headquarters. A soldier informed me that at the next bend on the right I should find "a dead horse and a nasty stink on the left. The same all the way up." As "all the way up" was four miles, I preferred returning to the ship.

I was flattered to find my Generals preferred sleeping on board; however, hearing heavy firing in the night, they landed prepared to fight. Wenny Coke was much amused when he found the Generals went off so suddenly; he said, if they had only awoke him he could have informed them the same thing happened every night. Was struck yesterday with the cheeriness of officers and men. Visited the post-office; observed in one corner an ominous-looking bag, which appeared full, marked "Dead." Feb. 2.

The troops, both officers and men, form a motley mixture. It is difficult to recognise any one by his dress. They have now, when too late, warm clothing: fur caps, sheep-skin coats, and brown boots.

Sharp frost, with cold cutting wind, it having snowed hard during the night. Rokeby in his canvas bag, his moustache frozen white. Bromley, Colonel Carlton, Sir James Dunlop and nephew, Henry Hill, on board to dine and sleep. Landed Feb. 3.

1855. Henry with stock of brandy, poultry, and tongue. Thermometer below 19°.

Feb. 4. Carlton and Bromley landed after breakfast,



"*All the way up.*"

Dunlop and Wenny remaining. Weighed in afternoon. Anchored off Sevastopol.

1855. The Guards' Camp.

While the ship was at Balaclava I met on shore no end of old friends. In the Guards' camp, although they, what was left of them, were bright and cheery, I avoided inquiring about the many I missed.

'I dined quietly one afternoon with my kinsman, Bob Lindsay, but it was difficult to draw from him what his thoughts and feelings were on the occasion when he so gallantly carried the Guards' colours at the Alma.

There was Billy Russell, ever bright and cheery, but never seemed inclined to be pumped as to what he had seen and knew.

I had repeated gallops with one or other of the Inkerman heroes. When that ride was proposed I never admitted I had been over the field before, and delighted to hear over and over again answers to my questions. The most melancholy spectacle was the wretched condition of the horses, ten and twelve being harnessed to an ammunition waggon that on other occasions would be drawn by four.

The painful subject everywhere was the thinned ranks of infantry regiments. The Guards were reduced from 4100 to 500. Poor Lord Rokeby tried to hide his tears when he saw the remnant of the Brigade. It will take from fifteen to twenty years to make them what they were a year ago.

After a while no one knew the whole country better than Lord Rokeby. I enjoyed my rides with him ; always as fast as his good mounts could carry us.

The barrier of sunken ships across the harbour of Sevastopol I do not think much of, but there is a mysterious-looking line about two cables' length inside the sunken ships that I cannot make out, leading about two-thirds of the way across. Carlton and Bromley landed after breakfast, Dunlop and Wenny

1855. Coke remaining. Up screw, weighed in afternoon, and worked round to anchorage off Kamiesch Bay.

Kamiesch, Feb. 5. Accompanied Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons on horseback to Lord Raglan's headquarters. Very interesting conversation by the way, giving me a clear insight into state of things.

Feb. 6. *Princess Royal*, Captain Lord Clarence Paget, arrived, bringing General Sir Harry Jones. Received a letter from Lady Wilmot announcing sad death of my poor Fred Wilmot Horton. Too down to dine with Admiral.

Feb. 7. Accompanied Admiral in *Terrible* to see entrance to the harbour. Ugly and formidable-looking batteries. Barriers of sunken ships' bars, spars, and cables across; some tempting-looking liners inside. Dined with Sir Edmund. Right man in right place.

Feb. 8. George Goldsmith of *Sidon*, 22, paddle wheel, came to a quiet dinner.

Feb. 9. Thompson to dinner; he had visited the muddy camp. More snow falling.

Feb. 10. Admiral Houston Stewart arrived from Malta in *Spiteful*. Captain Ryder and young Yorke to dinner.

Feb. 12. The enemy keeping pace with us in forming defences against our increase of batteries, likewise in their reinforcements of supplies and troops. Sevastopol likely to hold out until completely invested. Dined with Commander-in-Chief. Breeze blowing up, stopped the night.

Feb. 14. Telegraph by Admiral; change of Ministry. Lord Palmerston, Premier, and Sir James Graham still at Admiralty, which I like.

Feb. 16. Visited our worthy Chief. Flag shifted to the *Royal Albert*.

Feb. 17. Charlie Talbot to dine, also Oldfield from the trenches, and Commander Willie Partridge.

Ship looking clear and clean; herself again. 1855.
Being near, commenced building a stable: a weakness I have long had. Feb. 18.

Thermometer 7 degrees below freezing. French ship on shore, must go to pieces. (Which she did with a cargo of horses and bullocks. Seven horses saved out of forty. No human lives lost.) Feb. 20.



How the Guards looked.

Mail in. F. Johnson promoted. Good fellow— a loss to us. Feb. 23.

Carpenters while on shore erecting stables, discovered a small French town, which smelt so strongly of brandy that my building was delayed. Feb. 24.

Dined with the Admiral. *Rodney* laid up near, crew had landed with Naval Brigade, she having no steam power. Feb. 25.

Walk on shore with Talbot. Stable progressing. Feb. 27.

Sad quantity of dead horses about. Of a fresh heap of eighteen, several appeared in good condition. Dined with Talbot. The horses were French.

1855. Feb. 28. Mail in during the night. Harry Stephenson has entered the navy, his brother Sussex in the Fusilier Guards.

Mar. 1. Another "no communication" day. My company, young Stanley Graham, recovering from chickenpox.

Mar. 2. Went in with portmanteau to dine with Admiral. Put up by Mends.

Mar. 3. After breakfast went to see Jack Lyons in *Miranda*, and then outside to George Goldsmith, *Sidon;* with him paid an interesting visit to the extreme left of the French lines and into the ruins of Khersonese. Dined with Admiral and slept on board.

Mar. 4. Visit from George Broke of *Gladiator*, also George Goldsmith. Webb from *Australia* and Dalyell.

Mar. 5. Curious to see the temporary towns and shops established by the French.

Mar. 6. On going on board to dine with Admiral, heard of the Emperor of Russia's death. On returning communicated same to Charlie Talbot and Clarence Paget. Curious the unsettled state of mind people are in, through the Czar's death. What strange surmises as to the future.

Mar. 8. Early arrival of mail. News anything but cheery. Sir James Graham no longer First Lord. Kind letter from him. Bread riots. No Government. Well-earned good service pension to Milne.

Mar. 9. Accompanied Admiral Houston Stewart in *Beagle* steamer to Balaklava. Found guards quartered close. Wenny Coke, Robert Lindsay, and other friends dined with Lord Rokeby. Put up on board *Diamond* with Peel. Great improvements in Balaklava. Harbour crowded. Dangerous quantity of powder afloat.

Peel and I, mounted by Sir Colin Campbell, rode to St. George's Monastery. Beautiful scenery, ditto weather. Peace and quiet. Strange contrast with encampments close by. 1855. Mar. 10.

Omar Pasha arrived in *Valourous*. Cheered him in passing. Mar. 12.

Maitland Lennox and his artillery brother to dine and stay the day on board. Mar. 13.

Outside squadron dining with Houston-Stewart. Jolly! Mar. 14.

Brisk exchange of shots between the front and Russians. No results. Dined with Clarence Paget. Mar. 15.

Dined with Commander-in-Chief. Death of the Russian Admiral Istoma, one of the perpetrators of the Sinope tragedy. Mar. 20.

A man died this morning from a virulent attack of smallpox. Dined with Commander-in-Chief, having previously taken Dalrymple Hay a walk. Mar. 21.

Dined with Pasley on board *Agamemnon:* we had been messmates when I was a mid in *Tweed.* Play on board *Algiers*, C. Talbot. Acting good. Heavy firing. Town apparently on fire. Off Sevastopol, Mar. 22.

General Barnard having sent a horse, rode to the front. After luncheon walked into the trenches to see the effect of last night's attack on our lines. Mar. 23.

Flag of truce hoisted at noon for two hours to enable both sides to bury their dead. Extraordinary sight. Russians, French, and English mixed, looking for their respective dead. 500 corpses lying about. Walked at night with friend General Charles Windham. Camp, Mar. 24.

Attended divine service in the open air. 4th Division of the army square formed. Parson with moustache! Ride with General Barnard to the site of the charge at Inkerman. Dined with the general, Mar. 25.

1855. meeting Charles Windham, who agrees with me about employing the ships to draw fire off the trenches. Interesting view of the town, also the fortifications recently made by the Russians.

Mar. 26. Attended races of 3rd Division. Curious and novel sight: soldiers and sailors only. Put up on board *Gladiator*, Captain Broke, now Sir George, and son of the famous *Shannon* and *Chesapeke* hero.

Returned on board after inspecting stables and
Mar. 27. my new old pony. Walk with Thompson: had to bob to a Russian shell, my gold lace cap having, they said, attracted attention. Two 10½-inch Russian shells not exploded, had them conveyed on board.

Pasley, M'Cleverty, and Elphinstone to dine.

Mar. 28. Another case of smallpox. Admiral suggested
Mar. 29. our getting under weigh, by way of cutting off communication. Thought it advisable to have mids and youngsters vaccinated; having the necessary lymph on board, they were ordered to my cabin. Some, seeing the doctor's preparations, rather hesitated, on which I requested the surgeon to perform on me first, when all went on smoothly.

Weighed at daylight, running past the entrance of
Mar. 30. the harbour, and came to off Eupatoria. Hoisted quarantine flag. George Hastings came alongside. Omar Pasha's army is encamped in the town.



Omar Pasha's Arab.

CHAPTER LVI

St. Jean d'Acre

1855. Eupatoria, April 3.

Landed yesterday and paid a visit to the Turkish Admiral and Omar Pasha. He is a fine-looking man. It is astonishing the excellent earthworks his army have thrown up round Eupatoria during the last fortnight. The place is now secure against surprise or assault. Omar mounted me on his favourite charger, an Arab said to be very valuable. Never saw so beautiful an animal. Rode with a party and visited the Turkish advanced cavalry picquets.

The country round Eupatoria is a vast open plain, with here and there hillocks supposed to be of Roman construction. On these the advanced Turkish picquets were stationed in pairs. A short

1855. distance beyond them were the advanced Russian picquets, looking warlike. Behind them again were different squadrons of cavalry, all ready mounted for work. But on Omar's charger I was safe. He has more than 45,000 men, 7000 of which are cavalry and artillery. I cannot say when I have had so interesting a day.

Had party on board to dine. Colonel Simmonds, Ogilvie, and Commanders present. Weighed at midnight. Nineteen cases of smallpox. Took Surgeon with me to the Admiral, and got permission to land on a small uninhabited island and build huts.

April 4. Weighed at daylight; went on shore at Balaklava to get huts from Admiral Boxer, who had not turned out. Boxer was a salt of the old school. He gave me the order for the houses, and advised me to go on shore and rouse up the soldiers in charge, and he would follow. On my remarking that he had not breakfasted, he replied—"I am an old first lieutenant, and always breakfasts with me hat under the table." Returned to Kazatch, selected ground, marked out sites, and had two houses up by sunset. Yellow flags hoisted and regular lazaretto established.

April 5. Thirty-nine cases of smallpox. Hospital establishment creditable to the designer. Patients doing well. Landed band in afternoon to cheer them. At suggestion of surgeon, walked through my newly erected hospital; airy and clean. The smallpox room was a trial. Having obtained the names, I endeavoured to say something consoling to each. Their heads were swollen into the shape and appearance of huge plum-puddings: eyes closed—their own mothers could not have recognised them. Prompted by the doctor, I was enabled to say something cheery to each and could see by a slight move of their heads that it gave pleasure.

Building huts, making wells and wards about the hospital—an amusement! 1855. April 6.

Banshee arrived with mail, little Harry on board; just in time to see the bombardment. April 11.

The nearest point to us is the entrance left of the French entrenchment, abutting on the sea. This entrenchment and battery being "end on," we see the Frenchmen load and fire and crouch down. We see the Russians doing the same. We easily trace the whole course of the shells, see them burst, sometimes throwing heaps of earth and dirt over the men as they throw themselves down when they see or hear the missive coming. Letter to H.F. S. April 13.

Higher up in the landscape we see the famous Round Tower and the Mamelon (this last the one the French never ought to have allowed the Russians to take), keeping up a desperate fire on Gordon's and Chapman's batteries, which is returned with interest; then again, further still, are ours and the French batteries blazing away on the Russian fort, while they in the background are firing from numerous newly-raised batteries on the Inkerman heights to the north of the Khersonese.

When it is calm or the wind off the land, the concussion from the reports of the guns shakes the ship. This is kept up night and day, at least it has been so for the last four days, and will go on.

We cannot well make out the amount of damage done to the Russian batteries, but the fire from them gets very slack towards the afternoon, and sometimes is silenced altogether; but they manage to repair damages in the dark, and commence in the morning much the same. Nearer to us we have seen the Frenchmen's battery, considerably damaged, but they replace their gabions and sand-bags, and go at it again.

1855. In fact, judging from the supply of shot and shell in rear of his battery, the enemy means to keep the ball going for some time.

We get occasional accounts from the camp. Up to yesterday the bluejackets appear to have suffered most. Two lieutenants, Twyford and Douglas, killed. Captain Lord John Hay wounded, jaw broken, teeth knocked out and throat cut by the fragment of a shell: doing well though, and wishes to return to the trenches. Seventy-six seamen *hors de combat*, and Lord Raglan asking for more. They are decidedly the best shots, but take no care of themselves.

I am sorry the town of Sevastopol shows as yet little or no symptoms of damage: on the top of one of their sea batteries, I can see ladies admiring, as we suppose, our Fleet. While all this is going on on shore we (French and English ships) form a long and imposing line across the harbour. Our daily routine, muster, bands playing; everything going on as if we were in Plymouth Sound or at Spithead.

Journal. Visited hospital, all patients except one doing well. Pasley and Talbot to dine. Paget and Drummond went into the harbour after dark in the *Valourous*, and caused a slight diversion by opening fire on the forts.

April 14. With Admiral to visit Lord Raglan; unusual on mail departure days.

April 15. Until the place is invested cannot see use of the present expenditure of ammunition.

About this time Clarence Paget conceived the idea of placing two lights on shore in such a position that, by bringing them in one, we might on the darkest nights approach the batteries and deliver our fire in succession; in the hope that the enemy, not

1855. Off Sevastopol.

being able to see the ships, would fire at random and probably miss us, whereas we, knowing exactly the distance and direction, could point our guns with unerring aim. Sir Edmund Lyons, as stated by Paget, brightened on the occasion. Paget with his master had sounded the line the ships had to take. I expected great things of my *Jenny d'Acre* when her turn should come.

This was *Gladiator's* turn for night attack on



Headquarters.

batteries, and as it would be my "*Jenny d'Acre's*" turn next, I got friend Broke to take me on board a little after midnight. All lights out, the paddles just turning noiselessly. I was on the paddle-box when a flash from the shore and the approach of a burning fuse showed how correctly the Russians had calculated the spot. The master fell just before me, and the shell exploded over the opposite box, while a third person fell from the bridge. On inquiry I found that no one was hurt. The master from the *Princess Royal* was on the bridge and had thrown himself down.

1855. The officer on the opposite bridge had done likewise. The young man who fell off the bridge had taken his tea a little too strong, and lost his balance; no harm done.

April 17. Fresh case of smallpox, ditto breaking out in *Royal Albert*, sent their cases to our new hospital. With permission of Admiral, shifted berth to off Kazatch, to finish hospital. Landed strong party. Dined with Houston-Stewart.

April 21. Oldfield in from trenches. Respite from firing. Things much the same as when trenches opened first.

April 22. Visit from Inspector of Hospitals, Dr. Deas.

April 23. Order from Commander-in-Chief to hoist quarantine flag, and consider ourselves in strict quarantine.

April 24. Lord Rokeby and Baillie having come down, met them at stables with luncheon. Great farce this quarantine!

May 2. Invited to meet Admiral on shore. Plan for an attack on Kertch with 12,000 French and 3000 English discussed. No work, though, for these big ships. *Alma* troopship arrived. Friend John Astley, recovered from his wound in the neck at Alma, rejoined Fusilier Guards.

May 3. Interruption in hospital works. General signal for captains and ordinary sailing: rendezvous and places of landing issued. Things looking more like business. Weighed at 8 P.M., and steered towards Odessa, altering course for eastward after dark.

May 4. Early morning found Fleet enveloped in fog. Marines preparing to land. Fog dispelled by heat of sun. Signal, to cook three days' provisions. Weather fine, all hands full of hope and expectation. As we drew near, general signal for "Captains to repair on board flag." Disappointment great when

it was announced that the expedition was at an end. French Admiral being recalled by Canrobert. 1855. Kertch, May 5.

Before we turned our sterns on Kertch, Lord Lyons told me that he had tried to persuade General Brown, who commanded our troops, to go on with the forces *we* had to Kertch. But the strict disciplinarian declined. Had he consented, on the appearance of our top-gallant yards above the horizon, the Kertch forts, which had had been prepared a month previously, would have been blown up, the war ended, and millions saved to the country.

Ran ahead of Fleet and came to before 8, off Kazatch Bay. Cutter capsized in sailing on shore. Pilkington in her. No one drowned. Rode "Bashi" up to headquarters. Returned with Admirals. Blowing fresh, so did not dine with them. Kazatch Bay, May 6.

Arthur Williams came on board, having arrived in *Himalaya* from India with his charming wife. All smallpox cases being in hospital, could put my friends up on board. Admiral Houston-Stewart to call upon Mrs. Williams. May 8.

Williams, Colville, and Foley down from camp to dine. Friends Talbot, Horton, and others to dinner. Found Arthur Taylor had called on board, having arrived in charge of artillery in cargo transport. May 9.

Dined with Admiral H. Stewart to meet Commander-in-Chief. Foley and Colville coming down from camp. May 12.

Held survey on and invalided Captain Sir George Broke. After divine service, sent friends in launch and took Mrs. Ives in gig to Streletska Bay; landed and visited French trenches and left attack. Dined in Wardroom. May 13.

Dined with Pasley. Received pictures of Nelson May 14.

1855. and Lyons. Foley and Colville took their departure for camp in the afternoon.

May 15. Dined with Pasley—best cook in the Fleet.

May 16. Friends from camp—Wenny Coke, Bob Lindsay, Thynne of Rifles, Baillie, and Fraser, the Master of Lovat, to dinner. Jolly party, having killed the last of my Southdowns. Baillie and Fraser returning at night.

May 17. Commander-in-Chief promising to dine, prepared accordingly. Admiral Stewart sending me turtle soup and fish. Lord Rokeby down too in time from camp. Baillie. Seventeen to, for these times, a first-rate dinner.

May 18. Dined with Commander-in-Chief, to meet Mrs. F. Grey.

May 20. With Admirals to visit by water, in *Telegraph* steamer, Prince Woronzoff's place Onianda Aloupka, the Emperor's Palace, and village of Yalta. Mrs. F. Grey, Mrs. and Miss Stewart, Lady George Paget, Lord Burgesh, Rose, and others, an agreeable party. Admiral, however, was obliged to go to headquarters. Found *Enchantress* yacht, Sir Thomas Whichcote, with Freke and George Bentick on board; offered to tow him to Kertch! Another expedition decided on.

May 21. Dined with Wardroom officers to celebrate two years in commission.

May 22. Called on board *York Herald*, Captain Furber, meeting Mrs. Pentland, and Miss Furber.



Walker & Boutall sc.

Map of Crimea.

CHAPTER LVII

Second Expedition to Kertch

1855. May 22. I THOUGHT this would be a pleasant trip for my yacht friends in the *Enchantress*, and advised Whichcote to be prepared after dark to pick up the end of a hawser with as little noise as possible, which he would find over the stern of the *St. Jean d'Acre*, and not cast off until he heard from me; and gave *Stella* the option of doing likewise.

At 8.10 P.M. we were moving in line as slowly as the screw would allow, when we perceived the P. & O. steamer *Colombo*, carrying troops, on starboard bow, creeping out from one of the small inlets, so near that unless she at once stopped she must foul us.

We hailed without effect. We could not stop without fouling next astern: a musket was fired. *Colombo* stopped, but too late. A crash, and I saw a twelve-foot figurehead drop with a loud splash into the water. My tows astern, not injured. We had quietly embarked 600 Turkish troops.

Theodosia, May 23. Dense fog during the night. Fleet assembled during the day, and I had time to seek the *Colombo*, whose captain found his way on board the *Acre*. Something was wrong with the machinery; he had been unable to stop his ship in time to save her

figurehead. The Crimea is to Russia what the Isle of Wight might be to England. 1855.

Arrived at Kertch. Army landed during the afternoon and bivouacked on the beach. *Princess Royal* and *St. Jean d'Acre* had similar cargoes of Turkish troops, which we landed without either trouble or complaint. The Russians blew up their magazine, set fire to their stores, ships, etc. Kertch, May 24.

A large open space appeared to be covered with tumuli, varying in size, shaped like the roofs of barns, from which you could not see far without mounting to the top, as Clarence Paget and I did, selecting the highest.

From the top, not more than three miles distant, we saw the Russians evacuating the Citadel. A battery of artillery faced the spot where our troops had landed. In rear of the guns, the Russians, bag and baggage, were retreating.

We returned to the landing-place, and had to pass through a regiment of French Rifles enjoying a rest and sleep in the sun. Paget, who spoke French, told the French officer commanding that there were a thousand Russian troops passing within three miles of him. The officer appeared not to credit the statement, whereupon Paget put his glass into his hand and asked him to mount the nearest tumulus and see for himself.

The officer then drew his sword, calling out, "Aux armes," in which he was joined by the whole regiment. A mile of fishermen's nets were soon in a blaze. Later in the afternoon I took young Stephenson, when we mounted on one of these tumuli and noticed a Russian galloping towards us.

The troops of the expedition were now all alive and had formed across the small peninsula in open

1855. skirmishing order, and were advancing to capture the small garrison which Paget and I had seen pass out towards Arabat four hours previously. The Russian was unaware of the danger he was galloping into; he pulled up, but, not understanding us, galloped on. It was now time for us to retreat within our own lines. The Russian, too, who had seen our skirmishers, was in full retreat.

Kertch, May 25. The next day I went into Kertch in a steamer with Sir Edmund Lyons and party, and had no difficulty in recognising our Russian friend owner of the fishing nets, as well as other property. In the afternoon joined Paget in a foraging party. Took thirty-five bullocks for the Fleet, and milch cows for ourselves.

May 27. Dundas, Turner, and Peck on board to church. Dined on board *Enchantress*.

May 29. Remained on board, admiring Brierly's Baltic sketches. Dined with Houston-Stewart.

May 30. Landed abreast of ship and got some green gooseberries, big enough for a tart. Dined with Pasley on board *Agamemnon*.

May 31. Admiral made signal for opportunity to go to Kertch and Yenkali. Visited Sir George Brown and the camp. On return found news from Sea of Azov of smart doings there by squadron. Dined with Commander-in-Chief.

June 1. Launches off at daylight to join force in Sea of Azov. Took cruise in *Stella* yacht with Frankland. Arrival of 3000 troops from Balaclava. Farewell dinner to Whichcote and party on board *Enchantress*.

June 2. Lieutenant H.S.H. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe joined. Party to dinner, Pasley, Paget, Talbot, Prince Victor, Frankland from *Stella*, and Jackson.

June 3. Dined self and youngsters, Prince Victor, Graham,

Stephenson, and Campbell, with Admiral Houston-Stewart. 1855.

A cruise with Frankland and Jackson in *Stella* to Yenkali; council of war being held there. Spoony decision not to go to Anapa: younger blood required in council. June 4.

Dined with Commander-in-Chief to meet the French and Turkish Admirals. June 5.

News of energetic proceedings in the Sea of Azov; proof of the advantage of employing young men. June 6.

Cruise in *Stella*. Landed on sandy spit, Asiatic side; tried to stalk a Cossack. Picked up some sea-birds eggs much the same as plovers. Signal from flag, "Obstacles removed and free to be attacked." June 7.

Mamelon taken by the French. Kertch Government buildings on fire. War, a terrible thing! June 9.

Accompanied Commander-in-Chief on farewell visit to Kertch. Dined with him; got permission to go in *Stella* to Anapa. Took Prince Victor, and weighed before turning in. June 11.

Arrived off Anapa by breakfast time. Place in ruins; picturesque Circassians moving about. June 12.

After breakfast returned to Kertch Straits. Not sorry to find our allies had already started. June 13.

Fleet weighed at daylight to visit the deserted Anapa; remained a couple of hours there. Ice the only thing worth bringing away. 8 P.M.—Picked up *Stella* and took her in tow. June 14.

In running in, ship grounded off Sevastopol. Not my fault this time! Got off, too, without damage. June 15.

Brierly mounted on "Bashi," self on "Princess," rode up to camp. Dined with Admiral Houston-Stewart after hot ride to headquarters. Champagne iced. June 16.

1855. June 17. All in high force at the idea of entering Sevastopol to-morrow.

Off Sevastopol, June 18. Got under weigh at 2.30 A.M. Strongly impressed that this would be the anniversary of another glorious victory. But it was not to be. The French attack on the Malakoff and the English on the Redan repulsed with loss. Sad! Sad! *We* cruising off the harbour.

There was no particular order of sailing. *St. Jean d'Acre* drifted near enough to tempt a fire from the northern entrance to the harbour, and for us to see our troops retreat from the Redan!

June 19. Landed in Italiska Bay, and rode part of the way to headquarters with Maitland Lennox; returned in time for Admiral Houston-Stewart's dinner to meet Commander-in-Chief.

June 20. Brierly back from camp, and with him William Colville to stay a few days.

June 21. On examination of mids, passed three: young Graham first class.

June 23. Preparation by Quartermaster John Shepherd to destroy, alone, a Russian three-decker. Called with Clarence Paget on newly-made French Admirals. On return found St. George Foley from camp, attached to General Pellissier.

June 24. Took John Shepherd to Admiral. Landed St. George Foley at Streletska. Received General Codrington on board *Acre*. He with self and friends dined in Wardroom.

June 25. Arthur Williams and his charming wife on board, he returning to camp after dinner.

June 27. Firing from batteries slack. Colonel Campbell and Colonel Pereira of 90th. Phipps and Kingston to dinner.

Telegraphic signal announcing the sad intelligence of Lord Raglan's death. A leader not to be replaced. Friend Lord Mark Kerr arrived at Balaclava from Gibraltar in command of 13th Regiment. 1855. June 29.

CHAPTER LVIII

Naval Brigade

1855. July 3. A REPORT going that George King, commanding *Rodney*, 74, whose crew, she having no steam power, had been landed with the Naval Brigade, was about to invalid. It occurred to me that nothing could be done afloat with a dual command, and that if George King would, with Admiral's approval, exchange ships, I might stand a chance of seeing more service on shore than afloat. Mine was a selfish idea. If ever a man was proud of, and happy in, his ship it was myself.

Consulted my kind friend Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, who required time to consider. My brother officers decidedly disapproved. Dined early with Houston-Stewart to attend later the embarkation of the remains of Lord Raglan, deeply lamented, on board the *Caradoc*, Commander Derriman. It was an imposing but sad spectacle.

The Admiral having approved of the exchange, allowed *Acre* to be shifted into Kazatch Bay. Now it was settled, a sinking of the heart came on at the idea of removing myself from the good fellows with whom I had been serving.

July 7. I had promised Lady Churston, Sir Robert Newman's sister, to remove his remains from "a green

field through which ran a small stream by the stump of a tree." 1855.

This was my only description. To Cathcart's Hill, however, I had sent a party from the *Rodney*, early, with the necessary implements to work through granite, and when about it to make a grave large enough to hold two. It took me hours to find the place. At last I examined a space occupied by 3000 Turkish soldiers without a particle of green on it. Stumps of two small trees, a quarter of a mile apart, caused me to think they could not now be standing unless fed by water.

We had not far to dig. I had prepared a coffin large enough to hold that in which poor Newman might have been buried. But, alas! we found only bones, rats had been at work. The only thing that made me believe I had the right remains was a pair of brown silk socks. All we could collect was carefully arranged, and the coffin screwed down: the Union Jack spread over it.

Rode to the artillery camp at Balaklava, and obtained from the officer in charge a corporal and a six-horse limber waggon, on which the coffin was placed. July 9.

With my smart corporal we rode through the camp on our five or six mile journey. Among others we met Honourable William Colville of Rifle Brigade; he was a good draughtsman, and kindly dismounted, taking from his sabretasche pencil and paper, and made a sketch of this cavalcade for me to send to Newman's sister.

After breakfast read commission on board *Rodney*, King reading his on board *St. Jean d'Acre*. Sad day for me. In the evening escorted Mrs. Williams on board *Europa* for passage to Scutari. Dined with Charlie Talbot on board *Algiers*. July 10.

1855.
July 11. Early dinner in Wardroom. Pretended to be going to *Rodney*, and so avoided taking leave of my



Sketch by Col. Hon. W. Colville.

Jack, to newly-arrived subaltern, "Sorry I can't obleege you with a horse, but I have a quiet dromedary I can sell you."

good fellows. Young Harry Stephenson and Thompson transferred to *Rodney*.

Dined with General Barnard, who had just been appointed Chief of Staff. 1855. July 12.

Dined with General Simpson, now Commander-in-Chief, and reminded him of our meeting at his mess when he commanded the 29th at Mauritius in 1829, I then a mid of the *Tweed*. July 13.

Find our Jacks queer fellows; they deal in horses or anything else, and as soon as they come out of the trenches they are all over the soldiers' camps, doing work for the officers, repairing tents and that sort of thing, receiving part payment in grog, and then share it with the first "soger" they meet. Letter to M. S. July 14.

I avoid too many restrictions, as long as men appear at the 10 A.M. muster, properly dressed, with their arms cleaned and correct, with correct numbers of the men and battery they have to relieve. They are then dismissed, and find their own way by trenches or over the open. In a body they are pretty sure to draw the enemy's fire.

In our camp we are tolerably comfortable. My tent is pitched on a patch of ground on the edge of a hill. There is a long open avenue in front, on either side are the tents of the officers and seamen, which they decorate in the most fantastic way. All sorts of devices for weathercocks, etc. The shells that annoy us most are those that burst in the air. We are very close to one another in some places, but I expect we shall soon shut the Russians up, as they fire very wild when fired at ; our fellows are as steady as ever ; the more casualties, the more jokes are cracked! In Camp, July.

In front of our batteries, between us and the Redan and Malakoff Towers, are the trenches, and the Quarries, formerly a Russian position—taken

1855. In the trenches before Sevastopol, July.

by us before Inkerman, at present held by the guards and other troops. While no particular bombardment is going on, our orders are, to watch the enemy's batteries, and only fire on them when they fire on our advanced parties in the trenches, so that the soldiers are, in a measure, partly under our protection. In this way we get some pretty shooting. A shell from the Redan bursts over our soldiers in the trenches; bang goes an 8-inch shell from the sailors' battery, generally right into the embrasure, from which the mischief came. Another shell reaches them from our Left Attack. The French, too, take it up and pop one into them from the Mamelon, and then for the next half-hour a general scrimmage takes place, exciting to a degree. A very little precaution teaches you to know, by every gun that the enemy fires, whether they are shot or shell. The shot we do not care for. I saw one of our Jacks make a low bow to a shot that he saw coming directly at him: at the right moment he bobbed his head, and it passed about a foot above his body. There are small hollow places on ground above our batteries in which sailors are employed making gabions: having expended their materials the bluejackets were amusing themselves by running at one another with the gabions over their heads, when an enemy's shell exploded without serious damage to any one. Most of the shot strike the parapet and throw a cloud of dust, dirt, and small stones into our batteries. Each day I have been so covered that you could not have told the proper colour of my dress. The shot are very good fun, but the shells are beastly things from which it is difficult to escape. They are no respecters of persons. On Sunday a man was killed by the fragments of a shell while he was sitting in the supposed

most secure place inside the entrance to one of our magazines. 1855.

Wenny Coke goes into the trenches to-night, and to-morrow I shall be in our batteries all day and will give such a dusting to any Russian battery that has



Sketch by Col. Hon. W. Colville. 1855.

the impudence to molest my favourite Fusiliers. I am going to take grub, and have invited Wenny to dinner in the deepest part of his trench. Had I had time, I could fill a quire with the absurdities of the soldiers as well as sailors, who have given many a good laugh. Directly little Harry heard of my

1855. appointment, he got leave and galloped up to my tent.

July 15. Visited our right division in trenches. Thompson performing divine service in open air to the Naval Brigade; "Little Harry" with him. A man killed while sitting in the battery reading his Bible.

July 16. Among arrivals from home in Balaklava was a cargo of ice for use of Naval Brigade hospitals. For some unknown reason doctors objected to receive ice in the hospitals! After my superiors afloat had been supplied, the Commander of the Naval Brigade came in for a share. We were not far from the French headquarters. I sent a couple of blocks to General Pellissier, who invited me to *déjeuner*. He had clever fittings with green branches, etc., for luxury and comfort reminding me of Vauxhall gardens in bygone times. Dined with General Barnard.

Letter to H. F. S. July 18. Wenny Coke in the trenches last night bowled over by a spent round. On visiting his tent I found him cheery, but round shot don't touch gently. I was about to sit on a fur coat, rolled up near the head of his bed, when he called out, "Don't sit there, Uncle Harry. A cat from Sevastopol came out last night and dropped nine kittens in the sleeve!"

Shepherd, one of the petty officers of the *St. Jean d'Acre*, had conceived the idea that he could, single-handed, blow up a man-of-war in Sevastopol harbour. The contrivance appeared simple enough. I had already taken him with his apparatus to the Admiral, who was amused and approved, leaving the time for the experiment to me. The plan was this. To prepare a light iron case a foot long by eighteen inches, with a loop at each end. The case to be fitted with a Bickford's fuse, which burns under water. A sort

of canvas duck punt was to be fitted to exactly hold the case amidships. The after part was to hold one sitter, who could easily steer with a canoe paddle without noise. The Russians had been in the habit of sending three or four thousand men across the entrance end of the harbour. The night fire of warships had so inconvenienced this passage of their transport boats, they shifted the line of their passage higher up the harbour. 1855. Crimea.

The dark night for our expedition arrived at last. The spot for embarkation was only separated by a spur of land covered by thick scrub and bush, but the darkness of the night enabled our guide to take us to the water. At half-past twelve the punt left the rough slips and was immediately lost to sight, nor was there the slightest sound. At the expiration of three hours nothing had occurred, and there were signs of daybreak. With us was Colonel St. George Foley, attached to General Pellissier's staff. We were within range of the Russian sentries, and had to creep through scrub and bushes until we were inside the French lines: we soon commenced on our refreshments. I was distressed at having helped to lose poor John Shepherd—as, if caught, he would be shot as a spy. St. George Foley was put out at the loss of his horse, servant, and haversack. My coxswain, who, I think, had been washing his mouth out, was sent in search among an acre of gun carriages, waggons, etc., and returned, announcing to Foley that "The beggar was gone, but had left his painter." Poor Foley applied for explanation. Painter was a rope spliced in a ring in the bow of a boat, and most likely the horse had slipped his head out of halter and gone home—the servant losing no time in following. In fact, all

1855. during the night the white light of shells had been flying over our heads from three different Russian batteries at a French mortar battery. Great was my delight an hour after my arrival in camp to hear of Shepherd's safe return. The plucky fellow had pulled past and between a number of Russian steamers, and was within 400 yards of the three-deckers, when a whole string of Russian boats pushed off from the western shore to convey troops across.

For an hour he lay in his little punt hoping for an opening to pass through. Daylight came and he had not time to return the distance to where we were; he therefore struck at once for Careening Bay, one side of which he knew was in the possession of the French. Lord Charles Paget's plan of night attack had caused the Russians to change the route for conveying reliefs across.

July 19. On returning from batteries got news of Lushington's promotion and my appointment to the command of the Naval Brigade! Lucky dog that I am!

July 20. Early ride to Kamiesch and breakfast with the Admiral. Kind and confidential chat.

July 21. Assumed command of Naval Brigade: Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, A.D.C.; Rev. Josiah Thompson, Chaplain; forage allowance for five horses.

Early morning, a cavalry corporal with two orderlies at my tent door. Reported myself at headquarters.

July 22. Sunday, divine service in open air. Visited Right Attack and Quarries with Sir Harry Jones; dined with him.

In the batteries of Naval Brigade, July 23. Instructions from headquarters to prepare for a sortie, and that I had better communicate with the General at the Quarries. The day was far advanced:

a storm brewing. Had an experienced and good officer in Captain Moorsom, who had been in the Naval Brigade from the beginning. Of course Moorsom opened a sharp fire on the Russian batteries, which eventually drew part of their fire off our advanced trenches. He knew the bearings of the Russian forts on which our batteries could tell best. Could not do better than leave him in charge, while I went to the quarries for further instruction. Storm commencing, shifted into pea-jacket and jack-boots, sword and cap. Rain fell heavily. Zig-zags being on the slope, I was soon washed out and took to the open. Dark, too, came on with the storm ; lost my way, but knew by descending, and the constant discharge of musketry, I must come to our own troops—which I did ; but no one could hear or attend to me. I knew not the way. Took to the right. Came on the Guards, whom I knew by their bearskins ; they were equally busy. It was no use pulling their coats ; the thunder of guns and muskets rendered one's voice equally useless, so crept on. The storm began to break. Laid hold of a soldier's coat and bellowed to him. He bellowed "sergeant," who bellowed me what my name was. When I told him, he said : "That lie won't do. I know Captain Keppel of the Grenadiers. You must come to our officer." I pleaded inability to walk further. Another bearskin on my left ! No alternative. The storm and sortie were over. 1855.

By the time we reached the officers, they were enjoying a little rest as well as refreshment. One of them asked the sergeant : "What have you there ?" "A prisoner, sir." After a while there was a laugh. Most of them knew and had made me out.

With the assistance of grog and a feed I got

1855. back to my tent, but the sun was well up. The kind Lord Rokeby pretended to be angry, and offered that if I attended the camp, the Brigade should march past me; but I don't think my poor father, had he been alive, would have recognised me in my trench costume.

Letter to M. S. July 28. Our batteries are getting so close to the enemy's that casualties are frequent, and the Naval Brigade gradually reducing, without a chance of recruiting, except in officers, whose vacancies are replaced from the Fleet. Although they hear, afloat, the jokes played, when the time comes they forget. Our chief battery on the left is at the foot of a hill, and a favourite mark for the enemy's shells. The fuses burning in the air are often heard before the shells are seen. We have trained look-out men who know by the sound about where the shell was likely to drop. They call out, "Right," "Left," "Front," "Rear," when those present rush to any point they fancy, dodge close to a gun carriage, or jump through the embrasure, and so risk a Russian bullet.

The favourite resort was the magazine passage, cut out of the hill with a bend in it. The first there, the best chance. The new arrival affords the best sport, and is prepared for. The dirtiest stretcher, on which some bleeding body had lately been carried, is at hand. The shell bursts; the new arrival is struck behind the ear by moist clay, is immediately seized, laid on the dirty stretcher, carried off, without resistance, by bearers to the zig-zag cutting and upset into the ditch, which generally holds water. Of course he is received with cheers, and watches anxiously for the next newcomer. Dined yesterday with the Commander-in-Chief at headquarters and met our War Minister, the Duke

of Newcastle; I have established a mess-room, where we meet at supposed dinner at eight o'clock. Most of my time is passed in the batteries. 1855.

Visited Left Attack. Found remains of the gallant Colonel Norcott's horse and servant just killed by the same shot. He always rode this white charger in front of his rifle regiment. Mail in. Letter from First Lord, Sir Charles Wood, informing me of my having the Good Service Pension. Visited hospital in Cossack Bay and Admiral Freemantle. July 30.

CHAPTER LIX

Trenches—Before Sevastopol

1855. Heavy fall of rain. Whole country as in winter.

Aug. 1. Trenches under water.

Aug. 2. Bought a beautiful Arab from an officer going home, of 10th Hussars. Lord Rokeby and Bob Lindsay to dine at our mess.

Aug. 3. An attempt at a sortie made last night. Russians driven back easily. Breakfasted with Hugh Rose, French headquarters. Minute inspection of Mamelon with Lord Rokeby, troops marching past. Curious custom: the French dig large holes as burial-places in sight of those going to the trenches.

Aug. 4. Rode to Monastery to arrange for Warde's going afloat. Wenny Coke wounded last night in trenches. We have advanced our batteries and trenches nearer the enemy's guns without thickening them in proportion. A shot has no business to pass through a parapet. I had a man turned over yesterday by a round shot; he was not killed, as the strength of the shot was expended before it got through the parapet. One of the stones gave me a clip in the back; but the Russians had been riled by our cutting a cart in two just before.

Aug. 5. Sunday, muster and divine service. On visiting the hospital I found one of my poor fellows carving a heart on a ring, part of his own thigh-bone,

which had been amputated. On asking him what he was going to do with it, he replied, "To send it to my girl, sir." Another was busy securing the sides of his hat into the shape of a Greenwich pensioner's: a curtain hung round his jacket to look like a long-tailed coat. He had only one leg. 1855.

A day or two ago I rode with Lord Rokeby to see a division French lines—3000 Chasseurs d'Afrique, cream of French cavalry. Saw a Russian lady in Sevastopol flying a kite; the wind was in the direction of the Mamelon. I pointed it out to the French General Linois, who ordered his riflemen to fire; they cut the string and down came the kite just inside the trenches. He gave it to Lord Rokeby, who sent it home. The French general raised his cap by way of apologising to the lady, and ordered the riflemen to raise theirs on the points of their bayonets. A round of Russian grape shot sent one cap flying and broke two muskets. A broiling day—face burnt cruel.

Dined with Lord Rokeby. George Goldsmith up to breakfast. Visited Right Attack. Saw, the other day, feeding together in the trenches, Wilbraham Oates Lennox, Royal Engineers, V.C., Captain John Maitland Lennox, R.M.L.I., and Augustus Frederick, Captain Royal Artillery, sons of my friend Lord George Lennox. Dined with General Codrington. Aug. 6.

Called on Chief of Artillery. Rode with Lord Rokeby to Cossack Bay and hospital to see poor D'Aeth, first lieutenant *Sidon*, dying of cholera. He was a youngster with me in the *Dido*; a more gallant fellow there could not be. He was taken ill at one this morning, having been dining at Kamiesch, and was given over five hours afterwards. Aug. 7.

1855. He had a locket containing the miniature of a pretty Portuguese girl at Lisbon, and requested it might be buried with him. Went on board *Læander*.

Aug. 8. Visited Left Attack. Both Admirals up; met at headquarters. Stopped to luncheon. While in Right Attack trenches received directions from headquarters to show the Duke of Newcastle the Quarries. His Grace following with attendants, I explained the impossibility of such a staff: the feathers alone would bring on us the whole Russian fire. We were three or four only. Although shot and shell passed over our heads we were right enough, until near the Quarries, when a shell burst, sending fragments close to us: one so near that it almost touched the Duke, and lodged in a gabion on my side. His Grace expressed a wish to have the piece; a soldier dislodged it with his bayonet. I held it out to the Duke, but it was so hot that he dropped it. I believe it is now at Clumber, with two empty thirteen-inch Russian shells picked up close to our Brigade batteries. General Barnard and staff dined at naval mess.

Aug. 9. Threatening, heavy-looking weather, which came down in a deluge.

Aug. 10. Visited St. George, my Chief of Artillery. Rode over to Balaklava to see Freemantle after his fall. Wenny Coke and other friends to dinner.

Aug. 11. Visited all Right Attack with General Jones. Wenny Coke, E. Somerset, Curzon, and other friends to dinner.

Aug. 12. Broiling hot. Artillery under orders to be ready at daylight following morning in the field.

Enclosed is a specimen of the notices I so often received in the batteries, worth all the foolscap that could be written:—

DEAR UNCLE HARRY—In case you have not been warned, I am desired by the General to give you notice that an attack from the enemy is expected upon our trenches at 3 A.M. to-morrow. The covering parties in the trenches have been doubled, first division in the Right Attack.—Yours sincerely, ROBERT J. LINDSAY. 1855.

Poor Hughie Drummond, Adjutant of Scots Fusilier Guards, killed in trenches. Aug. 13.

Prince Victor, Thomas, and self rode to Balaclava. I to see Admiral; they to get material for a stable. Aug. 15.

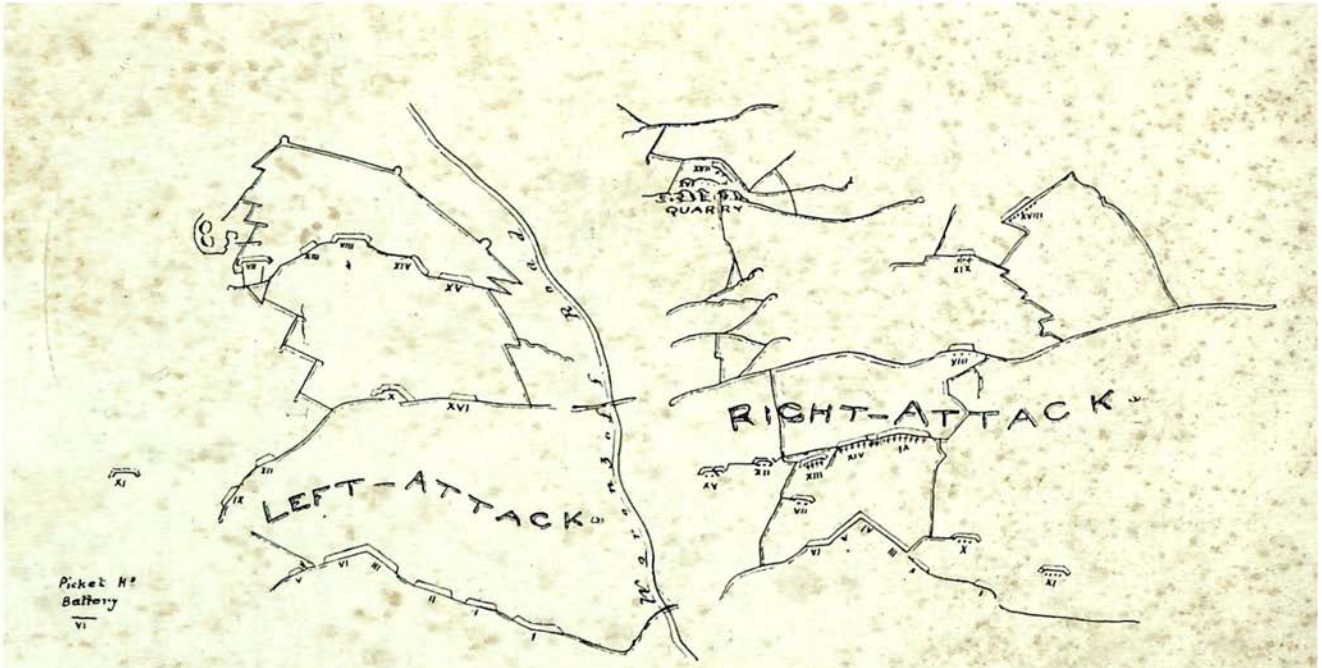
. . . . . .

One of my horses, "Vladimir," was an "everlasting." He had been captured on Balaclava day from Prince Vladimir's regiment. He was savage, and one foreleg was held up to enable me to mount. He would jump anything I asked him. Prince Victor often had difficulty in keeping me in sight. He shod his own horses, and I think was sorry when the war was over.

Orders from headquarters to be prepared for a sortie, which, not coming off, enabled me to ride with Prince Victor to the Tchernaya, where a desperate attack was being made by the Russians on the Italians, the French going to their assistance. On the high ground on our way we met the dead and dying being brought up on mules, stretchers, and backs of men, then laid out in subdivided areas as most convenient for the French and English surgeons to get at. We descended to the river; the Russians, who had retreated to the high ground, continued to fire shot and shell on those who were helping the dying and wounded. The Tchernaya is a small river, but required a bridge to get over it. One of the painful Battle of Tchernaya, Aug. 16.

1855. sights was the badly wounded trying to drag themselves to the river, calling for drink. While contemplating the body of a young Russian officer (judging from his uniform and spurs), whose upper jaw had been shot clean away, the lower had an uninjured row of white teeth, heard a voice over my shoulder, remarking, "Il ne mange plus." Further on a Russian soldier had his left arm stretched out straight. Thought he must be alive and rode up, to find him stiff and dead. On a finger was a large ring. Without dismounting, drew it off, thinking I had a memento of the battle, but finding it was only brass, I was very near giving it back.

Aug. 17. Notice from headquarters to be prepared for a determined assault on our Right Attack batteries. On my way met my late shipmate, Lieutenant Oldfield, weeping: a round shot had just taken his artillery brother's head off! Our batteries, not having been formed at the same time, were somewhat irregular, and it had been necessary to prevent the men rushing from one battery to the assistance of another: a friendly hint was given from headquarters that our men should leave their muskets and side arms behind! We had a large battery, with three or four smaller, on each side. In the main battery I selected and made a pile of empty shell cases, forming a platform for self to stand on. Returning after final inspection, found Captain Hammett in possession of my pile. Caused him to dismount, though he seemed to object, but having learned which of the Russian batteries could bear on our own, I took possession. The ball had commenced. After a few minutes I called from the position, "Look out, a round shot direct for our battery." Hammett gave the notice to the men, who sprang from either side, but did not move



Plan of Sevastopol.

1855. himself. The shot touched the muzzle of the gun, and doubled up poor Hammett. There was a youngster bending over; I hoped there were not two down. Found the poor lad was sick at the sight of Hammett's wounds. My gig's crew bore him to our camp, some three miles off. Some one in camp with a telescope, seeing a gold lace cuff from under the stretcher borne by the Captain's gig's crew, announced my end. Total: five killed, nineteen wounded.

In Naval Brigade, Aug. 18. Continued vigorous bombardment on our side, but enemy nearly shut up. Whole day on Right Attack. Six men only were wounded on Left Attack. Dined with Charlie Windham, the almost too plucky Brigadier General of Second Division. Met Duke of Newcastle.

Aug. 19. *Sunday.* — Bombardment continuing. Getting used to narrow escapes; had two on Left Attack. Dog killed on Right Attack in afternoon. Redan much cut up, also Malakoff. General Barnard, staff and Steele to dinner.

Aug. 20. Visit from Bob Stopford. Returned to usual routine of firing. Visited Left Attack. Sir Thomas Pasley and son coming there. Young Pasley just made a Commander to take Hammett's place. Generals Barnard and Bentick to dine.

Aug. 21. Threatened sortie. Troops out. Visited Right Attack; fired some long range near the Russian three-decker and bridge, etc.

Aug. 22. Accompanied Lord Rokeby to show him our long range practice on Right Attack. But little time to go elsewhere. Dined with General Sir William Eyre to meet the Duke of Newcastle.

Aug. 23. Introduced Pasley to Right Attack. Not much going on. Threw several shot round, if not into

Russian ship. Mail arrived. Wynyard, Wenny, Connell, and others to dine. 1855.

To headquarters and Balaklava and hospital, Cossack Bay. Lieutenant Everett, severe wound in battery. General Sir William Eyre to dine. Aug. 24.

Turned out at 2.30 A.M. to meet expected sortie. No go. Lord Rokeby and Wenny to dine. Aug. 25.



Inside the Naval Brigade Battery.

In batteries at an early hour (3 A.M.). Billy Fyler and Fitzroy to dinner. Aug. 26.

Grand meeting at headquarters to invest certain parties with order of G. and K.C.B. Visited Right Attack and demolished new works on the salient of Redan. Aug. 27.

Lord Rokeby, who was, I might say, "all over the place," had visited the French lines that extended from the Malakoff in the direction of Inkerman. The officers complained how annoyed they had been by a hole made by the Russians at the foot of the Aug. 28.

1855. Malakoff, through which, on a dark night, they managed to creep, and having but the sky for a background, themselves unseen, managed to pick off the French sentries. Rokeby having spotted where the hole was, thought it was within range of our Naval Brigade batteries, and having found me, pointed out the fresh stopped hole. To make sure, I decided on visiting the place myself. Mounted my pony, found the French lines and tried to explain in bad French what I had come for. They assisted me through the stopped embrasure, at right angles with the Malakoff. I had not been there more than a minute than a "pat, pat" noise struck the bushes. It was a noise I had heard before, and thinking I had seen quite enough, struggled to get back, but found that instead of help, I was detained from within by pressure on the *soles of my boots*. I reserved the best French that I could think of until I got back, and then let out at my then comrades in the foulest French I could muster. They laughed good-humouredly! It being late I rode across an open space and was as near as possible spotted by a Russian round shot. I got back in time to point such guns as would bear on the spot; if it had not been for the good Rokeby I felt inclined to lay the guns in another direction.

CHAPTER LX

The Redan

1855. Extract from letter home, Sept. 1.

Our allies are not yet ready for the next and, I trust, final assault; their sap appears to touch the edge of the Malakoff. We, too, are not ready, being in want of ammunition. We are all anxious that something should be done, as we know not when to prepare for winter quarters. If the Malakoff falls, it must naturally be followed by that of the remaining works of the enemy. On the south side we shall advance somewhat nearer to our work. The Russians, too, appear to be preparing for a move. They have established a bridge across the harbour and are fast removing their goods and chattels. Everything leads us to suppose that the winter will not find us in our present position. The enemy will contest every inch of ground. We do not, on our side, grow wiser from experience. The other night our working party on the Right Attack was surprised and some taken prisoners by a small body of Russians who made a sortie. Officers have over and over again been surprised and taken prisoners while planting their advanced sentries at night by Russians lying concealed in the shrubs and grass. A little more care would have prevented this. My silly fellows unnecessarily expose themselves in spite of warnings and examples.

1855. We have two casualties; besides, an amateur youngster from the *Curaçoa* must mount the parapet and borrow a sergeant's musket, to take a shot at a Russian. This young Gambier mounted on the top of the parapet, had a *Minié* ball through his thigh in a moment. One of my "Rodneys" got shot through the head yesterday, having gone outside the embrasure to pick up sticks to cook his dinner. Yesterday our bluejackets acted a play in the open air. Stage, the side of a hill; a ballet dancer did Taglioni to perfection. The Duke of Newcastle dined at our mess. Never enjoyed better health: lots of excitement and plenty to do. In fact I have knocked up in succession all my staff, viz. my A.D.C., secretary, and the stout Padre, "Thomas." But I must not crow till out of the wood.

Sept. 4. Dined with Rokeby, meeting John Dugdale Astley, Scots Fusilier Guards, returned with wound cured, and others. Was going to write a line; an unusual rattle of musketry announced a sortie. Galloped to our batteries, found them blazing away. The attack was on our right on the French, who, being well prepared, gave the Russians a dressing. I have not heard to what amount.

I must beg allowance of my readers for difference of expression in the "Right" and "Left" Attack. Naval Brigade batteries faced Sevastopol, while the military maps faced inland.

The moon was rising, and the outlines of hills, forts, and figures showing. In each trench, standing up with musket in hand, were several rows of our soldiers ready to jump at a call in support of those further in advance, or to attack should the French have driven the Russians back in that direction. But their attack had been on the Mamelon from the

Malakoff. We were expecting and ready to repel a similar sortie from the Redan, but none came. When I reached the front Captain Pechell, only son of Sir George, Bart., R.N., had just been shot down with six men of the 77th. It is customary at night for each side to throw out sentries in advance directly it is dark enough to cover the persons so advancing. Just between the foot of the ditch outside the Redan and our advanced trenches there is a cave, the mouth of which faces towards the works on our right. Directly it is dark the object between the Russians and ourselves is to try which can first get possession of it. We have generally succeeded, but last night the officer of the 88th, who went to take possession, mistook his way. Pechell, who had been in it before, volunteered, but it was then too late, the Russians being in possession, and at same time entirely hid by the darkness of the cave ; they allowed Pechell and his six men to approach near enough to make sure, and then potted them all. 1855.

A bombardment, in earnest, commenced at 6 this morning ; at 11.30, the usual resting-time of the Russians, the French surprised and carried the Malakoff. Our attempt on the Redan was to follow the hoisting of the French flag on the Malakoff, which was too late for any further surprises. We could now see clearly what our Naval Brigade had to do. Leaving the higher batteries, I went down to our extreme left, on the real Right Attack, and found a fresh battery had been made during the night by engineers, and in charge of a young artillery officer. I had already been advised at headquarters that our men should leave their small arms behind. General Simpson may have heard that on a previous occasion, when the Naval Brigade were told off to carry the Sept. 8.

1855. scaling ladders under the gallant Peel, directly they observed the slope of the Redan fortification they proposed to drop the ladders, saying they could get in better without them. After visiting the main batteries, where my most experienced hands were, I joined our later, extended battery. We made a bad beginning, inasmuch as our magazine was blown up, which rendered eight guns less effective.

The rush for the Redan had now commenced, and in the excitement our men wanted to draw the stakes out of the gabions, and to rush in. I noticed, on high ground to my left, the two Generals, Simpson and Gascoigne, one wounded in the head. Directly opposite, within 300 yards, was a Russian battery playing on our men; half the effect of our battery was spoilt by being unable to fire, except by dropping shots into the Russians opposite. Shortly after an A.D.C. came galloping, giving me an order to "cease firing." Our soldiers were being mowed down, chiefly by grape shot. The young artillery officer had ceased firing. I ran to his small battery and inquired the reason. He, too, had received orders, same effect. I told him I had received the same, but on no account to cease firing, and offered to send as many spare hands as he could employ, which he accepted. The Russians used grape shot, which came hopping along, many of them stopping in the ditch in front of our battery. The bombardment was kept up till sunset. Augustus Fitzroy, whose battery was on our left, on returning to camp joined two of our officers who preferred the open. Before reaching his tent he was knocked over by a bullet, which must have come from the Redan; the Russians having returned to that end, which the gallant Windham had held.

1855. Windham was one of my oldest friends; we were boys together and remained friends till his death, February 2, 1870, at the early age of fifty-nine. He was properly called the Hero of the Redan, for by his gallant bearing on that day he did much to retrieve our good name. Dead against the first attack himself, its numbers, place, etc. etc., he nevertheless led it in the most gallant manner, being first in the work—and after his three messengers had been disabled had the *moral* courage to go back himself and solicit reinforcements.



"*Redan*" *Windham.*

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Sept. 9. Early this morning visited Sir Colin Campbell; a few Highlanders had during the night crept into the Redan and found it deserted. On Sir Colin's invitation we rode into the Redan by the salient angle. Horrors met us at every step. Two instances of faithful, but half-starved dogs were sitting on bodies, from which no coaxing could draw them. In a small hut on a table, leaning against the wall, was a Russian officer, looking smart in his uniform; on my speaking to him I found that he was dead. In the higher part noticed excavations and could trace wires for explosions. Sevastopol had been evacuated during the night—magazines blown up—town blazing—ships sank—others on fire. The

1855. Russians had put themselves on the safe side of the harbour by blowing up the east end of the floating bridge. Strolling about I found myself close to the ground floor of a hospital. On entering I was between two long rows of Russian soldiers, dead and dying, on broad wooden stretchers. I will not attempt to describe the horrors, but each body was in a position as if trying to escape. At the further end I found a young English officer in uniform who said he had been expecting us some time—he was wandering in his mind. A flag of truce was hoisted about noon. The Russians sent steamers to remove their dead and dying. One, the *Vladimir*, was commanded, I think, by Captain Etholin, who had done a gallant thing earlier in the war by capturing and taking into the harbour an English transport that had grounded in sight of our combined fleets. While the truce flag was up I moved three guns down to the edge of the harbour. When the Russian steamers had landed their dead and dying and returned to their moorings, in front of where we stood in a sort of hostile parade, one of the three Naval Brigade guns went off and smashed *Vladimir's* quarter boat. That same night we were building a screen, from behind which we could destroy any attempt at landing to interfere with our newly appointed Governor, Charles Windham. At midnight, superintending the work, I observed the *Vladimir* make a move in our direction. Not a sound from on board. When she got near mid-channel, she stopped and gradually turned with her head up the harbour. When broadside on I gave the order to lie down behind our newly made screen, whereupon *Vladimir* quietly settled herself at the bottom of the harbour, leaving nothing but the upper

masts. It was from the foremast of that ship that all flags of truce and communications were made. 1855.

Word was sent to me that poor Augustus Fitz- Sept. 10.
roy's wound was considered mortal. Wrote to prepare his father for the sad event, and then to receive his last instructions. Poor dear, unlucky, gallant fellow. I had known the whole family from the time I had landed, as a skeleton boy, at the Cape of Good Hope in 1827. In pain I took down the items as he wished them to be disposed of: poor boy! They were but few. He was buried on Cathcart's Hill with full military honours, in the grave next to Sir Robert Newman, which I had made big enough to hold two.

The inspection of the evacuated forts showed how Sept. 11.
destructive had been the fire of our batteries and how great a share the Naval Brigade had in the Fall of Sevastopol. It is an immense place, but there was not a spot where our shot had not penetrated. It was a sad spectacle; so precipitate had been the Russian retreat that they had cut off the communication by their bridge and left some 2000 wounded in barracks. Looking at the mastheads of their line-of-battle ships, and the still smoking ruins of their public buildings, I was in hopes that this would bring the war to a conclusion.

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Naval Brigade ordered to prepare for re-embarking. Was frequently in the artillery camp arranging details.

One morning, in the Colonel's marquee, we noticed a sailor coming from the town. As he was steering wildly, I thought it best to retire into the shade. The Colonel asked where he was from: if he had any loot. He replied he had not, and added, "Tomorrow, I intends to ewacuate the Crimea."

CHAPTER LXI

After Fall of Sevastopol

1855. Sevastopol, Sept. 16. The breaking up for embarkation of our Brigade was a curious scene. First started off 160 mules, with baggage, etc. Such a collection! Then came our men, divided into three divisions, according to their destinations. I go to the *Rodney* at Kazatch, and officers to the different ships at Balaklava. Two regiments kindly sent their bands: the 14th, in which my brother was at Waterloo, and the 18th Royal Irish with ours. The Naval Brigade went with flags of all descriptions flying, and no end of cheering—with "one more for Captain *Kaple*."

Sept. 17. The more I visit the Russian works and town of Sevastopol, the more wonderful does everything connected with the siege appear. One hardly knows which is the most extraordinary—the perfect destruction of every building in the town by shot and shell, or the stupendous works erected by the Russians for their defence. The Redan and Malakoff are nothing compared to the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries. The latter were impregnable, and might have held out any length of time. The Malakoff was taken by surprise by the French, as they had done the Mamelon. Of all, the Redan appeared the least difficult to assault—but that is a subject we all try to

forget. Of our generals, Colonel, now Brigadier-General Charles Windham, comes out the best. The Russians have left vast stores of guns, etc., they could not, in their haste, carry away. 1855.

Little Harry (Stephenson), with symptoms of fever, on board *Rodney*, despatched at once with Thompson to Serapia Hospital. Dined with Windham as Governor in city of Sevastopol. A shell burst within ten yards as I mounted pony to go home. Sept. 22.

Visited with General Barnard, La Marmora's look-out houses over the Tchernaya and adjacent country. On Saturday pitched my tent near General Barnard. Sept. 23.

Hugh Rose sent me from French headquarters the two last captured Cossack spears. (The last I saw of them was at Sir Thomas Whichcote's, Ashwerby Park, to which I afterwards added a link of the chain that formed the slings of the main yard of the *Twelve Apostles*.) Sept. 24.

Having exchanged with Moorsom, Connell found an artillery waggon for my traps, rode down to Balaclava, taking up quarters on board *Læander*. My servant, having left Bury's much-valued clock in tent, sent him back. Sept. 28.

Like my Admiral, and like having work to do. Sept. 29.

Took Washington and his son a ride on to Balaclava Plain, and round by headquarters. Sept. 30.

Commenced duties as Flag Captain. Dockyard affording amusement, especially erection of stables. Oct. 1.

Sid Skipwith and I dining with Methven, commanding P. and O. *Colombo*. Oct. 3.

Busy embarking Royal Marines, the finest body of men now in the Crimea. Oct. 5.

Embarking troops. Rode in afternoon with the Duberlys, 8th Hussars, to Baidar to hear the Sardinian Band. Oct. 7.

1855. Oct. 8. Cavalry and horse artillery embarking for Eupatoria. Lady Paulet on board *Oscar*. Lord William Paulet to stay with Admiral.

Oct. 13. Put box with poor Augustus Fitzroy's bequests on board *Ripon* for conveyance to his sister, Hon. Mrs. Keith Stewart.

Oct. 14. Rode over to Kazatch to ascertain means for embarkation of Highland Brigade.

Oct. 15. Dined with the Duberlys, Windham and St. George Foley.

Oct. 19. Dinner at a Kamiesch restaurant — Duberlys, Vansittart, St. George Foley, Charlie Windham, and Lewis and Earle, A.D.C.'s, Prince Victor and Thompson, Sir William Gordon and Lord Dunkellin.

Oct. 23. Dined on board *Belgravia* with Lady Paulet, Mrs. Mitchell and Lady Manson.

Oct. 24. Review of cavalry and horse artillery: none like them in the world: near 3000 strong.

Oct. 28. Picnic at Baidar—*Belgravian* ladies, Prince Victor, T. Duberly, etc. Former lost their way coming back.

Oct. 29. Started with Thompson for Kazatch. My "Rajah" kicking him in play, had him carried off on stretcher to Connell's camp.

Nov. 3. We formed a cheery party for a ride towards Bilbek, consisting of Prince Victor, the Duberlys, Mark Kerr, Coleraine, Vansittart, and self, about 13 miles distant. The country hilly, grassy, and bushy; weather perfect. The attendants had arranged our picnic on a flat space on a hilly point. We had arranged ourselves to feed, when one of our party found we had disturbed a cavalry vedette of our own countrymen on an adjacent point. A ravine between, they could not conveniently get at us.

While things were getting ready rode to the western edge of our selected spot and found we had

likewise disturbed a nest of Cossacks. Our small party were not long in packing up this nice little 1855.



Sketched from life by Hon. Col. W. Colville. 1855.
A Vidette of Cossacks.

picnic. Being well mounted, I waited to take a fare-well peep, and from my position saw a greasy Cossack, about 30 feet below me, looking about with his carbine across his saddle, I suppose for something to

1855. eat. Being hungry myself, I overtook our party about to picnic a quarter of a mile off, Mark Kerr riding, as usual, without his hat.

Nov 4. Accompanied Lady Paulet to breakfast with Windham. Rode afterwards to Kazatch; dined with Beauchamp Seymour.

Nov. 5. Breakfast with Sir E. Lyons. Transacted business, rode back to Balaclava, putting up a large covey of partridges by the way.

Nov. 6. 8th Hussars embarking. Shall miss them and Mrs. Duberly.

Nov. 8. With Wenny Coke to look after covey of partridges seen by me. While preparing luncheon, observed a French soldier stalking a bird that flew from bush to bush. Asked Wenny to shoot the bird for him while I prepared luncheon. When he came back I asked if the man was pleased. He replied, "I don't know! I have the bird in my pocket." I said "What a brute you are," when he produced a woodcock, which we at once cooked.

Nov. 11. With my Admiral to headquarters. Took leave of General Sir James Simpson, also Willy Colville, who accompanies him to England. Mark Kerr was there. Admiral and I dined with Dupuis.

Nov. 15. A fearful explosion between 3 and 4 P.M. in French Artillery Park, near the Mill. Rode over, sad sight. Loaded shells bursting, contents flying in a horizontal direction about seven feet from the ground, killing almost every horse that was on its legs. It being dinner hour most officers escaped. There was a large windmill used as a powder magazine. It was a sight to see the gallant engineers mounting ladders with wet blankets to nail on the outside of the Mill, to prevent falling fire igniting powder. I got so excited that I found myself letting go the

reins to clasp my hands over my cap, as if that could preserve my brain box from falling fragments of shell. There was no distinction of nationality. It is fortunate that the first horizontal explosion took place while officers were dining. I was still looking on, when a working party of the 18th Royal Irish came rushing and formed up. I asked the sergeant what they were waiting for. He answered "Orders." I said, "That was not your form when we were in China, and danger in sight." They were off at once, officers and all, into the igniting shells. Nearly the last wounded I saw was a young officer carried on a stretcher, the boots on his legs heels uppermost. I think his name was Dashwood: a more painful sight than any fight. Thirty tons of powder lately arrived from England were destroyed. 1855.

Rode with my Admiral over to Kazatch to visit Commander-in-Chief; with him to take last look at Sevastopol Docks before destruction. Russians still numerous on north side. Nov. 18.

Took leave of Wenny Coke.—homeward bound. Party to dine: Steele and Rose. Nov. 24.

Vansittart, taking his departure, leaves me his horse to forward to his mother. Nov. 28.

Young Dalyell makes his appearance from Constantinople. Nov. 30.

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From prisoners that had been exchanged, it appeared that the Russians made a difference in their treatment of those they took prisoners and those who allowed themselves to be taken. They treated the latter with great contempt, and used them ill. The *Times* paid a just tribute to the manly bearing of the officers of the Russian army. The naval officers—some of them—were fine fellows.

1855. Dirty appearance of weather. My Admiral agree-
Dec. 3. ing to remain on shore another day, took two youngsters, Wellesley and Molyneux, to see steeple chase. Weather turning fine. Sport very good. Rode back with boys to dine with Sir Edmund Lyons.

Dec. 8. Accompanied my Admiral to headquarters, then to Kazatch to stay with Sir E. Lyons, and meet Curzon and St. George Foley and Beauchamp Seymour. Jolly dinner.

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St. George Foley, Lord Raglan's A.D.C., died whilst Governor of Gibraltar.

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Dec. 10. Function on board French ships in memory of Admiral Bruat, *Royal Albert* firing 59 guns.

Dec. 11. Visit from Cecil Rice—6 feet 2.

Dec. 12. Rode to front. Young Willy Barnard ill. Mail in. Sir E. Lyons a full Admiral: am so glad. Confidential despatch summoning him to a conference in Paris, also Pellissier and La Marmora.

Dec. 14. Accompanied my Admiral to headquarters. Admiral and I dined with Hardinge, meeting Generals Barnard and Dupuis.

Dec. 15. My Admiral, Prince Victor, and self to Kazatch, on a visit to Sir E. Lyons. Brigadier Spencer and large party to dinner.

Dec. 16. Across to Kaimesch to see Inglefield's sketches and walk with him. Hugh Rose joined dinner party.

Dec. 17. Snow and frost, slippery riding. Returned to Balaklava.

Dec. 19. Thousands upon thousands of that beautiful bird the bustard (there are two sorts, one much larger),

continually passing over to the northward. Several of them shot from the heights in time for Christmas. 1855.

Rode to headquarters. George Cadogan and I to Kazatch on visit to Beauchamp Seymour. Found Fitz Berkeley. We making jolly quartette on board *Meteor*. Dec. 23.

Ate my Christmas dinner with Charlie Windham : jolly party. Letter from Sir Charles Wood, offering me division of gunboats : the thing of all others I most coveted ! Took passage in *Orinoco*. Dec. 25.

Rode up with my Admiral to headquarters to take leave : uncommon good luncheon. Dec. 27.

Mail in from England. My name in papers as Commodore ! Dec. 28.

Took leave of my kind chief and Seymour, the latter agreeing to go as my captain in case of my being a real Commodore. Embarked on board *Orinoco* at 1 P.M. from Balaklava. Dec. 29

Came to, in afternoon, in the entrance to the Golden Horn. Dined with Borlase on board *Melapus*, 42, to meet the Admiral, Sir Houston-Stewart. Dec. 30.

No end of friends going both ways. Misseri's full ; H. de Bathe on way to Crimea. At Embassy found Lady George Paget ; Lady Powlett at Misseri's. Dined with Admiral on board *Hannibal*. Met there the Turkish Admiral, our Adolphus Slade. Constantinople, Dec. 31.

CHAPTER LXII

Arrival from Crimea—Thence in *Colossus*—Shore Time

1856. Jan. 1. Constantinople.—Put up at Misseri's Hotel, when Dalrymple Hay, of Flagship, announced that *Orinoco* only waited for Captain Keppel. Adieu to Constantinople.

Malta, Jan. 5. Arrived early in Malta. Found Lady Talbot, Lady Victoria looking beautiful, but, I fear, not long for this world. Charlie Talbot dining with me. To opera, and re-embarked.

Jan. 6. Steamed at an early hour.

England, Jan. 17. Passed through the Needles passage a little before 8 A.M. Landed at Southampton and started for London by train. Dined with Stephenson, felt there was "no place like home."

London, Jan. 18. First visit to the Admiralty; well received. Found myself appointed to *Colossus* and division of gunboats. Relieving old schoolfellow, Captain Robinson. Dined with Sir Maurice Berkeley.

Jan. 19. Business at Admiralty, carpet-bag full of letters, no rest. Dined with First Lord; Lords Lansdowne and Stanley there.

Jan. 20. By 'bus to visit Dowager Lady Albemarle at Twickenham; met Edwards, her trainer.

1856.

Visited Georgie Kennedy at Northbank. Jolly family dinner at Stephenson's. Jan. 21.

Called on Lady Fremantle and Lady William Paget, Arundels and Sir Edmund Lyons. By rail to Portsmouth. Lodgings at Chambers on the Hard. Jan. 22.

No uniform to hand, nevertheless visited privately Admiral Sir George Seymour and Admiral-Superintendent W. F. Martin. On board *Colossus* and *Rodney*. Portsmouth, Jan. 23.

Took up commission for *Colossus*. Seven gunboats defective. Dined with Admiral-Superintendent. Jan. 25.

Got through two courts-martial on engineer and assistant-paymaster, both pleading guilty, thereby saving our time, but not their sentences. D'Eyncourt, Bowyear, Moorsom, and Clifford taking chop with me. Jan. 28.

Early telegraph from Lord Arundel, that Sir E. Lyons dined at home. But post brought order to dine with Her Majesty at Windsor! Just saved my bacon, buying a pair of shoes as I passed through London. Jan. 31.

Invited by H.R.H. Prince Albert to shoot. Borrowed coat of Colonel Bowater. Shooting perfect. Back by 2 P.M. Visited Duchess of Kent at Frogmore. Went over Castle armoury, etc. Took Mrs. Phipps into dinner. Prince Albert taking leave over night. Windsor Castle, Feb. 1.

By 10 o'clock train to London. Attended John Robb's wedding and breakfast. Feb. 2.

Long chat with Sir James Graham. At Harry Stephenson's, another family gathering. Leicester and his brothers there. Edward Coke and wife, Archie Macdonald and wife, all jolly and happy. Feb. 3.

Dined with Duke of Cambridge. All Crimean men. Have seldom seen a meeting of twelve men so London, Feb. 6.

1856. well satisfied with their dinner as well as with one another.

Feb. 7. Dined with Baldwin Walker.

London, Feb. 8. Ascertained by this day's *Gazette* that I was to have the C.B.

Feb. 9. Ports-mouth, Feb. 12. By 5 P.M. train to Portsmouth. In same carriage as George Lennox; dined with him.

Handsome mention made of me by Sir Charles Wood in house last night.

Saturday, Feb. 16. By train to London.

Feb. 18. Dined with First Lord.

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I must now take my readers back fourteen years, when the decorations on the conclusion of the China war came out. My good father, not understanding the rules of the Service, seeing that I was the only captain not to receive the C.B., wrote privately to the then First Lord, Lord Haddington. A correspondence ensued admitting the hardness of my case, Lord Haddington informing my father that I should have the first vacancy. On my arrival from the East Indian Station (which then included China) in 1845, my father gave me this correspondence. On leaving England in the *Mæander* for the same station, without keeping any copy, I respectfully enclosed the letters to Lord Auckland, and have no doubt they were transferred to the Private Secretary's Clerk's office, and may be there now.

But to return to the present. My predecessor in command of the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, on his promotion, received the K.C.B. and returned to England. Sir Edmund Lyons appointed me to succeed Lushington. I felt that my command of the Brigade having terminated successfully I might receive a similar distinction.

Early to see my friend Berkeley at the Admiralty, who, having well considered the case, took me into the presence of the First Lord, Sir Charles Wood. With him was his brother-in-law Sir Frederick Grey. Admiral Berkeley having clearly stated my case, the First Lord, rather excited, addressed me. 1856. Feb. 19.

"Perhaps, Captain Keppel, you would like me to explain to Her Majesty that you would rather decline the C.B."

I replied, "Exactly, sir, I feel more distinguished as I am."

Admiral Berkeley here interfered, saying, "Keppel, we are old friends. The order comes so directly from Her Majesty that you cannot decline it without offence."

I replied, "Many thanks, sir, that is the last thing I would do." Made my bow and retired.

Attended levee. Dined with De Cliffords. Dance at Lady John Russell's. Evening party at Lady Mary Woods: everybody there! Feb. 20.

Attended Installation of the Order of the Bath at Buckingham Palace; was decorated with the Companionship by Her Majesty! Feb. 22.

Dined with brother George to meet my new, pretty niece Sophy Bury. London, Mar. 8.

By train to Portsmouth. Mar. 9.

Inspected gunboats at Motherbank. Dined with Fred Pelham to meet Admiral Hon. Sir R. Dundas. Getting *Colossus* cabin ready. Mid-day visit to Motherbank. Mar. 11.

On usual morning attendance on the Commander-in-Chief. Sir George, looking unusually serious, said: "I am afraid I must address you as 'Captain Keppel.' I have repeatedly spoken about the carelessness of officers in command of gunboats, and now I find Portsmouth, Mar. 12.

1856. that one of your Division has been trying to break through Ryde Pier. Now the damage done by them, chiefly at night, averages £85 per week." I was sorry, and ventured to ask how he knew the culprit belonged to my Division? He replied, "By the number on the bow." To which I said, "I beg your pardon, sir, the most mischievous of these young scamps, when going at night where they ought not, carry spare boards with any number on them but their own." He rang the bell and sent for the board, which luckily proved to be that of the only gunboat that was, and had been fitting alongside the *Colossus!* I think the Admiral was as pleased as myself at the mistake. Clifford and I dined with Hope to meet Sir Richard Dundas, now our Baltic Chief.

Mar. 14. On a visit to my kinsman H. H. Lindsay at West Dean, a charming place in Sussex.

Mar. 16. Palm Sunday. Afternoon walked to Goodwood. Duke and Duchess out. Lady Cecilia looking lovely; Lady William Paget charming. Got drenched walking back.

Mar. 17. Early train, *via* Chichester, to Portsmouth. Of course, plenty to attend to. *Pelter*, commanded by Lieutenant H. Round, my gunboat for the week.

Mar. 18. Shifted shore quarters to Portland Hotel. Dined with Commander-in-Chief.

Mar. 20. To the Motherbank. Got Division under weigh round the Nab. Some successful manœuvring.

Mar. 22. By afternoon train to Chichester. Met at station by George Lennox. With him to Goodwood. So kindly received. Most enjoyable.

Goodwood, Mar. 23. Easter Sunday. To morning service. Walk after church to West Dean to luncheon. Walked back, having taken another pleasanter walk with the excellent Duchess.

Lords March and George Lennox returning with me for a cruise in gunboats. Flotilla under weigh. They much pleased. Dined with Commander-in-Chief. First Lord and Admiral Berkeley there. 1856. Mar. 24.

Admiralty Lords in *Black Eagle*. *Colossus* and gunboats under weigh by signal, and proceeded in company to Portland. Lord Mulgrave, H. Corry, and party on board. Dined on board *Black Eagle*. Mar. 25.

Breakfasted on board *Black Eagle*. Inspected with First Lord the works in progress. Easterly wind, too strong for gunboats to return with *Black Eagle*. Dined with Lord Mulgrave on board *Titania* yacht. Slept where I dined. Portland, Mar. 26.

On board *Colossus* to breakfast. Mar. 27.

Luncheon with Lady Hastings. Montagu Thomas taking me to Dorchester. By rail to Southampton and Portsmouth. Mar. 28.

Luncheon with Cousin Cecilia Yorke. *Colossus* with gunboats arriving in afternoon from Portland. Reported them and self to Admiral. Portsmouth.

Peace proclaimed at Paris; great illuminations and rejoicings. Mar. 30.

Took up quarters on board *Colossus* in harbour. Apr. 1.

Stanley Graham joined ship and dined with me. Apr. 3.

My White Division giving a ball at Ryde. The best that had been given, so they all said! Apr. 8.

Slept at Ryde Pier Hotel for a few hours. Went to Lady Hastings with cousin Cecilia. Apr. 9.

Arrived *Conqueror*, *Exmouth*, and *Dee*. Commander-in-Chief came out in *Fire Queen*, and inspected position of gunboats. Apr. 11.

11 A.M.—Weighed, and proceeded to Spithead to take station in line with the fleet in Port Division. Spithead, Apr. 14.

Imperieuse and *Desperate* arrived and took station. Apr. 15.

1856. Apr. 16. Arrived *Euryalus* and *Falcon*. Division of gunboats under weigh exercising.

Apr. 17. Apr. 18. Arrived *Pylades*, *Amphion*, and *Centurion*. 1 P.M.—Fleet weighed to exercise. Sir George Seymour's flag flying in *Arrogant*. Stood round pivot-ship, and returned to station in line at Spithead.

Apr. 19. *Rodney* and *London*, took station as pivot-ships off the Nab.

Apr. 20. *Sea-horse* arrived. Gunboats arriving daily.

Spithead, Apr. 23. Grand Review of the whole Fleet. Noon, fired Royal Salute as Her Majesty passed up between the two lines, followed by the four Divisions of gunboats. First and Second Division leading with two gunboats each, making four abreast. As soon as the gunboats had passed through and divided to starboard and port round the headmost ships of the Line, the whole Fleet weighed and stood to the southward, and so round the pivot-ships. The gunboats having taken position in front of Southsea beach afterwards opened fire on a signal from Royal Yacht. Her Majesty returned into harbour under a second Royal Salute from the whole Fleet, the ships coming to an anchor in prescribed order. 9 P.M. — The whole Fleet illuminated and burnt rockets.

April 29. 4.30 P.M.—Weighed with the White Division, ran down to Spithead for orders. 5.30.—Proceeded to eastward.

April 30. Communicated in gunboats with Dover. 10.40.—Rounded to in the Downs and received pilot. Ran through Princes Channel. 8.10.—Came to off the Little Nore. White Division in company.

May 1. 6.20 A.M.—Weighed with White Division. Saluted flag of Rear-Admiral Honourable William Gordon, and proceeded into harbour. Moored on north side. Proceeded by permission to London.

1856.

The proclamation of peace affected movements of Division of gunboats, which had been destined to take part in operations in the Baltic. After breakfast to Admiralty. Offer of Broad Pennant in India. Would a duck like a swim! By steamer to Boulogne. Friend Admiral Julien de Gravière on board. We lunched on board Sir John Bayley's yacht *Nymph*. Boulogne, May 2.

9 A.M. steamer to Folkestone. By train to Shoreditch, so to Romford; met by Mark Wood, with him to his place, Bishop's Hall, and his charming wife, Miss Williams that was. Lady Thorold too, from Lincolnshire, so sorry could not stay longer. May 5.

To Sheerness, dined with the Vice-Admiral, Sir William Gordon, a dear steady old gentleman: at table, good for five hours. He had invited Frank Scott and Henry Yorke to dinner. Usual routine with division of gunboats. May 12. May 14.

On arriving at St. George's Place, Harry Stephenson informed me that *Colossus* had sailed for Crimea. At Admiralty, ascertained that *Royal George* and *Colossus* had passed the Downs. I being on leave, Captain Robinson had been reappointed to *Colossus*. Telegraphed to detain *Centurion* or *Royal George* for me at Plymouth. May 29.

By 1 P.M. train, arriving 2 A.M. at Morshead's, Plymouth. May 30.

Daylight brought in *Royal George*, *Colossus* having passed on. Found that my telegraph to Torquay had effected what I wanted. At 8 sailed in *Royal George* from Plymouth. May 31.

At Sea, June 2.

Making a fine weather passage. An idler I.

Once more the Rock of Gibraltar in sight. 9 A.M.—Came to in the Bay. Went on shore to the good George Greys. 10 P.M.—*Colossus* arrived. June 6.

1856. Stewart Paget coming on board for a cruise. 7
June 7. P.M.—Weighed and steamed out of the Bay.
Malta, Arrived in Malta. Ship coaled and ready before
June 14. dark, but a little rest for stokers necessary.
June 15. Cast off from buoy, 4 A.M.
June 18. Once again in the Archipelago, having passed Cape St. Angelo in middle watch. Should have been at Queen's Ball to-night "if not otherwise engaged."
June 19. Entered the Dardanelles. Met *Queen* full of troops in tow of *Terrible*.
June 20. In the Sea of Marmora. 1 P.M.—Anchored in the Golden Horn.
June 21. 3 P.M.—Weighed; ordered by Rear-Admiral Sir F. Grey to tow transport up the Bosphorus!
Crimea, Anchored off Kazatch. In Comber's steamer
June 23. *Viper* to Sevastopol Harbour. Visited north side, from maintop of *Twelve Apostles*, brought away slings of main yard. Went over fortifications, docks, Malakoff and Redan. Rode to Cathcart's Hill. Visited graves of my two friends.
June 24. Luncheon at headquarters. With Charlie Windham to Balaclava. Dined with Freemantle, and slept on board *Leander*.
June 25. *Colossus* off the harbour by 7.30. Embarked 754 officers and men of the 44th Regiment. Old friend Colonel Charles Stanley in command. Out and away at 10.30. Percy Herbert and Romaine on board.
June 26. Ran past Constantinople during the afternoon, telegraphing to Flag, without stopping, the regiment and number of troops on board. Clear away without a trooper in tow!
June 27. *Centurion* full of fuel, and with a clean bottom, steamed past us this morning in an unpleasant

manner. Clear of Dardanelles. Found a slashing north-easter blowing. 1856. At Sea.

I have often thought how easy it would have been with our united fleets to have stopped up the mouth of Sevastopol Harbour between Forts Nicholas and St. Michael. We had material enough in useless old ships to block the entrance assisted by the débris from the aforesaid Forts, where during the winter months, mud washed down from the rivers and adjacent streams would have formed a lake, to be continually renewed until it became arable, and in some future time the farmer's plough might strike the *Vladimir's* funnel or remove the head of the *Twelve Apostles*.

Passed through the Doro passage in middle watch and rounded Cape St. Angelo. June 28.

Fuel falling short: obliged to economize, always a bore! Was in too great a hurry passing Constantinople. Divine Service to troops and seamen. June 29.

4 P.M.—Fell in with a collier consigned to French Government, she not knowing of her whereabouts eased her of fifty tons.

Arrived at Malta before 8 A.M. Admiral the Hon. Sir Montague Stopford in command. Coaled, and off by 4 P.M. Malta, July 1.

Rounded Cape Bon. Impatient I! July 2.

6 A.M.—Anchored at Gibraltar. While coaling passed time pleasantly enough between George Grey and Pagets. Dined with the General. Got everybody on board by 11 P.M. Weighed at midnight. July 8.

At daylight passed the Needles, and at an early hour anchored at Spithead, within two hours of *Centurion*. George Lennox dined with me on board, returned his binoculars. Her Majesty passing Spithead, July 18.

1856. through Spithead came close by *Colossus*. Great cheering.

Spithead, July 19. Disembarked troops. No men could have behaved better than our 44th throughout the voyage. Dined with the good Admiral, Sir George Seymour.

July 21. *Colossus* coming into harbour, accompanied Admiral and family to Cowes. Wrote my name in lodge-book at Osborne.

July 23. By 2.30 train to London; put up with Harry Stephenson. To Haymarket, by appointment with Lord William Paget.

July 24. Edward Eyre to breakfast. Hack cab to Twickenham to dine with Dowager Lady Albemarle.

July 29. Letter from Sir Charles Wood announcing his intention of giving me a broad pennant in India. Started by train for Chichester. Thomas and I to Goodwood Races. Sent traps to West Dean, walked there from races.

Goodwood, July 30. To Goodwood Races. Met many friends: George Payne, Admiral Rous, T. Whichcote, Crosbie, Joseph Hawley, Colonel Vansittart, etc. Dined at Goodwood. Found General Barnard on return to West Dean.

July 31. Cup Day. Sent traps to Goodwood and took up quarters which had been vacated by H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge. Dinner for sixty each day.

Aug. 1. Another splendid day. After races went to West Dean to take leave. Duchess and party to Chichester Ball.

Aug. 2. To Drayton Station by 8.30 train to London. Lost portmanteau. To club; met General Barnard. At Antrobus with Romaine to Jack Templer, and arranged the foundation of a reconciliation between Brooke and the Eastern Archipelago Company—a most desirable event. Back to London Bridge Station

—no tidings of lost portmanteau—horrid bore! 1856.
By 4.30 train to Snodlands and Leyburn Grange. Found Georgie and Sara Hawley, Coleraine and Diana coming afterwards. A love of a place this Grange. Everything in good taste and perfect order.

Interesting inspection of Hawley's extensive paddocks. Dinner and cooking in keeping with everything else in this cheery spot.

Visited Commander-in-Chief. Dined with Cashers. Aug. 5.
Portmanteau recovered by the good "Thomas"[1] at Drayton Station.

To Cowes Regatta Ball with Lady Montagu and Aug. 8.
Miss Leeds. Good ball.

Started for Portsmouth. Went on board *Royal* Aug. 9.
George. Found Henry Yorke in sick bay with sprained ankle. Brought him on shore.

"Thomas" and I by steamer to Cowes Regatta. Aug. 11.
Sailed in Frankland's *Stella*.

Visited Admiral, who gave me his likeness. Aug. 12.

With Admiral in *Fire Queen* to Spithead, he Aug. 16.
visiting Sardinian and Dutch frigates. To an afternoon *déjeûner* at Lord and Lady Downes at beautiful Binstead.

Made calls with Henry Seymour. Dined with Aug. 18.
Admiral Sir George Seymour to meet Dutch officers, he taking us all to Southsea rooms. Dancing!

Dined with Admiral. Letter from Torquay de- Aug. 21.
ciding that Henry Yorke's health will prevent his going to India.

Hired a fourwheeler and got kicked out, but Aug. 24.
succeeded in getting to Northlands before dinner was over.

Prince Victor and self were to dine at Osborne, he Osborne, Aug. 26.

[1] The Rev. Josias Thompson.

1856. having a room there. We crossed early. Strolling by self in afternoon, came suddenly on Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Tried to get behind a bush—too late! Was beckoned to by Her Majesty, who appeared in the best of spirits. The Queen asked me how I liked the change of uniform. Replied, "I like it very much, your Majesty, but this morning I was taken for a railway official." At this Her Majesty laughed heartily, giving His Royal Highness a little nudge, and added: "Have they not taken away your epaulettes?" Unfortunately I did not then know the improvement was His Royal Highness's idea. Took in Lady Caroline Barrington to dinner. Concert afterwards, it being Prince Albert's birthday; and a dance in servants' hall, which was attended by charming Lady Churchill, Miss Cathcart and household. English country dance, Roger de Coverley, etc.: great fun! Slept at Osborne.

Aug. 27. Her Majesty and family off at 10 for London. Returned by 5 P.M. boat to Portsmouth.

Aug. 28. Called on Sir George and Lady Seymour. Off Slaughter House Pier Thomas tried Francis' patent iron lifeboat, and was nearly drowned. We dined with George Lennox.

Aug. 29. Board of Admiralty arrived.

Aug. 30. Sir Charles Wood informed me that he had decided on my hoisting the broad pennant in the *Raleigh* for East Indies.

Aug. 31. Went over *Raleigh* with Turnour: a magnificent frigate. Last of the sailers.

CHAPTER LXIII

THE *RALEIGH*

PORTSMOUTH.—Dined with Admiral-Superintendent to meet First Lord and Board. 1856. Sept. 1.

Morning's post brought letters for the Commodore! Dined with Sir Charles Wood and Board of Admiralty at George Hotel; jolly on the whole. Sept. 2.

Admiralty Board off to town. Sept. 3.

Took up commission for *Raleigh*. Pennant hoisted by boatswain's wife—good-looking woman, ought to bring luck! Sept. 4.

No end of business at Admiralty getting officers appointed, etc. London, Sept. 5.

Breakfast and shot with Sir Maurice Berkeley; 11½ brace between us. Dined and slept there. Chichester, Sept. 13.

Started on parting visits. By 8 P.M. train from Euston Station for Aberdeen. Travelling all night, and still whirling along. Sept. 19.

From Aberdeen by train to Huntly. Picked up there by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar in britzska and conveyed to Gordon Castle; cordial welcome by everybody to this delightful place. Sept. 20. Gordon Castle, Sept. 21.

Drove with Duke and Duchess to the Sea. Lord and Lady Churchill arrived. Deer-shooting party going some distance, was allowed with keeper to Sept. 22.

1856. shoot in park ; made capital shot at a buck. Time passing only too quickly.

Sept. 24. Walk to bridge to see swollen Spey.

Sept. 25. Shot another buck, cleverly too! Took leave of kind Duchess and friends.

Sept. 26. Posted to Huntly ; train to Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Put up at Graham's Hotel ; oyster supper.

Sept. 27. By train to Carlisle 9 A.M. Met Isteads, Horrocks, and Campbell. Posted to Netherby. Kind and hearty welcome by Sir James and Lady Graham. Bishop of Oxford here.

Sept. 28. Forenoon service at Longtown, sermon by Bishop : an excellent and forcible preacher as well as a most agreeable man.

Sept. 29. Went out shooting with young Graham ; 20 brace partridges.

Ashwarby Park, Sept. 30. Early fly to Carlisle. Train to Newcastle, York, and Grantham. Posted to Ashwarby Park. Whichcote away shooting, not having received my letter. Lady Whichcote at home, three Miss Yorkes, and Mrs. Turner.

Rode to Syston ; found Cecilia Yorke and Mrs. Broke Turner. Lady Thorold very nice ; men shooting. After luncheon with ladies to Grantham. I to Newark and Lincoln by train and dogcart—joined Whichcote's party—shooting over pointers : turnips,

Oct. 2. holding water by bucketsful. George Fitzroy, Freke, G. Bentinck. Party bagged 80½ brace. After dinner in dogcart to Lincoln. Slept at Great Northern.

Norfolk, Oct. 3. By 7 train to Peterborough ; on to Ely. Saw Cathedral. On by train to Harling Road. Met by Eyre and family—my best friends.

Oct. 4. After luncheon conveyed to Quidenham. Susan and girls, George, Mrs. and Miss Trotter, Miss

Hamilton, Mrs. Holford. Dear girls, my nieces. Am again under the paternal roof. Slept in the room brother Francis died in. To forenoon church, brother Edward performing. 1856.

By train to London. Business at Admiralty. Oct. 7.

By express to Portsmouth. *Raleigh* progressing. Oct. 9.

Dined with Commander-in-Chief Admiral Sir George Seymour. Oct. 10.

Before 10 superintended paying off *Cæsar*. Remained till 6 P.M. Oct. 14.

Presented with handsome sword by much-esteemed young friend Henry Seymour. [By permission, have since worn no other.] Oct. 15.

Dined with Commander-in-Chief Martin, Lady Elizabeth Smith, and Sir Charles Ogle, a fine old salt! Oct. 17.

Dined on board *Nymph* with Sir John and Lady Bayley. Oct. 19.

Dined with Admiral to meet Oglanders. Oct. 20.

Glad to find "Thomas" at lodgings. Harry Stephenson coming in afternoon. Oct. 23.

Ship alongside hulk. Oct. 27.

Lindsay up from West Dean. Took him to dine with Stephenson. Meeting Albemarle and Bury. London, Nov. 6.

As Commodore, left the fitting-out much to old shipmate, Commander Turnour! Nov. 11.

Wife and I by train to Portsmouth, where we put up at the comfortable Quebec Hotel. Joined by friends Rev. E. Eyre and wife. Nov. 12.

Attended Admiral at a meeting at the Sailor's Home; had to propose a resolution. Nov. 13.

. . . . . .

It was the kind Commander-in-Chief's intention to give me a parting dinner on sailing of *Raleigh*. But to make clear a small *contretemps*, I must Nov. 15.

1856. explain. Among the Wardroom officers of the *Raleigh* was my old friend the Rev. Josias Thompson. He had been with me many years, and, as is usual among old shipmates, had established the nickname of "Thomas." Many knew him, as did the kind Chief, by no other. The morning for our leaving the regular Admiralty pilot, whose name was Thomas, was on board. Two steam tugs ordered from Dockyard in attendance; the wind being fair, had no idea, in a sailing frigate, of being towed. Took charge, and was in the act of making sail, when the dear Chief, who had been to Haslar to attend the funeral of an old shipmate, suddenly appeared on board, and turning to me said, "Don't let me interfere, but is Mr. Thomas on board?" I said he was. "Where is he?" "Forward on the starboard side, standing on a gun carriage." I was too busy making sail to go with him—the tide was rising. On inquiring who had attended the Commander-in-Chief, I found that he had gone forward, and making a bow to the pilot, stated that, as the Commodore was going to take a parting dinner, he hoped to have the pleasure of Mr. Thomas's company. The ship ran out like the beauty she was, saluting Admiral's flag before coming to anchor.

Near dinner-time wife and self were among early arrivals. We noticed a gentleman standing on the rug by the fire with a white choker and new suit of clothes; no one seemed to know him. Dinner announced, the Admiral took in my wife, I, Lady Seymour. The turtle soup had been served, when the Admiral addressed our strange friend with, "Mr. Thomas, will you have the goodness to say grace?" The poor Pilot's neighbour whispered to him, "Say 'Thank God.'" Dinner over, the dear Admiral nudged my

wife, saying, "That's a queer parson of yours." And then, in a louder voice, called out, "Mr. Thomas, have the goodness to return thanks." I at the same time asking Lady Seymour "who Mr. Thomas was?" Lady Seymour turned to the butler and sent him to tell the Admiral that Captain Keppel had never seen that man before. At this moment some of the senior captains spotted our friend the pilot! He never afterwards met his friends in Portsmouth that they did not ask him to say grace. 1856.

Took leave of the clinker-built Quebec, the most comfortable hotel in Portsmouth. Brother Tom and I dining in gunroom. *Raleigh*, Nov. 17.

Inspected by Commander-in-Chief Sir George Seymour. Nov. 18.

Paid farewell visits. "Thomas" and I dined with George Lennox. Friend Edward Eyre arrived; embarked him and Lennox. After men's dinner weighed and ran out by St. Helen's. Brother Tom, in ill-health, going with me as far as the Cape of Good Hope. Nov. 19.

CHAPTER LXIV

THE *RALEIGH*

1856. *Raleigh*, Nov. 20. A FINE frigate has ever been the favourite class of ship with seamen as well as officers, and I venture to state a finer crew never left a port.

List of officers :—

Commander—Edward W. Turnour.

Secretary—Matless G. Autey.

Lieutenants—James G. Goodenough, Viscount Gilford, H.R.H. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, James S. Graham, W. F. Johnson.

Master—William H. Williams.

Captain of Marines—Thomas Magin.

Second Lieutenant of Marines—Charles L. Owen.

Chaplain—Josiah Thompson.

Surgeon—John T. Crawford.

Paymaster—James G. G. Simmonds.

Naval Instructor—John L. Laverty.

Assistant-Surgeon—J. G. T. Forbes.

Midshipmen—Lord Charles Scott, Hon. Victor A. Montagu, Hon. F. G. Crofton, Henry F. Stephenson, A. E. Dupuis, F. R. Foster, Hugh B. Hammersley, Edward Pilkington, A. Paget, Hardy M'Hardy.

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At Sea, Nov. 20. Friends Henry Seymour, Eyre, and George Lennox enjoying themselves.

Late in the evening before we came to Plymouth Sound. 1856. Nov. 21.

Saluted Sir William Parker's flag at 9 A.M. Called on Newmans at Royal Hotel, where I took a room. Visited Hartmans at Saltram, where I found my cousins Mrs. Yorke and daughter. Dined with Sam Truscott—a character. Nov. 22.

Breakfasted with Caroline and Louisa Newman. In afternoon Prince Victor, Graham, Lord Charles Scott, Harry Stephenson, and I to Saltram to dine and sleep. Nov. 23.

Returned after breakfast to Plymouth. Took Cecilia Yorke and Miss Coryton on board *Raleigh*. Nov. 24.

Was allowed to see Lord Mount-Edgecumbe; cruel wreck of a handsome and intellectual man. Too down to dine anywhere. Tea with Newman girls. Nov. 25.

Weighed at 11 and ran out of the Sound. What may not happen before I again land in England! Nov. 26.

Anchored before 1 in Funchal Roads. Kindly received by friend Stoddard, putting up brother Tom and four youngsters. Hired for the time a horse Miss O'Rorke used to ride. Madeira, Dec. 9.

Drove Miss Stoddard in pony carriage. Before leaving my brother-in-law, Harry Stephenson, commissioned me to bring home a pipe of the best Madeira. I applied to my friend of many years, now Consul, Mr. Stoddard. He had ceased to be a wine merchant, and the remaining pipes of the best were put aside as part of the marriage portion of his charming daughters; he left it to me to make interest with them to obtain a couple of pipes of this precious wine. I had the pipes encased in extra casks and stowed in the hold of the *Raleigh*. (It is well I did so.) Dec. 10.

1856. Dec. 11. Prince Victor, good fellow! wishing another day in Madeira, consented to remain over Friday. Rio given up. Rode with Miss Lund. Evening at Stoddard's.

Dec. 12. "Thomas" and I rode over to the Beans. Same hospitable couple I had sojourned with in 1824.

Dec. 13. Weighed early. Everybody pleased with their visit to Madeira.

At Sea, Dec. 23. A marine fell overboard, and was saved by a gallant fellow of the name of Moodie, second-class ordinary. The night was dark, and the two life-buoys let go by a marine, stationed for the purpose, without first pulling the igniting trigger, were lost.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day. All the youngsters and warrant officers, including Turnour, Autey, Thompson, and brother Tom, to dine—sixteen in all. How many of us will meet next Christmas! "Qui en sabe?"

Dec. 26. Neptune came on board and performed the usual ceremonies.

CHAPTER LXV

Cape to China

1857.

Simon's Bay, Jan. 17. 9 P.M.—Arrived in Simon's Bay, just five weeks from Madeira, and the fastest passage by a sailing ship on record.

Jan. 18. This cape always brings happy recollections of bygone days, when I was free as the air and without a care or thought beyond the present.

Jan. 19. Hired a two-wheel pair-horse cart and drove brother Tom, three youngsters, and Thompson to Cape Town. Parke's hotel. Called with Tom on Mrs. Stoll, Longmores, and the Lorentzs. At Lorentz's met their daughter Louisa, whom I had last seen as a pretty child, riding like a boy on a goat. She was now a widow; the handsome mother of six children.

Jan. 20. A regular Cape north-easter blowing. Nothing to be done afloat. Tom and I breakfasting with the Stolls. Dined at *table d'hôte*—a large party.

Jan. 21. To Sans Souci to call. Tea at Lorentz's, meeting Stolls.

Jan. 24. Landed £50,000 in gold; sent £300 in copper to *Penelope*. Governor kindly lending his eight-horse waggon, started for Simon's Bay, calling at Sans Souci and on the Bishop.

Jan. 29. Dined to-day with the midshipmen. We sat down

1857. twenty-four. Not only was their mess good and comfortable, with everything clean and in good taste, but one could not have met a nicer set of lads. They appeared in clean white waistcoats. Felt proud of my boys!

Mar. 9. At last we have rounded Acheen Head and passed through the "Surat" passage into the Malacca Straits.

Mar. 11. In a calm let go first anchor in India. From this date our *batta* commences.

Mar. 12. Came to in Penang Roads; was saluted. On landing took up my quarters with friend Lewis. Old Jack Rodyk here. With Lewis, two daughters, one just from England, and a Miss Neubrouner.

Penang, Mar. 13. Ship taking in water and otherwise getting ready, but contrary to my religion to start on a Friday. Dined with Campbell, late of Singapore.

Mar. 14. Weighed before daylight.

Mar. 15. Came up with the barque on board of which were Miss Blundell and Amy Neubrouner. Serenaded them in passing.

Singapore, Mar. 19. Arrived in New Harbour; so altered and improved. Called on Governor, who lodged me on the hill. Dined with Biddle at Adelphi; met Anabassim: the rogue still alive.

Mar. 20. The saddest news of a treacherous and murderous attack made by Chinese on my noble friend, James Brooke, at Sarawak. Dear and noble Rajah, would that I could rush to his assistance.

Singapore, Mar. 21. Received a "welcome back" in an address signed by most of the residents. Dined with Sir William Hoste on board *Spartan*.

Mar. 22. Dined with friend Davidson in his new capacity of married man.

Mar. 23. Dined with Napier and his wife, meeting Mrs.

Earle with a ten-year-old child, a most promising filly! (Met her again as Mrs. Alt.) 1857.

Spartan, Sir William Hoste, starting in tow of steamer to the assistance of Brooke, taking Prince Victor with him, to rejoin us at Hong-Kong. Delayed departure until after dark. Dined with Governor Blundell. Mar. 24.

Weighed in the night. Mar. 25.

Poor Laverty departed this life at 2. Yesterday week overtook him and Owen walking up from new harbour to Singapore in the heat of the day, and admonished them for their rashness. They have since been delirious with fever, which in Laverty's case ended fatally. Mar. 28.

Committed the remains of poor Laverty to the deep. How preferable such a burial and grave to a shore funeral! Mar. 29.

During the forenoon passed through bamboo fishing buoys, too numerous to be avoided, but we did them no injury, the bamboo floating perpendicularly some six or eight feet out of the water, and distinguished by a small flag or rag on the top. April 13.

Early, we made the land to the southward of Macao. Shortly after noon, running through the usual passage between the islands—guns loaded to salute the flag—I had just signed the usual returns, when we felt as if the ship had struck some heavy floating timber: the leadsman calling "By the mark, seven," at the same time reports from the lower deck that daylight could be seen through the rent in the ship's side. We beat to quarters: an unusual event during the men's dinner hour! I knew we were nearly equidistant from Hong-Kong and Macao. I took a second view from below. With the easterly wind we might fetch Hong-Kong, but April 14.

1857. for Macao, we should have to run before it. We bore up. My trusty Turnour repeated orders clearly and distinctly. I took charge of the conning of the ship, the men working cheerfully. My object was to ground in shoal water. While running we passed so close to more than one small island that a man might have dropped on shore from the rigging. After a while, from the hammock-netting where I stood, a ship at anchor off Macao was seen. With a glass we made her out to be a frigate flying the French Admiral's flag. The first lieutenant was directed to lower fore royal, hoist French flag and fire a salute. The foremost main-deck guns had been run aft to prevent the ship from settling forward; they were already loaded for our own flag. Most of our after-ports had more than one muzzle protruding. A boat was seen coming from the French ship, but there was nothing to show that we were in distress beyond our ensign at the peak, hoisted Union Jack downwards, which could not be seen from Macao on account of studding sails. It was a few minutes after this, I felt we were nearing the bottom. By feeling the bow rise ever so gently I knew we had touched the mud-bank between the Roko and Typa Islands. The French boat was alongside before we knew that we were no longer forging ahead.

The officer was quickly informed what had happened. The frigate was the *Virginie*, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Guérin, who came himself to see how he could help us. His officer met him at the gang-way and without delay explained what had happened. The gallant Guérin no longer thought of nationalities. He embraced and kissed me, exclaiming, "C'est magnifique! C'est magnifique!" A British frigate saluting the French flag while sinking! If we had

been French we could not have received more kind assistance. In the meantime marines with their officers were landed to clear the island of Chinese, and select a suitable place for our encampment. When the ship stopped in the mud at 3 P.M., she had ten feet of water in the hold. By eight o'clock she had eighteen. With the assistance of our allies, the ship's company's hammocks and bags, goods and chattels, as well as ship's sails, had been landed. On the way out we had built a bridge across before the mizen-mast, and over the wheel. On this I remained, the kind Frenchmen sending me food and some uncommon good claret. The French Admiral had despatched the *Catinat* with Lieutenant Goodenough to Hong-Kong. 1857. Off Typa Islands.

Bittern, Lieutenant Butler, arrived. April 15.

The Admiral, Sir Michael Seymour, who had been absent, came himself. The ship settled down in her soft bed as if she intended never to rise again. April 16.

Captain Keith Stewart, *Nankin*, 50, and *Inflexible* arrived; we really did not require them. April 17.

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The Commander-in-Chief was now busy preparing for the destruction of the China Fleet, which, being up rivers and creeks, our men were more useful in boats than on board ship.

My broad pennant was hoisted on board the *Alligator*, hospital ship. With the *Raleigh's* crew alone we dismantled and cleared the ship even to the ballast. It was something to get lower masts out, and with the assistance of our spars only. The bowsprit was the most difficult. Clearing the holds was disagreeable. After a while the bilge water began to smell. My two pipes of Madeira, fortunately double-cased, were not affected. After the ship's stores we April 20.

1857. looked out for ourselves. Chronometers, etc., were removed to my cabin, under sentry's charge—from there, with a trustworthy crew of five men and a coxswain, to the *Alligator*. Later, my steward, no more trusty man in the ship except my coxswain, Spurrier, came to me with sad face to state that Lord Gilford's pet chronometer watch, which was kept and used with those of the Government, was missing! Search was made in vain, poor White offering £10 reward.

Macao. Those princely merchants, Dent and Co., as well as Mathieson, kept open house. They lived in palaces. I had apartments at the Dents' bungalow at Hong Kong as well as rooms at Macao—passenger steamers running daily. On a late occasion the Chinese passengers had risen, took possession, murdered the Europeans. A ship's captain, Cleverly by name, as well as by nature, jumped overboard. He was badly wounded while swimming, but was picked up and had rooms at Dent's Macao house. I need not say that after this Chinese passengers were accommodated in an iron cage, where they enjoyed their opium.

April 24. Lieutenants Prince Victor and Johnson, who had gone with Hoste in *Spartan* from Singapore to visit Rajah Brooke at Sarawak, rejoined us.

Hong Kong, April 25. The dockyard at Hong Kong full of *Raleigh's* stores, guns, anchors, cables, shot, etc.—sails spread out to dry.

April 28. Excellent dinner at French Minister's. Madame Bourboulon charming. - Smokes regalias only.

April 29. Renewed acquaintance with pretty Mrs. Endicott and Mrs. Parkes.

April 30. Mail arrived. Ministers beaten on China question. Parliament to be dissolved: nevertheless,

Plenipo and troops coming out. Inspection held on my *Raleigh*. My boys, Victor Montagu and Harry Stephenson, on shore. 1857.

Letter from Turnour's brother asking me to break to that good-hearted fellow the death of his father. Went on board in Gibb's yacht, the *Zouave*. Dined with him. Macao, May 1.

Hope my *Raleigh* will be got up. Doubts whether Admiral will attempt it. May 3.

Met Admiral and large party at dinner at Dent's. Judge Hulm fine old fellow. Hong Kong, May 5.

Gilford and I to dine with Pereira and William Dent. Excellent dinner and everything to match. May 6.

Business with my worthy chief about *Calcutta*; transferred youngsters to that ship. May 7.

Great and good feed at friend Cane's, now Lieutenant-Governor. Dinner to meet me. Some six-and-twenty sat down. May 12.

Arrival of *Highflyer* and gunboats. With Admiral in *Coromandel* to visit vessels in Canton River. Came to near *Sybille* below second fort. May 13.

Went on as far as Macao Fort. Left *Raleigh's* band there. All the vessels, as well as their commanders, ready for work. Came to near *Niger*. Mandarin junks' masts in sight. May 14.

Tenders for raising *Raleigh* not such as the Admiral could accept. Alas! my poor ship—now to be considered *lost*; she must be sold where she is, and I to be tried by court-martial! May 18.

Laid up the last three days, attended by kind Doctor Anderson. May 21.

END OF VOL. II

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